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# EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES:

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COMPRISING

NEW AND ORIGINAL FIRST-CLASS

SCHOOL DRAMAS, COLLOQUIES, ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY A CORPS OF

PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS AND WRITERS.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ADVANCED SPEAKERS IN ACADEMIES,  
SCHOOLS, AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS; AND ESPECIALLY  
ADAPTED TO EXHIBITION-ROOMS, LYCEUMS, AND  
PARLOR THEATRICALS.

ARRANGED AND EDITED

BY PHINEAS GARRETT.

REVISED EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,  
624, 626 and 628 Market Street.  
1874.

1867

PN 4291

E93

1874

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

P. GARRETT & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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## P R E F A C E.

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OF the numerous collections of dialogues already in print, professedly intended for the use of schools, some are, in the main, abridgments or modifications of productions which have acquired a greater or less degree of popularity from representations upon the boards of theatres—oftentimes so thoroughly expurgated as to have removed nearly all the vitality and point of the original; others are mere compilations, not always the most judicious, of matter which, to speak as favorably as possible, has become somewhat stale; others seek, by labored and stilted platitudes, for the most part put in the mouths of the veriest children, to enforce questions of morals about which there is scarcely any controversy; others can be serviceable to the youngest members only of any school; while yet others, of a better class than either of the former, lack that variety of presentation of character—considered in regard to the number of participators in the dialogue, its adaptability to either sex, and the manifold phases of social

life brought to view—which all who have ever engaged in arranging for an “Exhibition” have found not the least of their many perplexities.

In the judgment of those who have interested themselves in the preparation of the following dialogues—a judgment based upon actual experience in schools and associations in which a dialogue is so often demanded for interest and relief—a variety is indispensable in any collection which aims to meet the real wants of those most immediately concerned.

In the term *variety* are included considerations touching the *number* of the characters introduced in the different dialogues, the *sex* of the characters, and the *expression* sought to be given.

A word or two on each of these heads:

1. *Number of characters.* Instances are comparatively rare, especially in our larger schools and literary associations, where dialogues with but two or three interlocutors are in request, since they afford an opportunity for the display of talent on the part of but a small portion of those interested. Moreover, in a dialogue introducing many characters one person need not—generally speaking, cannot—tower above all his associates, since prominence must be given to several in order that the interest may not flag.

2. *Sex of characters.* Since the question so long

mooted—as to the propriety or expediency of females participating in dialogues under certain limitations suggested by the common-sense of most—may be considered definitely settled by the practice of our best educational institutions, it is certainly desirable that that sex should have as full scope as the other in the representation of characters and scenes from real life. X

3. *Expression.* In any book of dialogues, taken as a whole, the range of character should be as great as possible, introducing the familiar, the humorous, the serious, the pathetic, the joyous, the satiric—in short, the actual manifestations of every-day life in this rough-and-tumble world of ours—restrained only by the dictates of pure morality. The good aimed at should be evolved, as it is in society, indirectly, rather than ostentatiously and formally thrust into the foreground to serve as an anvil upon which each participant is to hammer out his truism.

Influenced by these views, this book of dialogues has been prepared. It is intended for advanced pupils in our institutions of learning, for literary associations, and for families. Having in mind those for whom it is written, less attention has been paid to the *minutiæ* of directions and to the manner of representation than would have been requisite, had it been arranged for persons of a tenderer age. It is presumed that the



actors in each dialogue will familiarize themselves with the requirements necessary to a faithful representation of the whole. These could not be conveyed always in printed directions; were that possible, something more appropriate would often occur to the participants, materially enhancing, at different times and in different places, the interest of the piece.

The book, like its fellows, must abide the test of actual trial. Should it fail to supply the deficiency which undeniably exists, its authors, while regretting such result, can console themselves with the reflection that no effort has been spared on their part to make it worthy of success.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 1, 1867.*

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# EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

## "TEACHER WANTED."

### CHARACTERS.

'SQUIRE MAGNUS, Examiner appointed by "The Board."

CAIUS CRISPIN, }  
DR. JUSTICE, } Members of "The Board."

CHARLES RUGBY, }  
- MATTHEW BUTTON, }  
FRANCIS FRINK, }  
WILLIAM DENT, } Applicants for a School.  
JAMES BROWN, }  
THOMAS HIGH, }  
RALPH WATSON, }  
NICHOLAS NARR, }  
SPECTATORS *ad lib.*

'SQUIRE MAGNUS.—I am glad to see so many canderdates here to-day. It shows that you know how to appreciate the advantages of an edecation, which, we all know, is one of the greatest things in this world. For what is a man or a woman, without edecation? I don't mean a college edecation—but some kind of a edecation—some kind of—of—of—of somethin' which helps him to git on in the world. I myself never went to school but six months; but for all that I may say that edecation is of the paramounttest importance—and I say agin that I am glad to see that you all think so. You are here to try to git our school. Our Board has appinted me to examine you; and I want to tell you at the fust go-off that we

intend to be pûtty partic'lar. We have a good right to be. The pay is fust-rate—thirty dollars a month and no school Saturday arternoons. Hands in this neighborhood are gittin' by the year only ten dollars a month and board. Of course we want our teacher to have book-larnin'. We can't git on without consid'able of that. But he must have somethin' more to keep a good school. He must have good gumption; and we're a goin' to make up our minds by lookin' at you and a-hearin' on you and any way we can whether or no you come up to our mark. And if you do, we're a goin' to take the one that comes up the nearist and stands the stiddiist. Now you all understand how the land lays. I speak right out just how 'tis without any beatin' round the bush. I think that's the only man-fashion way of dealin' atwixt man and man. Some on you's got to be disappointed, in course, as there ain't no more than one school; but those of you who do very well and don't git the school we'll testify to in our own hand-writin'—and it may help you to git some other school. Now jest write down on the paper afore you your names and ages—where you were born—how long you've taught—and where you've taught—whether you're married—and if you are, how large a family—and whether you're goin' to teach all your lives—and if you flog in school—and—that'll be enough. We want to know these facts, and have specimens of your handwritin'. When you git through you may leave the papers where they are, and we'll perceed with the examination.

[*Candidates engage in writing.*]

MR. RUGBY, [*entering.*—I hope I am not too late, gentlemen, to be considered an applicant for your school. I was unexpectedly detained by the condition of the roads.

DR. JUSTICE.—Certainly not. Please take a seat.

'SQUIRE M.—It ain't too late, young man; but I'll tell you open and above board, I don't believe there's a bit of use in your bein' examined. You see the Board don't altogether like the way you kep' the school in Egypt last season. You didn't use no books—did you—but jist taught right out of your head?

\* RUGBY.—I certainly did instruct orally so far as I could; as I consider—

'SQUIRE M.—Oh, we wont argufy that pint, if you please. The majority of this Board's [*looking significantly at Dr. J.*] mind's made up about that. If a master don't know enough to use a book, he don't know any too much—that's certain. And what are books made for, I should like to know, if they aint to be used? Then, young man, over and above that, you didn't flog any at all. We [*looking at Dr. J.*] don't b'lieve in coaxin' and moralizin' and sech. So, as a friend, young man, who wishes you well, I wouldn't, if I were you, be examined here to-day.

DR. JUSTICE.—'Squire, you can speak for yourself, but not yet for the Board. Under our advertisement Mr. Rugby is entitled to a fair and impartial examination.

'SQUIRE M.—Let him take it, if he wants it—and much good may it do him. We'll see by'n by, Dr. Justice, whether I speak for the Board, or who does.

RUGBY.—I thank you, Dr., for your kindness, but I will, under the circumstances, remain as a looker-on. [*Sits himself.*]

'SQUIRE M.—I see the canderdates have got done with their writin' the answers to them questions, so we'll now begin the examernation. Firstly, I shall ask you some questions about jography. The one who sets there [*pointing to his extreme right*] will answer fust, and the next the next, and so on. We can git on more harmoniously that way; and there's nothin' like system in any business, as I used to tell my scholars—for I've teach'd some too, I tell you, [*looking at Dr.*]*—but that's neither here nor there. What's your name? [pointing as before.]*

BUTTON.—Matthew Button, sir.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Button, what's the highest mountains in the earth?

BUTTON.—The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE, [*taking up a well-worn book.*]*—The what?*

BUTTON.—The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE.—Do you mean the Himmerler! No—that wont do. Mr. Narr—the Board [*looking at Dr.*] knows your name—Mr. Narr, what do you say? which is the highest?

NARR.—The Andés.

'SQUIRE.—That's right—well done, Mr. Narr.

FRINK.—I agree, sir, with Mr. Button. I think all the authorities put the Himalayas down as the highest.

'SQUIRE.—What may your name be, sir?

FRINK.—Frink, sir, Francis Frink.

'SQUIRE.—Well, Mr. Frink, old Malté Brown, sir, which I hold here in my hand, sir—and which was a good jography for us, sir—says the Andés, sir—and so I say, sir—and so I decide.

DR. JUSTICE.—Allow me to look at the geography, 'Squire.

'SQUIRE, [*handing.*].—There 'tis, Dr.—you don't ketch me nappin' often—there 'tis, [*pointing.*]

DR. J. [*reading title-page and returning book.*].—I see this edition was printed in 1815.

'SQUIRE.—What if it was? You don't suppose the Himmelers have growed ahead of the Andés sence, do you? He—he—he! [*laughs, in which Crispin and Narr and several spectators join.*] Now the next to Mr. Narr—what's the name?

DENT.—William Dent, sir.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Dent, which is the longest river in the earth?

DENT.—The Mississippi.

'SQUIRE.—No—the next—what name?

BROWN.—James Brown.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Brown, what's your answer?

BROWN.—The same—the Mississippi.

'SQUIRE.—Do you all say so? [*All, except Narr, say "yes."*] What do you say, Mr. Narr?

NARR.—I say the Amazon.

'SQUIRE.—Right agin, Mr. Narr—right agin. Do you want to look agin, Doctor? [*offering the book to Dr. with finger on the place—Dr. shakes his head.*] Mebbe you spose the Misersip has stretched some out sence this book was writ. He—he—he, [*laughter as before.*] Next candate—what name?

HIGH.—Thomas High.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. High, how many States is there among the United States?

HIGH.—Thirty-seven.

'SQUIRE.—Give us the names of all of 'em. Show us how fast you can say 'em. [*High repeats till he comes to West Virginia.*] Hold on a bit—hold on! You don't call that a State—do you? Why, 'taint no more a State

than our town of Joppy is a State. Virginny—old Virginny—is the name.

HIGH.—All of our latest geographies, sir, class it as a State, sir; and it has been recognized as a State by Congress and by the Supreme Court of the United States. 195

'SQUIRE, [*excitedly*].—Who cares if it has? Who cares 1  
what Congress does? or the Supreme Court—that is, a don  
part on it? I tell you, old Virginny don't recognize it—  
and that's enough for anybody Don't bring in any of 10  
your blasted politics into school matters, Mr. High—that's 10  
the curse of teachin' and preachin'. 10

Dr. J.—How many States does *your* geography give, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE.—That is a small question. Jest as if we couldn't make as many States as we please—we the sovereign, independent people!

Dr. J.—Oh, I thought you didn't call West Virginia a State, although she was made such by the people and accepted by the people's representatives.

'SQUIRE.—No more I don't, I say. 'Taint a State more'n I am. But I shan't talk politics with you now—the Board [*looking significantly at Dr.*] are examin'in' now. That's enough for jography. The Board can tell well enough by this time who knows most about that. Now we'll examine in 'rethmetic—and if any canderdate don't know a good deal about that, I can tell him it'll be a poor show for him. 'Rethmetic is the most importance to us next to the Bible and the Constertution. What's your name, sir? [*to the next in order.*]

WATSON.—Ralph Watson, sir.

'SQUIRE.—How fur have you ciphered in 'rethmetic, Mr. Watson?

WATSON.—I have used different text-books, sir, and believe that I understand the principles involved in all the processes contained in them.

'SQUIRE.—That don't answer the question. How fur have you ciphered, sir?

WATSON, [*looking at the others significantly*].—I have been through the book, sir.

'SQUIRE.—That's the way I like to hear you talk. You've been clear through the book—in course, then, you've ciphered in Dabollses, and Adamses, and Pikeses



Now, Mr. Watson, what do you consider the most important rule in 'rethmetic—the rule, I mean, that'll show you how to do most any sum in the book?

WATSON, [*hesitating.*].—Why—why, sir—

'SQUIRE.—Don't you know that? and ben clear through? Why I knew it afore we got half way to it.

WATSON.—I think addition and subtraction involve every principle in arithmetic.

'SQUIRE.—What! Them easy things! [*looking derisively, in which Crispin joins.*] Way back to the beginning of the book! I'm afraid Mr.—Mr. Watson—you didn't learn every thing, if you did go clear through. What is your rule, Mr. Narr, wherever you can work it in—fust, last, and all the time?

NARR.—The Rule of Three, sir. That'll git us out of about any thing we ought to git out of—and when with that afore 'us we can't, we may be tol'ble sure we hadn't oughter.

'SQUIRE.—That's so, Mr. Narr—every word is true. Why, gen'l'men, I can show you my sum book if you come to the house now—more than two hundred sums, gen'l'men—more'n two hundred—and there ain't one in the whole kerboodle but what's did—and did all straight, gitting the answer jest as 'tis in the book—did by the Rule of Three. Mr. Bottom—that's your name, I b'lieve, [*pointing to Bullon.*]

BUTTON.—Button, sir—Matthew Button—

'SQUIRE.—Beg your pardon—Mr. Button—you know all about fractions—don't you? How do you divide one fraction by another fraction? [*setting himself back in his chair and eying the candidate as if he had given him a "poser."*]

BUTTON.—I add, subtract, and divide fractions by bringing them to a common denominator and adding, subtracting, and dividing their numerators as if they were whole numbers.

'SQUIRE.—Whew! Say that over agin! [*Button repeats more deliberately than before.*] Mr. Bottom—beg your pardon—Mr. Bottle—

BUTTON.—Button, sir—

'SQUIRE.—Beg your pardon heartily—Mr. Button—what book tells you to do all that?

BUTTON.—I don't bear in mind any particular text-book that gives such a direction; but I think it results naturally from an analysis of principles.

'SQUIRE.—“From an alosis of principles!” Now what 'rethmetic under the sun and heavens gives you any rule for doin' that? I should like to have you tell me one—and I've seen and handled pütty consid'ble of 'rethmetics in my day.

BUTTON.—I know of no text-book worthy of a place in the school-room which does not deal largely in the analytic method.

'SQUIRE.—You don't! Well, young man, when you've lived longer in this 'ere world and learned a few more things, mebbe you'll find out there is a few of them that don't dabble in your what-d'ye-call-it method. Haint any of you canderdates been cipherin' in anything but this new-fangled alosis? You hain't, Mr. Narr, I know. How do you divide one fraction by another?

NARR.—I turn the fust fraction bottom side up and then multiply the two upper figgers together and put 'em above a line; and then I multiply the two lower figgers together and put 'em under the same line—and that allers gives me the answer, ef I do the multiplyin' right.

'SQUIRE.—And that's the way to do it, too—the only way. Who ever heerd of 'tother?

DR. J.—'Squire, may I ask you *why* you perform the operation in that way?

'SQUIRE.—“Perform the operation!” Don't hev any of your doctor stuff in along 'rethmetic. 'Twon't work. I do 'em so—and allers did, ever sence I began cipherin' in fractions—'cause it gins the answer. And I s'pose that's why Mr. Narr does so. Aint that reason enough? Or perhaps you think you can't fetch it 'cept by alosis! [*laughter as before.*] And I may as well say right here that, from what the Board [*looking at Dr.*] has seen so fur, 'taint worth while to bother the canderdates any more 'bout 'rethmetic. The Board thinks the Board knows what's wanted here in Joppy—and 'taint any of your alosis, I can tell ye! [*looking at Crispin who nods assent.*] Perhaps some of you canderdates have ben goin' to these Mormon schools—haint you?

DR. J.—You mean Normal schools, I presume, 'Squire.

SQUIRE.—Don't make no difference—Mormon or Norval—it's all the same—them things won't go down yet a while in this 'ere neighborhood. We'll try a little spell-in' now, gen'l'men. How many of you can spell the first part of my name? Hold up your hands all who can! [*Narr raises his hand.*] Is that all?

DR. J.—Perhaps the gentlemen are not acquainted with your first name, 'Squire.

SQUIRE.—I should think they might, bein' as I've lived here in Joppy, man and boy, goin' on now hard on to sixty year—and ben Justice of the Peace for more'n eleven on 'em. I think it's a fair question; but I wont stick about that. My full name is Square Jotham Magnus. Now—hands up—who can spell my fust name? [*all hands up.*] Now that's somethin' like. We'll hear you, sir! [*pointing to Dent.*]

DENT.—J-o (jo)—t-h-a-m (tham)—Jotham. [*Hands down, except Narr's.*]

SQUIRE.—I do declare—if that don't beat all! Mr. Narr, you'll hev to show 'em how agin!

NARR.—S-q-u-a-r-e—Square.

'SQUIRE.—In course 'tis—the world over! Who ever heerd of a Justice of the Peace's first name being any thing but Square in the whole United States!

DENT.—I thought 'Squire a mere title, and as such an abbreviation of e-s-q-u-i-r-e—esquire, and added to a person's name.

'SQUIRE.—If that's all the good your schoolin' hez done you, you might ez well have let it all go. Who ever heerd me called any thing but Square (S-q-u-a-r-e) more'n 'leven year now? Don't my own wife call me so—and all the children? And I should like to know what's a man's fust name if 't isn't the name folks first use—the handle they take hold on. Young man, if you ain't any better booked up in the constertutional law than not to know that a Square's fust name is Square all over the inhabited earth, you're got a good deal to learn yit—I can tell you that. [*Laughter as before.*] Mr. Narr, I'll give you another. How do you spell *beefsteak*?

NARR.—B-e-e-f (beef)—s-t-a-k-e (steak)—beefsteak.

'SQUIRE.—Right—all right—and that's one of the hardest words in the whole English language, I can tell

you. A man who can spell that without missin' a bit, as you did, can spell any thing he can lay his jaws to.

DR. J.—I may have misunderstood Mr. Narr; but I certainly thought he didn't spell the word correctly.

'SQUIRE.—Spell it agin, Mr. Narr—spell it agin—for the doctor's benefit. But the Board is satisfied, [*looking at Dr.*]

NARR.—[*Spelling as before.*]

DR. J.—So I understood. Do you mean to say that is the correct spelling of that word, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE.—To be sure I do. What does it spell, ef it don't spell *beefsteak*, I should like to know. Come now—tell me that. I haint the dictionary book here, but I looked at it jest afore I left the house, and I tell you that spellin' 's right! [*bringing his fist down with emphasis upon the table.*] B-e-a-f-s-t-a-k-e!

DR. J.—Here is Webster's Dictionary, 'Squire, (*handing it*) and it gives a different spelling.

'SQUIRE, (*examining.*)—I tell you that's wrong—I know it is! B-double e-f-s-t-e-a-k! Who ever heerd of sech spellin' afore? 'Taint right, I tell ye. [*Looking at title-page.*] Oh, I might er knowed. It's one of them Yankee school books; and everybody knows they never did spell right nohow.

DR. J. [*handing.*].—Here is Worcester's, with the word spelled in the same way as Webster gives it.

'SQUIRE.—'Taint right, I say, [*excitedly*] 'tain't right, I tell you—and I don't care who says 'tis, [*looking at title-page.*] Jest as I s'posed—another Yankee book.

DR. J.—But you know, 'Squire, the only dictionaries published in this country and recognized as authorities are published in New England.

'SQUIRE.—'Taint so. Let's see an English dictionary—we don't want a New-English dictionary—the old will do well enough for us.

DR. J.—Here are Walker's, and Johnson's, and Todd's, [*handing them,*] and they agree with the others.

'SQUIRE, [*rising and gesticulating violently.*].—'Taint so, I tell ye—and that ends the matter—and if you [*to Dr.*] can't find any better business than interferin' with this 'ere examination arter the Board's appinted me to 'tend to it, you'd better go somewhere else.

DR. J.—No offence was intended, 'Squire. I merely thought you, in common with other men, might sometimes be mistaken.

'SQUIRE, [*seating himself*.]—When I know a thing, I know it—and that's the whole on it. The Board appinted this examernation fairly—I was fairly appinted to take charge on't—and I mean to do it as fairly as I know how—and ef any man can do more'n that, I should like to see him—that's all. Comin' 'round to business agin—I don't know's there much more to be done. We've examined the canderdates in jography, 'rethmetic and spellin', and we can look at their writin' any time. What do you say, Mr. Crispin?

CRISPIN.—Oh—me! Any thing you say, Square, I'm agreed to.

DR. J.—Don't you propose any examination in grammar?

'SQUIRE.—What's the use of grammar, I'd like to know? I never heerd on't when I was a boy, and I never teachd it when I kep' school.

DR. J.—But, surely, 'Squire, you must regard it as an important qualification in a teacher, to be able to instruct others how to write and speak our language correctly.

'SQUIRE.—That's jest the pint. Perhaps you don't know my idees on that subjick. My notion is that the Almighty starts us all off in this world when we're old enough knowin' what to say and how to say it. For my part I think it's flyin' in the face and eyes of Providence meddlin' with grammar and sech things.

DR. J.—Why don't you use the same argument—if I may call it so—concerning any branch of education? Arithmetic, for example, of which you spoke so highly a short time ago?

'SQUIRE.—You don't see the pint, doctor. Figger's a consequence of the fall of our first parents. In the garden of Edin when they was good they didn't need it—but they could talk their language right—whatever it was, mebbe ours and mebbe not—for they were made to; but 'rethmetic came in, arter they sinned and were druv out of the garden. God didn't teach 'em that, and so they have to learn it. Don't you understand now? Them's my views.

DR. J.—Yes—I comprehend you, 'Squire—but about reading.

'SQUIRE.—Wall, about readin' 's about this—'taint much nohow. We can pick that up any time we choose. My 'pinion is there's too much on't done by some folks. Ef they'd do less on't and use their head-pieces more, I think they'd be a mighty sight better off. I don't s'pose anybody would offer to take our school who couldn't read; and I wouldn't—appinted by this Board to examine canderdates—I wouldn't insult any one by askin' 'em to read. Read! In course they can read, all on 'em! What are they here for if they can't? Aint that so, Mr. Crispin?

CRISPIN.—Sartin, Square, sartin—any thing you say I'm agreed to.

'SQUIRE.—Then we might as well as not call this examernation adjourned *sign dy*. And as I said when we first started off, some of the canderdates will have to be disappointed. The Board has thought this matter over carefully and has decided that Mr. Nicholas Narr is entitled to have our school—firstly, because the Board knows him—and nextly, because he has showed more good horse-sense, by and round, durin' the whole examernation than any other canderdate—meanin' by what I say no disrespec to any of the rest, who can, I reelly b'lieve, pass a better examernation when they're older and have studied harder and thought longer. The meeting is closed, gen'l'men. [*rising.*]

DR. J.—Do I understand, 'Squire, that this is a meeting of the Board?

'SQUIRE.—What else would you call it? Haint the Board met—and haint the Board examined—and haint the Board gin out the school to Nicholas Narr—and aint the Board adjourned? What more'd you have?

DR. J.—Then, here and now I wash my hands of the whole proceeding. [*handing a paper.*] Here, 'Squire, is my resignation as a member of this Board. I had some faint hope, I confess, when I was appointed to the position, that I might be of some service in advancing the cause of thorough common school education; but, if any thing were needed, this day's proceedings have convinced me that my further connection with your Board can only

be maintained at the expense of my self-respect and can in nowise advance those interests which I have so much at heart.

'SQUIRE.—Jest as you please, Doctor—you must act accordin' to your own light, whether it's big or little. The Board accepts your resignin', and Joppy will try and survive till she can get somebody in your place.

DR. J.—To my young friends who have been, individually and collectively, so grossly insulted here to-day by what you are pleased to call the Board, I would simply say in leaving them that the day's annoyances may not prove utterly without profit to them, if they have learned—as I doubt not they have by this time—never to visit Joppa—at least, until civilization shall have dawned upon us—should they again chance to see an advertisement of a "TEACHER WANTED."

*Curtain falls.*

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## THE COUNTRY COUSINS.

### CHARACTERS.

LIZZIE TWIST, a New York Lady.

KATE CARLTON, her cousin from Vermont.

JANE CARLTON, sister to Kate.

CLARA DEANS, intimate friend of Lizzie's.

COUNT D'ESTANGE, an impostor.

MR. TWIST, Lizzie's father.

SCENE I.—*City drawing-room. Miss Twist at home. Enter Miss Clara Deans.*

MISS TWIST.—I am so glad you have come, dear Clara. I have been looking and wishing for you all morning. I want to consult you about my birthday party. Pa says I shall have one.

MISS DEANS.—Oh, that will be so nice. You told me when you last met that you wanted to have one, and I have been so anxious to hear what had you concluded on,

I felt this morning that I could not wait one single day longer, so here am I.

Miss T.—I was just coming around to see you about it. I want your opinion about the arrangements.

Miss D.—You have such splendid rooms, dear Lizzie. You can have so many guests.

Miss T.—Yes; I wanted to have a large assembly, but Ma says not too large, but very select, if we would create a sensation, and you know that is what we shall aim at; your party created such an excitement after you came home from Washington.

Miss D.—Oh, yes. Pa being a member of Congress, he was acquainted with so many; you do not hope to rival that?

Miss T.—No; but then Pa is quite an influential man, and I hope we shall make a fine display, for you know it will be so nice to hear every one praise our splendid entertainment. Oh, I am so anxious for the time to come. Pshaw, there is the door-bell; I wish I had told John I would be at home to no person after you came; but servants are so ignorant, he will bring every one in.

*[Enter servant with a letter.]*

Miss T.—La, a letter for me; why who can it be from? I am sure I never saw that handwriting before; it is a strange post-mark too. Excuse me, Clara, I must see.

Miss D.—Certainly I will, Lizzie, for you know I am also interested; from some bashful lover, I suppose; mind, we have no secrets from each other.

*[Miss T. opens and reads, and then dashing it to the floor walks up and down in the highest excitement.]*

Miss D.—Mercy on me, dear Lizzie, what have you been reading? what is the matter?

Miss T.—Matter enough; only just think of it; I declare I never was so provoked in all my life. I really shall go crazy!

Miss D.—Do tell me what it is. I am almost dying to know. I never saw you so excited before.

Miss T.—Well, when you hear you will not be surprised at my excitement. Only just to think of it. I wish I had no cousins in the world. I would not care if they did not live in the country, but country people are never more than half-witted; it really is too bad.



Miss D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, if you would only tell me what it is, I could sympathize with you.

Miss T.—Well, in a few days, if Miss Jane Carlton has not the good luck to get her neck broken on the way, she will be here to remain half the winter, and Heavens only know how much longer; a pretty time I shall have introducing her to society.

Miss D.—Well, indeed, it is very provoking; but maybe she is not so very ignorant, [*picking up the letter* ;] if this is her writing, it is certainly a very elegant hand; she may be well educated.

Miss T.—Well educated or not, I don't want her here just at this particular time. I do not know what evil possessed Pa to invite them. If Ma and Aunt Matilda were there last summer to spend a few weeks, that is no reason we should be harassed with their awkward daughter this winter.

Miss D.—I am sure I feel very sorry for you, dear Lizzie. Could you not write, telling her not to come?

Miss T.—Then Pa would be angry. Her mother is his sister. I don't see what girls marry country clowns for; I think they ought never to trouble their city relatives afterwards. Now if they were coming from the South, I should not mind it so much, it sounds so aristocratic to speak of one's Southern relatives,\* but these are from the Green Mountains and smell decidedly rural.

Miss D.—I would not let it worry me, dear Lizzie. By the way, I met Count D'Estance this morning; you intend to have him at your party.

Miss T.—That letter has driven all thoughts of party out of my head. I wish I had said nothing about having one. An elegant time I shall have introducing Miss Jane Carlton to my guests.

Miss D.—Dear Lizzie, please think no more about it, and do answer my question—you intend having the Count at your party?

Miss T.—Yes, I wish to have him present, but Pa is no friend to him. He says he is more like a Green Mountain Yankee than a French Count; but Pa has such absurd notions about some things.

\* Written before the Rebellion.

Miss D.—Oh, my ! Why I think he is a perfect gentleman. I admire him very much. He wears such a splendid moustache.

Miss T.—Oh, dear, that letter ; I cannot think of any thing but its contents.

Miss D.—Lizzie, I am so sorry ; but were I you, I would write and tell her not to come. You need not let your Pa know you received the letter.

Miss T.—I have a good mind to do so. Come, let's go into the library. You will assist me to dictate it.

Miss D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, I would willingly do so, but I have other engagements. I have already overstayed my time.

Miss T.—Oh, I do wish you could spend the day here ; and what a blunderer I am—so much talking and never asked you to lay aside your bonnet ; please excuse my impoliteness.

Miss D.—Certainly ; if I had intended more than a short call, I should have laid it off without invitation ; you know I am always perfectly at home here.

Miss T.—That is right. I am glad you feel so ; it is this feeling towards you that prevents me from treating you with more formality ; but as you cannot remain to-day, come soon and spend the day. My party will be in three weeks ; come next Thursday.

Miss D.—If nothing prevents, I will ; but I shall see you before then ; you will be around in the mean time ? Good-bye. [*Exit Clara Deans.*]

Miss T.—[*Soliloquizing. Taking up the letter.*—Well, I shall write to her, that's all, and such a letter as will make her give up all intentions of coming here—that is, if she has any spirit at all.

[*Exit. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 2.—*Country sitting-room. Miss Jane Carlton sewing. Enter Miss Kate Carlton with letters and papers in hand.*

KATE.—A letter for you, Jane, post-mark New York. Can it be possible Cousin Lizzie has received your letter and has answered it already.

[*Jane opens the letter and reads aloud.*]

NEW YORK, *October 24th*, 1858.

MISS CARLTON:—

I received your note, disclosing your intention of visiting us shortly, and I thought I would write and inform you that it would be extremely obliging to us if you would defer your visit. We anticipate having a very large company here shortly, and as you are not familiar with other society than clodhoppers and country rusticality, it will be extremely mortifying to those so much your superiors to be incommoded with your presence at that particular time. I should feel sensitive about introducing one ignorant of the customs and good breeding which pervade the society in which I move, and I hope you will feel grateful for my trying to save you from a mortification which, I trust, would have been as offensive to you as to me. If at some future time it will suit you to visit our city, we will endeavor to welcome you with the best grace possible.

Yours, &c.,

LIZZIE TWIST.

*[Silence for a few moments.]*

KATE.—Well, Jane, what do you think of it?

JANE.—Think of it, Kate? such a letter, and from our own cousin too; it must be impossible!

KATE.—But it is possible, though, and that letter proves that it is. What will you do?

JANE.—What will I do? Why, quietly answer it, of course.

KATE.—Quietly answer it, indeed! I should answer it with a vengeance.

JANE.—If she has done wrong, would it be right for me to follow her example? I ought rather to thank her—nay, I do thank her for saving me from the mortification of going where I should not have been made welcome.

KATE.—Then you will not go?

JANE.—Go! why, Kate, did you for one moment suppose I would go after having received such a letter as that?

KATE.—Then I shall go. They do not know either of us, for we were at school last summer when Aunt Ruth

and her sister, Matilda, with their five or six great romping boys, were here for three or four weeks, slashing and destroying every thing before them. We were plenty good enough then. I suppose they saved paying their board while they rusticated here, and then aunt made mother promise we should visit them this winter;—this looks as if they wanted us. Well, I shall go, if you don't; that's all!

JANE.—Kate, have you taken leave of your senses?

KATE.—No, indeed; they never were brighter in my life. Do you know the contempt breathed in that letter has done a deal to sharpen them? I shall let Miss Lizzie Twist know whom she despises. She will know what a Yankee girl is made of before I am there very long.

JANE.—Kate, do act rational. Dear sister, do not go; only think of going where you are not wanted. Why, I am ashamed you should for one moment think of going where they would despise you.

KATE.—Ah, Jane, that is it—she would feel sensitive in introducing you; if she don't have her feelings moved a little beyond the sensitive point when I make my appearance, I'll not give much for my woman's wit.

JANE.—Kate Carlton, you shall not go! I will show this letter to father, and I know you will not go contrary to his command.

KATE.—He must not see it; only think of mother: she was so glad to see her brother last summer, and is so anxious that we should in turn visit them.

JANE.—Yes; but not as you intend going. No, no, Kate, you must not go.

KATE.—I will; my mind is made up, and all you can say will not change it; so you can say that you have changed yours and do not want to go. It will cause no surprise, for you are such a homelady at best; just say I may go in your place; so now come, I shall need your assistance.

JANE.—My assistance—and pray for what?

KATE.—To help me prepare for my intended visit to New York.

JANE.—Why, you have the same as I was going to take; what else will you need?

KATE.—Why, some dresses of real common gay cotton

print, the very ugliest we can find. Then we must go to the attic and rummage over those great chests; perhaps I can find something in them I shall need. There is grandma's wedding gown; it has a short bodice and long train, embroidered off so handsomely; it will be the very thing for Cousin Lizzie's party.

JANE.—Why, Kate, you surprise me.

KATE.—I shall surprise you worse before I am ready. I must have some cheap artificial flowers and red ribbon for my hair.

JANE.—Kate, my dear sister, you are not in earnest?

KATE.—Never was more so in my life. I intend to be as near what Miss Elizabeth Twist supposes I am as I possibly can. We must select the oldest-fashioned bonnet we can find in the attic, and if there is no feather in it, we'll rob the old turkey for feathers. I'll have to be in the fashion.

JANE.—But you will wear your new velvet cloak and bonnet, will you not?

KATE.—I shall take them, of course. I intend to make a visit to Professor Allen's first. I shall lead Jennie into the secret. Won't she enjoy the joke? I expect her father has wealth enough to buy and keep Uncle Twist, and Jennie never puts on such airs. I wonder how much better the society is in which Miss Twist moves. Won't I surprise her, though?

JANE.—Yes, Kate; it will be a sufficient punishment for her to meet you with Miss Jennie Allen, without making yourself ridiculous.

KATE.—Not for me; I feel too utterly indignant to let her off so easily; just let me step into her parlor when it is full of aristocratic society, won't I Cousin Betty her up? [*Kate rising.*] Come, I am anxious to commence *preparation*. Isn't there an old short cloth cloak about somewhere, mother used to wear when she was young?

JANE.—You surely don't mean to take that.

KATE.—Indeed I do. Won't I cut a spread going down Broadway with my fashionable cousin? [*Flirting across the stage.*]

JANE.—You will never act thus, dear Kate; think how disgraceful—

KATE.—I will do nothing disgraceful; but I will let

Miss Twist know whom she despises. I will teach her a lesson she will not easily forget; but come, come, I must make my preparations before father and mother come home. I can be all ready against Thursday, and mind, you must not give the true reason for changing your mind.

JANE.—Indeed, Kate, I cannot willingly consent to your going thus.

KATE.—You may as well, for I shall go; so come help me to prepare.

SCENE 3.—*City drawing-room. Miss Twist at home. Enter Miss Deans.*

MISS TWIST. [*Rushing to meet her.*].—Come at last. I have been looking for you for an hour, and had begun to fear you were going to play me false. Will you lay aside your hat and coat here, or go to my dressing-room?

MISS DEANS.—Oh, I will lay them off here. I am so tired—the morning was so fine I did not order the carriage. I thought I would walk, but I found it plenty far enough.

MISS T.—Do take this rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. [*Miss T. touches a bell—maid enters.*] Here, Hetty, take this coat and hat to my dressing-room.

HETTY.—Yes, miss. [*Exit Hetty.*]

MISS T.—I am so glad you are here. I was so fearful you would disappoint me to-day.

MISS D.—Indeed, I denied myself two or three excursions of pleasure for the sake of spending the day with you. Cousin Frank wanted me to go on an excursion up the Hudson, and Harry Walton wanted me to ride out into the country; but I told them both that I was positively engaged to you for the day.

MISS T.—Oh, Clara, I am so anxious to hear what your dress is to be for the party; you have selected it, of course.

MISS D.—Yes, indeed. Oh, it's a perfect love! sky-blue silk, trimmed with white lace. Harry Walton says I look divinely beautiful in blue. By the way, have you written to your cousin? Is she coming?

Miss T.—Yes ; I have written, and such a letter as will insure me no intrusion from that quarter.

Miss D.—Oh, Lizzie, maybe she is very lady-like. Only think how it will insult and grieve her.

Miss T.—Lady-like, indeed ! Who ever heard of an old rusty farmer having a lady-like daughter ? I'm not going to give myself any uneasiness about it ; but I must tell you what my dress is to be ; you do not ask.

Miss D.—I am almost dying to hear, notwithstanding. Something very brilliant, I expect, as this is your first party

Miss T.—No, not brilliant ; plain white silk, without jewel or ornament save a white rose-bud in my hair. Ma says perfect simplicity will be most becoming. I wonder how Count D'Estance will like it.

Miss D.—Oh, he will like it, no doubt. I understand he is perfectly enchanted with you. I should not be surprised if he made you a Countess one of these days.

Miss T.—How you do talk, Clara ; take care what you put into my head, [*starting up and looking surprised.*] Mercy on me, what is a stage-coach stopping at our door for ? And did you ever see such an object as is alighting ? Look, only look at her bonnet !

Miss D.—And just see the bandbox and bundles — it must be your cousin.

Miss T.—She is coming up to our door ! Heavens help me, Clara, what shall I do ? [*Sinking on a chair, covering her face with her hands. Enter Kate, who rushes up to Clara, flinging her arms around her—exclaims very loud.*]

KATE.—Lor, Cousin Bets, how glad I be's to see yer !

Miss D. [*Pushing her away.*].—I am not your cousin.

KATE [*Turning to Lizzie.*].—You must be my cousin, then, for that feller out there sed you were in here. [*Lizzie turns away*]

KATE.—Wal, this is a puty way to welcum yer cosin, what's cum so far ter see yer. Haint yer goin' to ax me to take off my fixins' ? [*Takes off her bonnet and seats herself.*] I expected you'd have hull lots of manners, bein' brot up in town. Good glory, I wish yer'd say sumthin'.

Miss T. [*aside.*].—Oh, Clara, what will I do, what will I do ?

MISS D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, I cannot advise you.

KATE.—Goody, do yer call her Lizzie? Why her dad sed last summer she was called after granmarm, and everybody calls her old Betty Twist. Now I look at yer, you look a site like granmarm.

MISS T. [*aside.*].—Oh, this is horrible.

KATE [*drawing her chair near Lizzie and taking hold of her dress*].—My golly, I guess you think yourself tarnation grand, to wear silk frocks every day. Why, dad thought he was doin' it when he bot this striped thing; but then it is plenty good enough. Some folks likes to spend all they have on fine harness; goodness knows that's not the way with dad; he's got lots of money—five hundred dollars, I'll bet, clear grit, above old Dobbin and Brown; plaguey good cow Brown is too, makes four pounds of butter when she has good pasture. Cousin Betty, does yer know how to milk? Marm said she reckoned you'd cum out next summer to our place, so I'll larn yer ef yer don't know. [*A pause.*] Now, if these 'er winder curtains don't look real harnsome. I was right down sartain they was real silk. Does yer daddy weave this kind of stuff in his factory now-a-days? He used to weave bed tickin' and kalerko in that old factory by our creek. I've hern marm talk about it many a time. [*Looking around.*] Jimminy, but you've got grandified up since you cum to town to live. These here cheers and that settee thing must hev cost a sight of money.

MISS D.—How ignorant you are—that's a sofa.

KATE.—Oh—a—sofy, is it? Wal, I hev herd of them thing afore, but I forgot; but I'm not so tarnal ignorant, for if yer had been at our house, I wouldn't told yer that if yer hadn't knowed more than a two year old heifer.

MISS T.—Oh, Clara, I shall die; such language will kill me, and only think what an object for a party.

KATE.—Gollyopolis, are you gorn to hev a party? Wal, I got gooder clothes than these along. I have one frock what used to be granmarm's. I tell you it is awful slick; it has a great long train embroidered off harnsomal, and I knowed them kind of things are fashionable now-a-days, and marm said I might as well bring it along and



war it if you took me to meetin' or anywars. [*Kate goes to her boxes.*]

Miss T. [*aside.*].—What in the world will I do, Clara? She will expect me to take her everywhere. I know I shall die.

Miss D.—I do wonder if she received your letter.

Miss T.—If she did she has not sense enough to appreciate it. I hate to say any thing to her, or I would ask her about it.

[*Kate, after putting on a huge apron, returns to her seat with a large stocking, partly finished, with her knitting-bag on her arm.*]

KATE.—Don't you gals work any, down here in New York, Cousin Betty? Golly, if a feller comes in up our way and ketches a gal doin' nothin', he puty soon ses she's lazy. I reckon you hev hull lots of beaux, Cousin Betty

Miss T.—Do not call me that horrid name. I sincerely hope there will none come while you are here.

KATE [*priming up*].—Oh, dear; I expect yer afeard they will fall in love with me; but yer needn't worry; I hev hull lots of them up to him. I wouldn't give Jack Jinkins for a hull cart-load of yer pussy-lip'd dandies.

Miss D. [*looking through the window.*].—Is that Count D'Estance crossing the street?

Miss T.—God forbid that he should come here now!

KATE [*rushing forward*].—Count De—who?—Lawsy! I do wish he would come in. Which is he? do tell, so I can see a real Count. Is that him cumin' up to the door? Goody, haint I glad! Now you must introduce me, gals, so I can brag about it when I go home.

[Miss T. [*springing forward, gathers up bonnet, cloak, boxes, &c., exclaims*].—Do let me show you to your room, so you can dress for dinner.

KATE [*hastily snatching a box from her hand, at the same time exclaiming*].—Dress, indeed! Dress? wal I gess there will no one kech me dressing. I ken fix up a little 'afore this glass—it's plenty big enough. [*Fixes a large headdress of red ribbon and artificial flowers on her head, seats herself and is busy knitting. The Count enters one side of the stage as Miss T. comes forward from the other.*]

COUNT [*drawing tone*].—Good-morning, ladies; wery pleasant mawning. 'Pon honor, I hope you are well. [*Raising his glasses, surveys Kate.*]

KATE [*aside, to Clara*].—What a pity he's near-sighted.

COUNT.—When did the last packet arrive from Dublin? I judge this is some of its freight.

KATE.—Wal, I guess there's about as much Irish about me as there is French about you.

COUNT.—Why, you *haven't* much of the brogue. Where are you from?

KATE.—What a Yankee question! Wal, I guess I be's from of Varmount. I'm Betty Twist's own first cousin, [*making motions to the girls;*] but I see she's not gorn to introduce me, so I'll make yer acquainted with Catharine Carlton, Mr. Count DeLet's-hang—or what's your name? 'There's nothin' like bein' able to introduce one's ownself.

MISS T. [*aside*].—Is it possible? Catharine Carlton? Why, Clara, it was Jane who wrote the letter; there is something wrong somewhere—it is strange.

MISS D.—Yes, it is. Look at her hands; they are as small and white as ours.

COUNT.—Miss Twist, it cannot be possible that you are related to this uncouth—

KATE [*interrupting him*].—I'll let you know who's who. Didn't I see you turn red and green and all other colors when I sed ould Varmount. Maybe you know sumtin' about Yankee land. I reckon yer thought that har over yer face kivered up Bob Jones; but I know'd it was you the minute I sot me two eyes on yer.

COUNT.—Indeed you are mistaken; you have never seen me before.

KATE.—Never seed you 'afore! never seed Bob Jones, the butcher! Wal, I never seed yer in sich good harness, that's sartin. I guess sellin' hide and taller has got to be good business. Where hev yer bin' bobbing round for sich a spell?

COUNT.—I came here to chat with these leddies, and not to be questioned by a raw Yankee girl.

KATE.—Wall, I reckon yer wouldn't want to be question'd by a cooked one.

MISS T.—You have quite disgusted me, Miss, and insulted my friends, and now you must be still or leave the room.

KATE.—Hum—me—my tongue's my own, and I reckon I can use it. Good gracious, somebody must talk, and you don't have much to say.

MISS T.—Do please have some manners.

KATE [*very loud*].—Hev som manners! he's me sister's husband. [*Lower tone.*] I'de a tarnal site sooner hev' his brother Jake; he's the gooddest lookin'. Bob, I reckon you remember Sumner Manner and Jake? Wall, Sum and sister Sal got married last winter, and we had a hul lot of good things—it makes my mouth water yit when I think of it.

MISS T.—Well, we care nothing about your weddings—I made no reference to beaux—I wish you would have a little manners.

MISS D. [*hastily*].—Do not talk to her; it only makes her worse.

MISS T.—I do not know what to do. I wish Pa would come in. It is so unfortunate Ma is in Philadelphia this week—if she was only here.

COUNT.—Do not give yourselves any uneasiness, ladies; for my part I am quite amused.

KATE.—Harkee, these gals! you must look sharp or I shall jocky you out of your Frenchman.

MISS T.—Do not talk so! Indeed, you humble me to the very dust. What will my friends think?

KATE.—I reckon I don't hurt you any, if your friends really like you. My talking will not prevent them—

COUNT.—For my part I am continually contrasting your ladylike actions with her vulgar ways.

KATE.—And did you ever contrast my manners with Judy Brown, our kitchen gal, when you used to come to spark her on Sunday nights! Poor Judy! she thought a sight of you, if she did give you the mitten. It went pesky hard with her when you left and nobody 'noded for where.

MISS D. [*aside*]. Can it be that what she is saying is true? Does he not appear greatly confused?

MISS T.—Yes, indeed; and Pa said he looked more like a Green Mountain Yankee than a French Count.

KATE.—There, gals, you needn't be whispering—it's not good manners to whisper in company. I can larn them a little if I am from old Varmount. Say now, Bob, be honest: wouldn't you like to see Judy?

COUNT.—Is it possible that you are 'Squire Carlton's daughter? If so, five years has made a wonderful change, or you, Kate Carlton, for some reason, are in disguise.

KATE.—And if I am, though it may not become me as well as yours does you, I can wear it with more ease.

MISS T.—Oh, please do not listen to her!

COUNT.—Will you believe me that what she says is true! I am, indeed, no other than Bob Jones. Miss Carlton referred to the time I left so suddenly. I went to California, where, being successful, I soon amassed a large fortune. Returning home by way of this city, and wishing to figure a while in high life, found I could best do so by assuming a title. But the name of Judy Brown has awakened old memories, and I must see that warm-hearted girl again. Miss Carlton, will you inform me why you are here in this uncouth garb?

MISS T. [*hastily to Kate.*].—You at least are what you seem?

KATE.—Yes, I am a real Yankee girl, I can tell you, and no French Countess. I am sorry, Miss Twist, you have been deceived in those moving under an aristocratic title—in the first circle of society. In time you will learn not to take every thing for gold that glitters.

MISS D.—There is not much glitter about you.

KATE.—I may have the ring of true metal, notwithstanding. [*Turning to the Count.*] You asked me why I am here in this uncouth garb. Though I had not intended to make the disclosure so early, Miss Twist has already discovered through you that I'm other than I seem. I am here through invitation from Mr. Twist, (my mother's brother,) but in this attire through a feeling of indignation provoked by the tone of a letter penned by Miss Twist to my sister.

MISS T.—Will you not forgive me? I sincerely repent having written it. Let my ignorance of country people be my excuse.

COUNT.—Yes, since a country butcher has had the power to palm himself off as a French Count, you must not trust too far to your own judgment. Since you have discovered my true character, I suppose I shall be no longer welcome. I will return to those who will prize me for my true worth and not for my wealth. Thank Miss Carlton for her timely disclosure, because, had it not been made, it might have been that you would have one day found yourself not a French Countess, but the wife of a country meat-vender. For the future take this advice: do not expect always to find truth in titles, or happiness in wealth, for titles are but a hollow sound, and wealth is easily squandered. I will bid you good-morning, [*moving towards the door.*]

KATE.—I'll see you again one of these days when you come to spark Judy.

Miss D.—I have this day learned a lesson not to be forgotten.

Miss T.—If I had never taken your advice, Clara, and not have written that letter.

KATE.—Do not lament for what cannot be altered. Indeed, I think it happened for the best. Had Jane come as she intended, and you should have received her unkindly she would have immediately returned and this would have ended all intercourse between our families. I must frankly say that I believe it is your education and not the heart that is wrong, or you could not have borne so patiently my rude behavior this morning.

Miss T.—You are right in referring to my false education. I have been taught to consider country people ignorant and rude; in reality, I knew nothing about them.

KATE.—I believe you, and if you will visit us some time we will try to convince you, though we live among the Green Mountains, we are not barbarians. So now, if you will send for my *fixins* I will follow the Count's example. Though I had nerve enough to wear them here, I do not know how I shall ever appear in the street again in such a garb.

Miss T.—You shall not do it. You must not talk of leaving us; if you do I shall not feel as if I was forgiven.

KATE.—I cannot remain, for I have made arrangements to visit Professor Allen's before I return home.

Miss D. [*surprised*.]—Is it possible you are acquainted there?

KATE.—Oh, yes; his daughter Jennie and I are very intimate.

Miss T. [*aside to Clara*.]—Oh Clara, Ma has been so anxious to secure Allen's presence at our party. [*To Kate*.] Oh cousin, I can never forgive myself for writing that letter. No wonder it offended you. What can I do to convince you that I am heartily penitent?

KATE.—By never referring to it. But will you bring or send for my bonnet? I will return to the hotel where I have left my trunks.

Miss T.—You cannot go. I will send the servant for your trunks, but not a single step shall you go from here. I was the means of your wearing those clothes here, and you must not appear in the street again with them on.

KATE.—I do feel as if I hadn't the courage, but if Jennie Allen knew I was here she would not forgive me.

Miss T.—For my sake tell her nothing about it; but you must have your trunk, so I will not stand talking. I do not want Papa to see you in this garb. [*Turning to go*.]

KATE.—Well, if I remain, please show me to my room, for I do not wish to meet other visitors in this garb.

Miss T.—Certainly; come. Excuse me, Clara. [*Exit Kate and Miss T.*]

[*Clara Deans takes up a book. Enter Miss Twist.*]

Miss D.—Can it be possible that the lady who just left this room, can be the same who entered it scarcely an hour ago?

Miss T.—And my cousin too! What must she think of me treating her as I did?

Miss D.—You could not have acted otherwise; her manners were so rude. She must have been very indignant about that letter.

Miss T.—And no wonder; the very recollection of it makes my cheek burn with shame.

Miss D.—And Lizzie, only think of the Count turning out to be only a country butcher! Isn't it awful! What will our set think, I wonder?

Miss T.—We must never let it be known; we have this to console us: there are others who will be disappointed in him.

MISS D.—That is very true, and then had you married him, Lizzie, and——

MISS T. [*sharply.*].—That I would have never done; do you know there was always something disagreeable about him to me?

MISS D.—And to me; I could never endure him.

MISS T.—Now, Clara, you forget you once said to me you thought him perfectly splendid.

MISS D.—Did I? well that must have been when he was new—but isn't it splendid to think your cousin is intimate with Jennie Allen?

MISS T.—Yes, indeed, I am so glad; we shall secure her attendance at our party.

MISS D.—Oh, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you, Papa gave me a new set of pearls yesterday. They were selected from a new case at Preston's. There was but one other set like them, and they would be very becoming worn with your white dress.

MISS T.—I must have them then; but here comes Papa. I must talk to him about them. [*Aside.*] Don't say anything to him about this morning.

[*Enter Mr. Twist. Salutes Miss D.*]

MISS T.—Oh, Papa, Clara has just been telling me that her Pa has given her a new set of pearls for my party. There is only one more set like them. You will get them for me, won't you?

MR. T.—Ah, ha! that party's getting talked over. How many hundred have you voted out of my purse to supply demands? Will one thousand or fifteen hundred be sufficient? I expect you two will charter Cupid's bow for your own individual use. No doubt the poor fellows' hearts will be terribly shattered.

MISS T.—Pshaw, Papa, you said I should have two thousand if I needed that much; but say, that's a good Papa, shall I have the pearls?

MR. T.—Well, well, we'll see; but did that Yankee Count give you a call this morning? I met him down the street looking very forlorn and wo-begone. I supposed some lady had sent him off in disgrace. How is it, have you given his Royal Highness an invitation to your party?

MISS T.—No, indeed, I have not. Oh, Papa! you couldn't guess who is here?

MR. T. [*looking around.*—Queen Victoria? Lady Adelaide? Emperor Napoleon and his bride?

MISS T.—Oh! papa!

MR. T.—Well, you told me I couldn't guess. Who is it?

MISS T.—Cousin Kate Carlton.

MR. T.—Indeed, I am really glad; she is quite lady-like, I hope. Did she come directly here when she arrived in the city? Where is she now?

MISS T.—Yes—no—I believe so; she is dressing for dinner. I will go see if she is ready to come down.

[*Exit Miss T.*]

MR. T.—Did I understand that Count D'Estance was here this morning?

MISS D.—He was here. I believe he is going to leave the city.

MR. T.—I am glad of it; he is some New England adventurer. A wooden peg manufacturer, or something of the kind.

MISS D.—Or a Lowell factory man. I heard Miss Carlton say that you once resided in New England.

MR. T.—Hem—m—m, yes, but it has been many years ago; I have not much recollection of the place. While on a visit to Washington last winter I was introduced to a Mr. Carlton, a representative from Vermont, and was surprised on discovering him to be the husband of my sister, whom I had not heard from for many years; but here comes his daughter.

[*Enter Miss T. and Kate in full dinner-dress.*]

MR. T.—I am very happy to welcome my sister's daughter to New York, and I hope we shall be able to make her visit a pleasant one.

KATE.—Thank you.

MR. T.—I suppose you have never visited the city before.

KATE.—Oh, yes; I spent a year in the vicinity of New York at school.

MR. T.—Indeed, and we never knew it! When did you arrive in the city?

KATE.—I arrived in the midnight train.

MR. T.—Why did you not inform us of your arrival, or intention of visiting us, so we could have met you at the station? You should have come here directly.



KATE.—How should I know that you would recognize me? Besides, I had other reasons.

Miss T.—And only think, papa, I could not at first realize that she was my cousin. It seems so strange that our family should have remained strangers so long, and she visits at Professor Allen's.

Mr. T.—Indeed! ha! there's the dinner-bell; that's what I wanted to hear. After we have dinner I suppose we will have to drive round and look at those pearls.

Miss T.—Oh! thank you, papa. Then we can take Cousin Kate sight-seeing.

[*Mr. T. offers his arm to Kate.*]

KATE [*to Miss T.*].—Had I better wear grandmarm's wedding-gound?

## RUNNING FOR CONGRESS.

## CHARACTERS.

PELEG PIPPIN, Independent candidate for Congress.  
 MARK DOOLITTLE, Pippin's confidential agent.  
 MR. BULL, of the free trade league.  
 MR. SELFISH, a protective tariff man.  
 MR. ROOT, an advocate of manhood suffrage.  
 MR. HIDEBOUND, conservative.  
 MR. CARPENTER, workingmen's union.  
 MR. BALLOON, for inflation of currency.  
 MR. BULLION, a hard-money man.  
 MR. SUMPTUARY, for prohibitory liquor law.  
 MR. FOGY, conservative.  
 GEN. BLATHERSKITE, A. I. R.  
 HERR GAMBRINUS, free lager.  
 MRS. STRONGBOW, female suffrage advocate.  
 CITIZENS AND LOAFERS.

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SCENE I.—*Public House—Sitting-Room.*

DOOLITTLE — Well, there is but one thing to be done. We did our best, you very well know, to secure the regular nomination for you. All that money could do was done; and at one stage I would have bet a hundred to one that the game was in our own hands. So it would have been, if that knave of a Riley hadn't played double and sold us out. Never mind, old fellow, we haven't played our hands out yet. [*Shouts outside—"Three cheers for Pippin—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"*] Do you hear that? I tell you the boys are with you, every one of them! I never saw so mad a crowd in my life as they were when they found that Sappy was nominated. They would have strung him up along with Riley, if the precious pair

hadn't taken pains to show a clean pair of heels each of them. You're bound to win yet, if you follow my advice. It is high time this wholesale cheating at primary elections and nominating conventions was stopped, or it will ruin our party or any other. The only way to break the slate is to run an independent ticket. Now is as good a time as we will ever have to pitch in, and you're just the man to lead off. Don't mince matters one whit. You've been cheated outrageously. Say the word and we'll make an open fight, and no favors asked of Sappy or anybody else. Just hark to the boys! [*Shouts as before.*] We'll organize an independent meeting right on the spot—nominate you at once—you give the boys a talk—and the ball is opened. Do that—manage the campaign as I tell you—and I'll stake my head you'll whip Sappy two to one. Come, my boy [*slapping him on the back heartily*], is it a go?

PIPPIN.—You really think I can beat him, Mark?

DOOLITTLE.—Not a shadow of doubt of it. Just wait till we let the crowd in, and you'll see whether you're popular or not. You go into the parlor, and I'll start the meeting here, and get every thing in ship-shape for you. [*Going.*]

PIPPIN.—Wait a bit, Mark; what will the thing cost? I'm willing to risk a fair amount; but we've sunk soundly already, you know, and have got nothing, or next to nothing, to show for it.

DOOLITTLE.—This time I'll attend to the disbursements myself. I won't let a penny go till I *know* where it lands. We can figure up after the nomination. Don't let a thousand or two stand in your way. We'll invest now to save what we've already got in. Face the music, and we'll bring Sappy to his bearings before we are through with it. [*Shouts outside.*] Leave now, and I'll set the machine going. Think over your speech quick—give it to them right and left—don't be mealy-mouthed. War to the knife, remember!

PIPPIN.—I'm in for it, then, Mark. You ought to know the ground. You are sure I can win?

DOOLITTLE.—I *know* it. Hurry up. [*Exit Pippin.*] There—he's fixed—and if he don't get well plucked by the time the race is over, then set Mark Doolittle down

for the biggest fool afloat. [*Shouts.*] Those rascals mean to earn their money. How do I stand in pocket? Pip gave me three thousand—Sappy fifteen hundred; so much to the debit side. Paid Riley five hundred—the boys out there two hundred—little incidentals, a hundred more—balance, thirty-seven hundred. Not bad for the first heat, Mark, my son! Egad! I must make a cool five this go—and then Mark and I will be in training ourselves for the next nomination. Here goes for contract No. 2. Keep steady, my dear boys—drive with a tight rein! [*Opens the door—shouting increases.*] Come in, boys! [*Beckoning. Crowd enters in different stages of drunkenness.*]

1ST CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—the poor man's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

2D CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—the workingman's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

3D CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—everybody's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

[*Vociferous shouting—general disorder.*]

DOOLITTLE [*Mounting a chair and interrupted during his speech by shouts for Pippin.*].—Boys! you know how they cheated us! If anybody in God's world deserved any nomination, Pel. Pippin deserved that one! He's been swindled out of it by a pack of thieving dirty blackguards! Shall we put up with it? [*"No! no! no!"*] Our party didn't make Sappy a candidate. [*Groans for Sappy.*] Our party wouldn't do such a contemptible trick! This thing's gone far enough, boys—it has got to be stopped—and we're just the bully boys to stop it!

IRISH CIT.—I nominate Misther Pippin as our indipindint candidate for Congress!

GERMAN CIT.—I zegons dat! [*Cries of "Bully for you!" "Go in, old boy!" &c., &c.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Those who are in favor of the Honorable Peleg Pippin as an independent candidate from this district for the next Congress will say aye. [*Yells of "Aye!" "Aye!" cat-calls, shouts, &c.*] Those opposed will say "No."

IRISH CIT. [*brandishing stick.*].—I'd break the spalpeen's head who'd dare say it!

DOOLITTLE.—It is a unanimous vote; and the Honor-

able Peleg Pippin is the independent candidate from this district for the next Congress! [*Cries of "Where is he?" "Trot him out!" "Speech!" "Speech!" &c.*] Hold your horses, boys; I'll have him here in a jiffy. [*Retires and reappears shortly, escorting Pippin, who is received with cheers and a tiger.*]

PIPPIN [*from the floor*].—Friends and fellow-citizens—

IRISH CIT.—On the table wid ye, my boy. Show the boys the light of your blessed face.

PIPPIN [*mounting table*].—Friends and fellow-citizens: My friend, Mr. Doolittle, [*"hooray for Doolittle!"*] has just informed me that you have unanimously nominated me—[*"three cheers for Pippin!"*—]nominated me as your independent candidate for Congress. All of you, I presume, are aware of the manner in which I was swindled out of the regular nomination. [*Groans for Sappy.*] If that nomination had been fairly made, I should have given Mr. Sappy my hearty support; but as it is a piece of knavery and fraud—an outrage upon you, my fellow-citizens, as well as myself—I am not bound by it—I shall not support it. [*"You're a brick!"*] I accept with pleasure the nomination you have conferred upon me—[*"three cheers for Pippin!"*]—and will do my very best to succeed. I shall take off my coat, fellow-citizens, roll up my sleeves, and strike right and left at whoever and whatever stands in my way! [*"Go in, old Pip!"*] I ask no quarter of the scoundrels who have acted the part of villains towards me—towards us—and I'll give none! [*"Hip-hip-hip-hooray!"*] I depend upon you, my friends and fellow-citizens, for support. Whatever I may be able to do will come to but little if you do not rally round me. [*"We will, old fellow—we'll back you!"*] Let us all do our duty in the contest upon which we have entered, and so sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, we shall win. Do not let it be said that scoundrelism can succeed among us! Do not pay a premium for black-hearted treachery! Put your feet upon it in all your majesty and crush it out, never to raise its serpent-head again! [*"So we will!" "So we will!"*] You know, my friends and fellow-citizens, my views on the political questions of the day—[*"Yes, Yes!" "Dry up!" "Dry up!" "Let's liquor!"*]—and I am not afraid, either here or

anywhere else, to speak them out and to defend them. So far as the great questions of the day—[*symptoms of uneasiness in the crowd. Doolittle, sitting near Pippin, pulls his coat-tail*—I say so far as the great questions of the day are concerned, I shall be ready at all times to let any of my friends and fellow-citizens know where I stand. [*"We know!" "You're all right!" "Hooray for Pip!" "Hooray for the drinks!"*] I shall be pleased to see any delegations at any and all times who may wish to talk with me upon any subject at issue in this great contest—[*Doolittle pulls his coat-tail*—and my friend, Mr. Doolittle, who is authorized to act in my behalf, will arrange for all such interviews. Again thanking you for your kindly interest in me, and hoping that victory may perch upon our banners, I bid you, friends and fellow-citizens, good-night.

[*Crowd breaks up noisily. "All hands aboard for the bar!" Cheers for Pippin and Doolittle, who remain in the room.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Didn't I tell you? You see for yourself now—don't you? But I was afraid you were going to put your foot in it when you began talking about the issues of the day—that's why I gave you the hint I did. You see, Pip, the fight will hinge on that. Sappy runs as the regular candidate, and will get a fair share of the party vote. We must draw off as many of our folks as we can—bag all of the opposition—and pick up what stragglers are lying round loose.

PIPPIN.—That's true—but I want to show our men that I'm a better party man than Sappy.

DOOLITTLE.—All fudge! Leave yourself in my hands. Don't open your month in public if you can possibly dodge it. If you do, don't commit yourself to any thing—talk generalities. In private, to the different delegations, you may say what is necessary. Then you can be all things to all men. We must grind every axe that's brought to us. I can put things up so that there will be no leaking. Secure the vote of every delegation that comes to you, no matter for what, but only by word of mouth, mark you—don't you put pen to paper—don't you answer a letter—I'll attend to that for you.

PIPPIN.—You're right, Mark; you're right. I'm in

your hands, my boy, and I'm thankful I've so good a friend to manage for me. When we're out of the woods, Mark, won't there be some tall crowing done? Make the money tell this time where there'll be no tripping up. I'll do the genteel thing in that line, you know, but don't squander it. How much do you say for a flyer? [*Taking out pocket-book.*]

DOOLITTLE.—I'll leave that with you—you won't be mean.

PIPPIN [*counting and handing*].—Here are twenty-five hundred. . Make it get us out if you can—but if more is needed, or any thing special turns up that we can't foresee, you know where to come for more. Get up the delegations to suit yourself, and if pledging myself will do the business, depend on me for that. Let's be going —I'm tired enough with the day's work.

DOOLITTLE.—I'm agreed—let's take a drink and go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Room in Private House.*

PIPPIN [*seated at a table covered with letters, documents and papers*].—The work goes bravely on! Never man had a better friend than I have in Mark! It would kill me to go through what that fellow does every day. He must be iron-clad in and out. When I get my seat, about the first thing I'll do will be to bring in a bill to lengthen the term of service. It's asking altogether too much of us to go through this sort of thing every two years. And as for the constituents calling their representatives to account every other year, we, who are behind the scenes, know that is all bosh. Heigho! [*yawning and stretching.*] This is to be my hardest day—cartloads of delegations, expecting me to lie here and lie there, to swallow my own words, to eat humble-pie for them—faugh! I'll get rid of this somehow before I'm up for my second term—but now I must take the dose, whether I like it or not. I hear Mark's step. Good for the boy! What should I do without him! [*Doolittle enters.*] On hand, my boy, as usual. This is the day of days. Sit down and let me understand the ropes before we push off.

DOOLITTLE.—Hang me if I'd any notion how many issues are involved in this campaign—and the fate of our dearly beloved country hanging on every one. Let me see [*thinking*], there must be a dozen or more. Some of them, though, you can hustle off in a hurry—the nigger-voters, the she-voters, the liquor law men—they don't count much any way. But you must go through the motions with them—don't let them get mad, but say your “yes” in as few and as short words as you can. The bother I've had to get the time right for each, so there should be no clashing! I've come within an ace of botching it with some of the pig-headed fellows. Even yet I'm not entirely sure. However, I've stationed Tom Trusty at the corner—he knows all the delegations, having been around with me—to head them off, if there should be any blundering as to time. A pretty joke it would be to have them tumble in together so as to have a chance to compare notes!

PIPPIN.—That must be guarded against to a dead certainty. Every thing is going so swimmingly, there must be no blundering now.

DOOLITTLE.—We're safe for that. Sappy is shaking in his shoes, you'd better believe. Do you know one of his men had the impudence to offer me to the tune of three thousand this morning to sell you out? I knocked the cur down and left him.

PIPPIN.—He's a bigger ass than I thought. It's about time for some of them, isn't it? Draw on me for more money, Mark, if you need it. What did the Fenians cost yesterday?

DOOLITTLE.—A thousand.

PIPPIN [*counting and handing*]—Here are two. Take these letters with you into the other room, and see what's to be done with them. What delegation comes first?

DOOLITTLE [*looking at memorandum book*].—Free Trade League is booked for ten—and, bless me, where has the morning run to!—it's that now [*looking at watch*]. I'll take the letters, keep watch on the hall, and do the introducing. But you must make it as short as you possibly can without harm. Remember we've but three days more—and think of the work that's to be done! [*Goes out—puts his head immediately inside the door.*] Number



one of the series! [*Exit and returns.*] Mr. Bull, Mr. Pippin wishes a few moments talk with you on the question of Free Trade. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Take a seat, Mr. Bull.

BULL.—Thank you—but your time is too precious. I have called, more as a matter of formality than because I have any doubt about you. Indeed, I don't know that I should have troubled you at all, if Mr. Sappy's friends were not giving out that you had gone over to the high tariff men. I have called simply to have authority from yourself to pronounce the statement false.

PIPPIN.—That you may, Mr. Bull, unquestionably and emphatically: I have been acting with the party too long for such an imputation to have any influence upon sensible men.

BULL.—You have; indeed, you have. But every thing gets abroad in a heated campaign—especially in a fight like this.

PIPPIN.—When those who had been of our faith in Pennsylvania and New Jersey—and many of them leading men too—went over to the enemy on the tariff question, everybody knows that I stood by the creed of the fathers.

BULL.—So you did, Mr. Pippin—you did, sir—and I am certain that these calumnies will inure to your benefit. You will beat Sappy handsomely, I'm sure of it. I wish you success with all my heart [*shaking hands warmly*], and will trespass upon your time no farther. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—If this visit would but prove a specimen brick of the entire lot! It's hoping against hope.

DOOLITTLE [*head inside of door*].—"Short horse soon curried!" They know you on that, though? [*Withdraws and enters.*] Mr. Root, Mr. Pippin. Mr. Root will explain the object of his call [*winking significantly. Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—A seat, Mr. Root.

ROOT.—Thank you, sir. [*Sits.*] I have come this morning, Mr. Pippin, by appointment, as a representative of the Manhood Suffrage League, to ascertain from you personally, your position relative to the great question of the hour—a question, Mr. Pippin, which, in our judgment, towers above every other—a question which—

PIPPIN.—You allude to extending the right of suffrage to negroes, I presume.

ROOT.—Yes, sir—to that vital question. I have here, sir [*taking a roll of papers from his coat*], the resolutions adopted by the National League at its last meeting, together with the interrogatories alluded to in these resolutions, sir, which we propound to every candidate for office throughout the country. I will read them to you, sir.

PIPPIN.—Pardon me, Mr. Root; I will spare you that trouble. I understand the position which your friends take upon that question, and I can say to you frankly and without reserve, that I am in favor of equal and impartial suffrage the world over—nay, more—that I—

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Pippin, excuse the interruption—but another delegation is waiting.

ROOT.—I will leave the interrogatories with you, sir, and you can answer them at your leisure.

PIPPIN.—Not the least occasion for that, Mr. Root. You know my sentiments now—and my time is so occupied that, really—

ROOT [*rising*].—I will leave them, with your permission. [*Placing on table.*] You may wish to peruse them before taking the seat in the Halls of Congress to which I am confident, after your manly avowal, you will be returned at the next election. Allow me to congratulate you, sir, upon the cheering prospect. [*Shaking hands and exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Whew!

DOOLITTLE [*head inside*].—Look out for squalls now! [*Entering.*] Mrs. Strongbow, Mr. Pippin. Mrs. Strongbow wishes a few moments private conversation with you. I have stated to her the pressure upon your time, but have taken the liberty of claiming you in her behalf for a short interview. [*Exit, shaking his forefinger at Pippin.*]

PIPPIN.—Am pleased to meet you, madam. Please be seated. A beautiful morning we are having.

MRS. S.—Excellent weather. Pray, Mr. Pippin—you'll pardon the inquiry—but upon a nearer view of your features the resemblance is so striking—the expression particularly—that I can't help thinking it possible—are you

of kin to the Pippins of Poppleton—Thomas Pippin, who married——

PIPPIN.—I believe I can lay claim to no kinship there, madam.

MRS. S.—I certainly never saw two faces more alike. I should have taken you, most assuredly, for a brother of Thomas—he married Araminta Hurd, you know—and when I resided in——

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—A delegation waits outside, Mr. Pippin.

PIPPIN.—Tell them I will be at their disposal in one moment. [*Exit Doolittle.*]

MRS. S.—Excuse me, Mr. Pippin, for detaining you, but I couldn't rid myself of the impression that you must be of kin—an excellent family, Mr. Pippin—an excellent family. [*Loud knocking at the outer door. Doolittle's voice heard outside.* "Have a moment's patience, gentlemen; just a moment!"]

PIPPIN.—My time is so taken up this morning, Mrs. Strongbow, that I am compelled to ask you to communicate to me the business upon which you have favored me with a call this morning. I regret exceedingly being so precipitate, but——

DOOLITTLE [*entering with Hidebound & Co.*].—Pardon me, madam, but I had stated to these gentlemen the exact number of minutes Mr. Pippin would be detained, and as they are obliged to take the next train, and their time is already much overrun——

MRS. S.—I will call again, then, Mr. Pippin, when you are more at leisure. Or, if you are down our way and would drop in some day this week. We live at——

PIPPIN.—I actually shall have no time, madam.

MRS. S.—Good-morning, then, Mr. Pippin—I will call again. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Mr. Hidebound, Mr. Pippin—Mr. Bullion, Mr. Fogy.

PIPPIN.—Give you good-morning, gentlemen.

HIDEBOUND.—A moment only for me, Mr. Pippin. I come at the request of the National Union Organization.

BULLION.—The same time for myself, Mr. Pippin, acting as the representative of the advocates of a specie currency.

FOGY.—I will detain you no longer, Mr. Pippin, in behalf of your fellow-citizens who are opposed to any further extension of our territory, for the present, at least.

PIPPIN.—You see how I am crowded, gentlemen; but, hurried as I am, I am glad that I have time enough to assure you that I am in favor of restoring the Constitution as it was—of bringing the currency back to a specie basis—and unalterably opposed to annexing another square inch of territory—for this generation, at least.

FOGY.—Here is my hand, sir, which on election-day will deposit a ballot for you. [*Extending.*]

HIDEBOUND.—And mine, sir; [*do.*] for a return to the good old times.

BULLION.—And mine, likewise, for a stable system of finance. Be under no concern as to your election, sir. You will be returned.

FOGY—HIDEBOUND.—That you will, sir—that you will. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Shrill female voice heard out of doors.*]

DOOLITTLE [*head inside*].—Madam Strongbow is haranguing a crowd outside. I'll speak to No. 207 to ask her to move on. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Poor Mr. Strongbow—if such there be!

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Selfish, Mr. Pippin.

[*Exit.*]

SELFISH.—I just dropped in to give you a hearty shake of the hand, sir. [*Doing so.*] Sappy is making votes for you on all sides—yes, sir, when he thinks he is harming you the most. It is true, then, is it, what he says, that you are with us on the tariff question?

PIPPIN.—I am sorry to be forced to speak disparagingly of an opponent even—but it is the only truth I have heard of his circulating.

SELFISH.—We tariff men will stand by you, sir. You shall be in Washington, sir—depend upon that. It is high time the manufacturing interest had a representative there from this section. Good-morning, sir. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—General Blatherskite, of the Army of the Irish Republic, Mr. Pippin. I have handed the General five hundred as your contribution to the cause.

GEN. B.—And the sons of the green isle will soon show the world that the valor of their sires is not forgotten.

After your liberal contribution, Mr. Pippin, I need not, as Head Centre, have any doubt as to your co-operation with us, as a free and independent American legislator?

PIPPIN.—None whatever, General! I am with you, heart and soul.

GEN. B.—Every Fenian vote in the district is yours. I will have a chat with you next winter, at Washington. I shall room at Willard's. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Pippin—concerning the labor movement. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Be seated, if you please, Mr. Carpenter.

BALLOON [*entering*].—I just ran in a minute, Pip, to ask you if that article in the "Speculators' Gazette" of this morning, signed "P. P.," favoring an expansion of the currency commensurate with the wants of the business community, is not yours? I am sure I can't be mistaken.

PIPPIN.—You are not. It is mine. Do you like it?

BALLOON.—Like it! I'll have five thousand copies of it struck off and distributed through the district. It will elect you, man, by an overwhelming majority.

PIPPIN.—Talk with Doolittle about that, will you—don't interfere with his plans.

BALLOON.—We'll settle it between us. Gad! It is a regular clincher. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Mr. Carpenter, give me your hand! It affords me hearty pleasure to shake a toil-browned hand. If it is ever in my power to help along the workingman, you may rest assured that I shall spare no effort in his behalf. I think you don't go far enough. For myself, I am in favor of dividing the day into four parts: six hours each, for work, for study, for sleep, and for recreation. But, if we can get no more, we will put up with a National Eight Hour Law, till we can do better.

CARPENTER.—Every Workingman's Union shall know of this by to-morrow night—and we'll get up a procession of workingmen to escort you to your seat in Congress.

[*Exit.*]

GAMBRINUS [*entering, somewhat unsteady*].—Herr Pepin, ish you for freedom and free lager—or ish you not?

PIPPIN.—I am down upon all liquor laws—now and all the time.

GAMBRINUS.—Den, mein Gott, I votes for you, Herr Pepin—and so does all of us. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Sumptuary, Mr. Pippin—prohibitory liquor law. [*Exit.*]

SUMPTUARY.—I hope, Mr. Pippin, that the individual I just met does not represent your feelings on the important question of temperance?

PIPPIN.—Far from it, Mr. Sumptuary. I am in favor of a national prohibitory liquor law of the most stringent kind. The excise law of New York is too much of a concession to the rum interest to meet my approval.

SUMPTUARY.—Give me your hand, sir. [*Shaking.*] I am rejoiced. Your position has been sadly misrepresented; but I will see that you are placed right before the temperance men of your district. When once in Congress, I trust that you will banish liquor from the entire city consecrated by the name of Washington.

PIPPIN.—I will strive earnestly to that end.

SUMPTUARY.—Good-morning, sir. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Good-morning.

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—That is the last, thank fortune! A good morning's work done! Madam Strongbow has been denied admission twice since she left, but she managed to stick some of her she-voting tracts under the door. Now, for dinner, and then for that drive.

PIPPIN.—With all my heart. I wish this business were off my hands.

DOOLITTLE [*going out with Pippin*].—We'll make up for it when we get to Willard's. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Room in a Private House.*

PIPPIN.—What can keep Mark away this morning! He was to have been around bright and early with the full returns of the election. When we left late last night he assured me—and so did everybody I met—that I was a long way ahead. I hope nothing has gone amiss. I wish he would come. Why are not the papers here?

BALLOON [*entering*].—I congratulate you, Pip. I knew you would beat them all hollow! That article did the business! I told you it would! [*Shaking hands heartily.*]

PIPPIN.—Have you seen the returns yet?

BALLOON.—To be sure. Haven't you? Here's the "Gazette"—read for yourself. [*Handing paper.*]

PIPPIN [*reading*].—"From the third district our returns are somewhat indefinite; but as PIPPIN (independent) is reported to have 3,008 votes out of a registered list of but 5,017, we think there can be no doubt of his having beaten SAPPY (regular) by a very handsome majority." [*Returning paper.*] It does look like it, I confess.

BULLION.—I should think it did—very much like it—and I am delighted. [*Enter Bullion, Bull, Selfish, Root, Hidebound, Sumptuary and Gambrinus.*] We will have one man now in Congress who has both the disposition and the nerve to force an expansion of our currency.

BULLION.—What do I hear? I was coming forward to congratulate you [*to Pippin*] on your election, believing you, from what you yourself have told me, determined to use your influence to place the currency upon a specie basis. Am I to understand that you didn't mean what you said?

PIPPIN [*embarrassed*].—I will explain every thing, Mr. Bullion, at the proper time, to your entire satisfaction.

BULL [*advancing*].—Free trade adds another champion to the almost solid phalanx of the mighty West! I congratulate you with all my heart. [*Shaking hands.*]

SELFISH.—Mr. Pippin, can you listen to such remarks without rushing to an indignant denial? You who authorized me to declare you an out-and-out high protective tariff man! What does this mean?

PIPPIN.—Another time, gentlemen—another time we'll talk it over quietly.

ROOT [*advancing*].—It affords me pleasure [*extending hand*] to grasp the hand of an honest manhood-suffrage member of Congress elect.

HIDEBOUND [*looking amazed*].—Mr. Pippin, is that the fact? Do you call such action restoring the Constitution as it was? How are the great National Union Party, to whom you have pledged yourself over and over again, to regard such conduct on your part? Sir, answer me that.

PIPPIN.—You must not worry me, gentlemen. I say again we will talk all these matters over at some more fitting time.

[*Bull and Selfish, Balloon and Bullion, Root and Hide-*

*bound, withdraw aside in couples, and engage in earnest conversation, casting glances from time to time at Pippin.]*

GAMBRINUS.—Shust so soon mine frau tells me Herr Pippin is in de Gongress, I brings round von goot—two—dree goot kegs of bock beer—and dey ish on de drey shust at de door—[*pointing*]*—hoorah!* We puts dose Yankee *pfarren* down! [*Grasping hands.*]

SUMPTUARY.—I am disgusted, Mr. Pippin, with your duplicity—

PIPPIN.—Hear me a moment, Mr. Sumptuary—

SUMPTUARY.—I'll have no more words with you, sir. [*Flinging himself out. Newsboy cries outside, "Ere's your Extra Gazette—full election returns—only five cents!" Sumptuary opening the door, throws an extra to Pippin.*] Double-dealing—you'll see, sir—doesn't always succeed even with a politician. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN [*reads*].—Was any thing ever like it? I see through it, I think. Mark Doolittle—I'll find him, if I have to search the State, and bring him to an account—knaves, tricksters, cheats, scoundrels all! [*Rushes out, leaving paper behind.*]

ROOT [*reading*].—So—so! Well—I never—

ALL.—What? What? What? [*crowding around him.*]

ROOT [*reads*].—"We are now in possession of complete returns from the third district, which in our regular morning issue we conceded to PIPPIN, (Independent.) By some trickery not yet understood, but which we shall assuredly ferret out, a cipher was surreptitiously inserted in the figures indicating PIPPIN's vote, which is 308, instead of 3,008. Full returns give SAPPY (regular) 4,212, a majority of 3,904 over his competitor. If any money has changed hands upon the strength of the statement in our regular edition, we trust that those involved will be honorable enough to rectify. We assure the public that none can regret this petty piece of knavery more than we."

[*Various exclamations of surprise—all leaving except Balloon.*]

BALLOON.—Poor Pip! Somebody has Jewed him. He thought he was running for Congress, poor fellow. 308 votes out of a poll of 4,520! Why he didn't even get up to a respectable walk! [*Curtain falls.*]



# THE WIZARD OF VALLEY FORGE.

## CHARACTERS.

GEN. WASHINGTON.	CHAS. MORELAND,
GEN. LAFAYETTE.	Husband to Charlotte.
WIZARD, who also assumes the character of Mr.	CAPT. DANVERS, Husband to Nora.
MANDEVILLE.	IRISHMAN.
OFFICER.	SCOTCHMAN.
LIEUTENANT.	PHYSICIAN.
MR. SUMMERS.	MADAM VANDORE, a Tory.
MRS. SUMMERS.	GEN. REED.
CHARLOTTE SUMMERS,	COLORLED SERVANT.
NORA SUMMERS,	CAPT. MORTON.
MARY SUMMERS,	Soldiers and others.
Daughters of Mr. S.	

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## SCENE I.—*In a Forest.*

LAFAYETTE.—Think no more of the matter, for I assure you, General, that Congress has seen its error in listening to the machinations of those envious men.

WASHINGTON.—I have never noticed my personal enemies, for I have enough to do to contend with the enemies of my country.

LAF.—You have triumphed over the one, and God grant that you may yet triumph over the other. It is rumored that your countrymen now in Paris—Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee—have negotiated a treaty with France, and if so, which God grant it may be, you may bid defiance to the lion of England.

WASH.—God grant it may be so, for we are surrounded by dangers on every side, not the least of which are the foes who are in our very midst, yet who profess to be our friends. Nothing but the mighty arm of God can lead us to victory. [*Both silent, Washington with eyes uplifted, as in prayer.*] Yes, I am satisfied the power alone of Him who spoke the universe into existence can give a

handful of men in distress the victory over the legions of England, fresh from the well-fought fields of Europe, and to Him alone I shall look for strength to put down our enemies. If God is with us the treaty with France has been made, and we shall triumph.

WIZARD [*sitting behind a tree unobserved, and speaking in a deep voice*].—We shall triumph.

WASH. [*drawing his sword*].—Are you a friend or foe? Speak.

WIZ. [*after a short pause*].—You have nothing to fear from me. You have seen me ere this, and you will no doubt see me again ere the war is ended.

LAF. [*pistol in hand*].—Your manner, as well as your meaning, is mysterious.

WIZ.—Put up your weapons, gentlemen, for I again assure you that you have nothing to fear, but much to hope from me. I know you both, though I am unknown to you, and must remain so, for my history is beyond your reach; seek not I beseech you to know me any further, that I may voluntarily be of service to you.

WASH. [*approaching the Wizard*].—Who are you, and from whence?

WIZ.—You do not know who I am and never can, as I told you before. My present habitation, like your own, is in the dark forest of Valley Forge! Yet, mean as I may appear to you, I have moved amid the mightiest men, and shone in the princely palaces and courts of Europe; have trod the halls of grandeur and gayety, and am not unknown in the temples of learning. But pardon me: I can say no more, save to assure you that no coward blood runs in my veins, and that I am not what I seem.

WASH.—We are satisfied that you are not what you seem; and we would fain know your history and render you any assistance in our power, but as you have forbidden any further inquiry, we will not intrude.

WIZ. [*politely*].—As to assistance, I need it not; but I expect to assist you and your nation in rending asunder the chains that have so long rattled on your arms, and in hurling to the earth the galling yoke that has so long bowed you to the dust. All I ask is to have free access to your person, and permission to enter and leave the camp, when and at what time I please.

WASH. [*scrutinizingly.*]—But we must have confidence—

WIZ.—Ah ! when you know me longer, you will like me better—that is, if you will always know me, for I am like Proteus ; I assume many shapes. Would you know whether I am an American at heart, look at that. [*Hands him a copy of an oath never to rest until the country shall be free from England.*]

[*Enter Lieutenant and Officer.*]

OFFICER [*to Lieutenant*].—His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, and General Lafayette, in conversation with the strangest and most mysterious being I have ever seen !

WASH.—Lieutenant, do you know this man ?

LIEUT.—As much I presume, Your Excellency, as any one does, for he is the most singular and deceptive being I have ever met.

WIZ. [*haughtily, and drawing himself up to his full height.*].—Did I ever deceive you ?

LIEUT.—You misunderstand me. I only meant that it was hard to comprehend you. Why, gentlemen, at the taking of Burgoyne he fought like a tiger ; was at one time down on the field with a stalwart Hessian over him in the act of giving him his death-warrant, when he suddenly drew a pistol and sent a ball to the heart of his antagonist. At another time I saw him battling single-handed with three Englishmen, when I went to his assistance. I have met him on several occasions, but had he not made himself known, I should never have recognized him as the same being. He is here, there, and everywhere.

WASH. [*turning to Lafayette.*].—He may be of service to us.

LAF.—Right ; especially in secret expeditions.

WIZ.—You will find in me a friend, though you may not at all times recognize me as such.

WASH. [*earnestly.*].—Then I will see that your wish shall be gratified. You shall at all times have free access to the camp, and my person. To have fought against Burgoyne is sufficient recommendation, and entitles you to my regard.

WIZ.—I ask no further favors. What services I may

render will be as much to gratify my own revenge, as to benefit you and your country. Seek not to know who I am, as your curiosity would be gratified at the cost of my services. Be not surprised at any disguise I may assume, or at any situation in which I may be placed, but be assured of my fidelity. Be my disguise still impenetrable, my name unknown. Should I ask any assistance, render it, without seeking to know the why or wherefore. This is all I have to ask and you to grant, and if I do not render you service, it will be because it is beyond my power. If I prove recreant to my vow, may the lightnings of Heaven—

WASH.—Enough. [*Grasping his hand.*] I bid you farewell. I hope we shall meet again, to our mutual benefit.

WIZ.—I hope so. But of present and future interviews let nothing be said. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*In Mr. Summers' Parlor. Mr. and Mrs. S., Charlotte, and Charles Moreland, her intended.*

CHARLOTTE.—Thank God! thank God! that you, Charles, have at last been prevailed on to abandon the unrighteous cause of the rebels, and return to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign. Never could I have accepted your hand on any other terms.

[*Charles hangs his head.*]

MR. S.—Cheer up, my boy: you are not only entitled to the hand of my daughter, but to the thanks of all loyal and well-disposed people.

MRS. S.—Ay, and you will receive a higher commission in the British than you held in the rebel army. Here is Mr. Mandeville, just arrived from England, and with whom we became acquainted by accident, who can inform you of the brilliant offers made to all who will relinquish the rebel cause.

[*Charles looks at Mr. M. and starts.*]

CHARLES [*aside*].—Surely I have seen that face before.

MR. S.—As you have just arrived from England, Mr. Mandeville, you cannot conceive with what desperation these rebels fight. Who could have believed that General

Burgoyne and his whole army would have been taken by a shirtless, shoeless and half-starved set of ploughmen.

MANDEVILLE.—Though I am an Englishman, I should say they were the very men to accomplish such a triumph; for what may men not accomplish who will endure such privations, and who are fighting for their own homes, their firesides, their wives, and children, to say nothing of the freedom of their posterity.

MR. S.—They cannot stand the contest long. And though I was born an American, I ardently hope to see the day when Washington will fall into the hands of the British, who have already offered large rewards for him.

MAND.—That will be a difficult matter to accomplish. He is too good a soldier and too wary a man.

MR. S. [*smiling.*].—Why, Mr. Mandeville, did I not stand before an Englishman, I should take you to be a rebel.

MAND.—Rebel, or not, sir, I would gladly know the manner in which that hero could be entrapped.

MR. S.—Would you hesitate at being concerned in taking him? I have a scheme on foot.

MAND.—Not a moment! Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know your plan and to hold a villain up to the execration of mankind.

MR. S.—Come this way, my dear Mandeville.

[*Both retire.*]

MRS. S.—Well Charles, have you told Sir Henry Clinton all about that Frenchman's situation at Barren Hill? [*Charles drops his head in his hands and weeps.*]

MRS. S.—Fie, Charles, for shame! Do you weep that you have obtained the fair hand that you so ardently sought, or that you have done your duty by returning to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign. Neither of these should be a cause of grief. Cheer up, for you'll yet have cause to rejoice that you have done your duty.

CHARLES [*sorrowfully*].—I have a presentiment of evil. As I was walking alone I encountered a strange-looking being, who represented himself as a soothsayer or fortune-teller, and certainly no man, if man he was, ever more thoroughly embodied my ideas of what a wizard should be, than did he. I threw him a piece of silver and humorously asked him to tell my fortune. My blood even now

runs cold at the recollection of his solemn manner and the expression of his face as he foretold my destiny.

MRS. S. and CHARLOTTE [*laughing*].—And what was it?

CHARLES.—Ah! I laughed myself when he commenced, but he seemed so earnest and so emphatic, that though I have never believed in supernatural revelations, a cold chill crept over me, and I shuddered.

CHARLOTTE [*playfully imitating the melancholy manner of Charles*].—But what was it, Charlie?

CHARLES.—I shudder to think of it. He foretold that I should meet the doom of a traitor to my country and that those by whose influence I was actuated would—

MRS. S.—My dear child, what is the matter? You are pale and trembling!

CHARLES.—I cannot go on, for the bare recollection of the man and his manner freezes my very soul.

CHARLOTTE.—Well, well, these notions will pass away when you are a great officer in the King's army.

[*Enter Mr. S. and Mr. M.*]

MR. S.—What is the matter?

CHARLOTTE.—Oh, nothing! only Charlie has been frightened at the goblin story of a wizard.

MR. MAND. [*apparently musing*].—The wizard! Right! I have seen this same wizard of the forest, and never were the predictions of a prophet more certainly verified. If he forebodes you good or evil you may rely upon its fulfilment, for I am told he is deeply skilled in astrology, and reads events in the stars as others do in books. [*Charles starts.*] Well, we must part for the present.

MR. S. [*advancing and taking Mandeville by the hand.*].—And may we meet again to the fulfilment of our wishes and the triumph of the King.

MRS. S.—And may we all triumph as well as the cause of the good King George, in spite of the wizard.

CHARLOTTE [*with a loud laugh*].—AMEN!

[*Exit Mandeville.*]

MR. S.—You seem dejected, Charles!

CHARLES.—I know not what to do.

MRS. S.—Can you hesitate a moment, when fame, fortune, friends, and a beautiful bride await you?

CHARLES.—I am fearful that dereliction from duty will bring ruin on us all. In the perplexity of my mind I

know not what to do. To delay even will be fatal. May God direct me what to do for the best.

MR. S.—Poh! poh! Charles, give not away to foolish fear! What harm can reach you when under British protection?

MRS. S.—Indeed you pay but a poor compliment to Charlotte, whose heart and hand you protested you prized above all price, and now you hesitate in doing that which is plainly your duty to do. You hesitate in laying down the arms you had raised in rebellion against your lawful King, and in returning to your duty, when honor, wealth, friends, and the hand of her you profess to adore, are to be your reward.

CHARLES [*taking his hat and leaving*].—Well, I'll think of it further. [*Exit Charles.*]

MR. S.—Oh, what a fearful fellow! He starts at his own shadow. But we shall bring him to the sacrifice of his darling hobby and mushroom reputation. We'll rob the rebels of one brave fellow at all events, and Nora shall be made to repent her bargain and her rebel notions before a great while.

MRS. S.—Yes, her ragamuffin husband, like the rest of the rebel officers, has scarcely enough to eat and cover his own nakedness, without having a wife depending on him.

CHARLOTTE.—You'll see her sneaking home before long.

MR. S.—She need not come here. Let her find friends among those whose cause she has espoused. She has no reason to expect sympathy from us.

MRS. S.—Right! If she had not been told beforehand what she had to expect, I would not be so severe; but when I remonstrated with her respecting her marrying that Captain Danvers, she had the impudence to stand up for the rebel cause. But she'll repent her rash runaway adventure, as sure as I'm a dutiful subject of the good King George.

MR. S.—Ay, how willingly will she sneak back to the family when George Washington shall be delivered into the hands of the British general, and the upstart rebels shall have been put down, as they ought to be. If we succeed in the undertaking, as I expect to do, we shall be immortalized in history and celebrated throughout the

world. Wealth will be showered upon us, and I expect nothing else but that we shall be among the nobility.

MRS. S.—Ha! ha! ha! But wont that be a glorious triumph! We can then look down upon those who now hate us because we do not favor the rebel cause.

CHARLOTTE.—Oh, happy, happy day! How I should like to move among the nobility and be styled her Grace and her Ladyship!

MRS. S.—Oh, yes! Wont it sound grand to be styled his Grace the Duke of Summers, and the Duchess of Summers, or Lord and Lady Summers.

CHARLOTTE.—And the Marquis and Marchioness of Moreland! Wont that sound delightfully grand? Oh! it makes my heart leap with pleasure to think of it.

MR. S. [*putting his fingers on his lips.*—You must remember that all this glory depends upon your keeping it a profound secret. The truth is, I never should have confided it to women; for it has been discovered by profound naturalists what the cause is that a woman cannot keep a secret.

MRS. S. and C.—And what is it?

MR. S.—Why it has been discovered that Eve, the mother of all mankind, instead of being made out of one of Adam's ribs, was manufactured out of the greater part of his tongue.

CHARLOTTE.—How in the name of sense can that prevent her from keeping a secret?

MR. S.—Because she has an irresistible propensity to talk, and she must and will talk. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to have something to tell.

MRS. S. [*with dignified courtesy.*—You have a very contemptible opinion of our sex, my Lord Summers.

MR. S.—Nothing more than the sex deserves.

CHARLOTTE.—It shows the generous, confiding, social disposition of woman. If she enjoys any thing, she is willing to share it with her neighbor, unlike the selfish disposition of man. She wishes others to know what she knows, to feel what she feels, and to enjoy what she enjoys.

MR. S.—Yes, and if the revelation would hang a dozen men, she could not resist the pleasure of telling what she hears. But I hope you will take heed and be silent. Our intention is not known but to ourselves and Mr. Mande-



ville. Should it be revealed, it would bring eternal ruin on us all.

Mrs. S.—It will never go from us.

[*All rise to leave.*]

CHARLOTTE.—No, never.

[*Curtain falls.*]

### SCENE III.

LAFAYETTE [*soliloquizing*].—Strange, that man, with all his reason and all his capabilities of appreciating and enjoying the beautiful in nature, should mar it by the horrors of war! Strange, that one portion of mankind cannot, or will not, suffer another portion to enjoy life and liberty without bloodshed to obtain the privilege! Here is a beautiful country, a perfect Eden, where peace and plenty alone should dwell, but, owing to the selfish nature and vile passions of man, it is turned into a slaughter-house, where, instead of the hum of peaceful industry and the music of nature, the roar of cannon is heard, and instead of the husbandman returning to his happy home, to be cheered by the smiles of his wife and children, he returns to see midnight glitter with the blaze of his burning cottage, and the bleeding bodies of his children butchered by the hands of the Indian, or no less savage white man. Strange, indeed, are our notions of murder: if one man kill another in time of peace, he is execrated as a foul murderer; while he who butchers by wholesale is immortalized on the pages of history as a great man—when at the same time, too, he butchers those who are struggling for their rights and privileges which God has decreed to the whole human race. When will men learn to live in peace!

WIZ. [*enters, dressed as an old woman with staff and basket.*].—Good-morning, General! I am happy to meet you again, and alone too.

LAF. [*scrutinizingly*].—I know not that we have met before.

WIZ.—It matters not, General, as respects that. I have come to ascertain something more important.

LAF.—And pray what may that be?

WIZ.—I come to know whether you are ready to meet the enemy

LAF.—What enemy, madam, do you mean?

WIZ.—I mean your enemy in Philadelphia, the British, sir.

LAF.—There is no prospect of an attack from that quarter at present.

WIZ.—You are mistaken.

LAF.—In what manner?

WIZ.—Has not an officer deserted from your command?

LAF.—He has—Charles Moreland.

WIZ.—The same, sir, and he has communicated to the British general some particulars which I expect will induce an attack. I come therefore to warn you to be in readiness to receive them.

LAF.—I thank you for the intelligence. [*Offers her some pieces of silver.*]

WIZ.—Nay, sir, I ask and can receive no reward.

LAF. [*viewing her in wonder.*].—Did you say we had met before?

WIZ.—Ay! At Valley Forge in the forest.

LAF.—Good heavens! can it be possible that you are the same unknown that Washington and myself met in the woods?

WIZ.—The same, General. By my disguise as a fortune-teller I am enabled to wander where I could not otherwise go, and to obtain knowledge that I could not otherwise acquire.

LAF.—I should never have recognized you. [*Taking him by the hand.*] You must be some extraordinary being.

WIZ.—To my art in disguising myself I am indebted for my safety, for I have been in the presence of, and conversed with those, who, had they known me, would have rejoiced to sacrifice me.

LAF.—May God protect you.

WIZ. [*grasping his hand.*].—Farewell! and remember to say nothing of our interview, or of my disguise. I should not have made myself known had I not wished to impress it upon your mind that there is danger of an attack.

LAF.—You may rely upon my secrecy. Farewell!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*In a Hospital. Captain Danvers lying suffering from his wounds. Nora watching by his side. Irishman and Scotchman wounded lying on the floor.*

[*Enter Doctor.*]

NORA.—Oh! Doctor, tell me candidly, is there any hope?

DOCTOR.—He may recover, but at present the chances are against him. He has lost so much blood that the energies of nature are destroyed.

NORA.—Tell me in one word, must he die?

DOCTOR.—He will die in less than three days.

[*Nora bursts into a paroxysm of grief.*]

DANVERS.—Do not weep, Nora. This is the fate of war, and if I die, I die nobly in the cause of my country.

DOCTOR.—I thought he was delirious. Dry up your tears; a change has taken place, and he will recover.

NORA [*clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer*].—Heaven be praised! Then I shall have one friend remaining this side the grave.

DOCTOR.—I will call soon again.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

IRISHMAN.—Och! noo, an' it's a mighty great blessin' till hev a lovin' wife till sit by ye the day an rade and be spakin' the word o' comfort whin ye hev a British ball in yer body. Och! but it's meself that 'ud be after heven that same meself.

SCOTCHMAN.—Hoot, mon, awa', ye winna think sic a thing as to hae the puir guid lassie yousel. I wadna think o' sic a thing, Tam.

IRISHMAN.—Hoot, mon, yersel, ye don't understand my maning at all, at all. I didn't be aafter sayin' I'd hev the lady meself. I intended till mane that I'd be aafter heven one jist like herself. There's a mighty great difference betwaine the two, though they're jist alike.

SCOTCHMAN.—True, I dinna ken the meaning o't, but I spake out, an' a guid advisement comes nae ill. I dinna care at all, for I never felt the luvver's joy, but I maun think the guid dame has nae love to spare ye.

IRISHMAN.—Och, ye spalpeen! The back of me hand till ye, an' sure I never meant till mane that I'd begrudge

another man's wife, an' it's meself 'ud say ye'er a foolish felly, ye are.

SCOTCHMAN.—Gae mind yer business, Tam. I'd make ye tak that back; but I hae twa wounds already.

IRISHMAN [*taking a crutch in his hand and shaking at the Scotchman*].—I'll fight ye wid a shelalah on the flure; and ye don't hold yer tongue, I'll put me foot in yer face. [*They try to strike each other lying on the floor, and make quite a disturbance.*]

[*Enter Officer.*]

OFFICER.—Hold here! What's the matter? Order at once, or I'll have you both marched off to the guard-house.

[*Curtain falls.*]

#### SCENE V.—*A Party at Mr. Summers' house.*

MADAM VANDORE.—What do you think, General, of the cause of freedom? Can it succeed, think you?

GEN. REED.—As sure as there's a God in heaven.

MADAM V. [*looking the General in the face*].—I hope it may; but I have my fears. Indeed, I have had several fearful omens, in dreams and otherwise, that make me tremble for the result; and I have heard that the Wizard, who roams the forest and who is so deeply skilled in astrology, has foretold the speedy fall of our high-built hopes.

GEN. R. [*bluffly*].—I neither put faith in dreams nor astrology; and if all the wizards in Christendom were to tell me so, I would not believe them.

MADAM V. [*seemingly having paid no attention*].—Oh, it will be a sad affair and an awful reckoning with the Americans—better had they never been born than to have taken up arms against the Mother Country. I tremble when I think of the awful consequences.

GEN. R. [*jocularly*].—It will only be the present of a hemp collar or cravat, and we shall not be the first who have been elevated for having loved liberty.

MADAM V.—Ah, General; but think of the anguish that such a catastrophe would carry to the bosoms of mourning mothers, weeping wives, and fatherless children, to say nothing of the odium, the deep disgrace that—

GEN. R. [*warmly.*].—No, madam ! you should call it glory ! I should consider it glory to hang for the sacred cause of liberty ; and as to mourning mothers, wives, and orphans, they must take the fate that awaits them, as we shall.

MADAM V. [*silent and baffled.*].—If we should fail, it will be awful indeed. We have disregarded the repeated admonitions of the Mother Country to desist, and if we are forced to lay down the weapons of war, which I religiously believe will be the case, death and distraction will fill the land. The cry of mourning will be in every habitation, and it will cost the lives of most of our great, talented and distinguished men.

GEN. R.—And what would you do, madam, in such a case ?

MADAM V.—Why, sir, if I were an American general, I would lay down my arms and accept not only mercy, but brilliant reward.

GEN. R. [*interrupting.*].—God of Heavens ! and would you turn traitor to your country, to your home, to your God ? Then indeed would that American general deserve hanging.

MADAM V.—Had you rather suffer ignominious death, and send sorrow to every bosom in which your blood runs, than to return peacefully to your allegiance, blessed with wealth, honor——

GEN. R.—But what surety is there of that ? What surety, madam, has a general of reward who should agree to assist in bringing the colonies into subjection ?

MADAM V. [*brightening.*].—Why, sir, he has the solemn assurance of the British government that if he forsake the rebel cause, and assist in putting down the rebels, he will be rewarded not only with showers of gold, but with honors and a title.

GEN. R. [*affecting a serious air.*].—That is very tempting.

MADAM V.—General Reed, I am empowered to make you a confidential offer, if you will seriously listen to it, and the terms will lift you above the frowns of the world.

GEN. R.—I am anxious, madam, to know it.

MADAM V. [*delighted.*].—It is this: if you renounce the fallacious cause of freedom, and do all in your power

to put down the rebels, your immediate reward will be ten thousand pounds, and any office in the colonies within the King's gift.

GEN. R. [*earnestly.*].—It is folly, madam, to trifle any longer. I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to buy me.

SERVANT [*in livery*].—An 'omen in de yard, massa, what want to speak to you.

MR. and MRS. S. [*at once.*].—Who is she?

SER.—Can't tell dat, massa, for she's a cryin' so dat de poor gal can't speak. She has on an ole bonnet and linsey-woolsey frock, an' hardly hab no shoes on de feet.

MRS. S. [*sourly.*].—Can it be Nora who has come here to pester us at such a time as this?

SER.—'Taint Miss Nora, don't think, massa; howsumd-ever I see.

MRS. S. [*in an undertone to servant.*].—Tell the good-for-nothing trollop to clear out. She has no business here at such a time, be she who she may. [*Exit negro.*]

SERVANT [*outside*].—Miss, you must lebe de place.

NORA.—Oh, God! oh, God! can I not then see my parents, whom I have ever loved so dearly, and whose injunctions I have never transgressed but once?

SERVANT.—Dar den, I gib you tree cents; go away now; de great folks am not to be 'sturbed.

[*NORA sobs loudly.*]

[*Mr. and Mrs. Summers both go to the door.*]

MRS. S.—What do you want here, girl, that you are yelling like a screech-owl?

NORA.—Oh, my dear mother, do you not know your poor Nora?

MR. S.—We do not wish to know you. But what brings you here at such an unseasonable time?

NORA.—Oh, my dear father, pardon me for the intrusion; nothing but necessity, the keenest pangs of—

MRS. S. [*frowning.*].—Oh! ho! You'd better go to your rebel friends for assistance, as none but an upstart rebel captain could satisfy you for a husband. I said you'd be sneaking home when pierced with want, and now, Madam Trollop, you'd better be off, or Mingo shall take you off.

[*NORA looks imploringly at her father.*]

MR. S.—You have come to the wrong place to beg.

Had you not meanly stolen off with that ragamuffin captain of yours, you need not have been a beggar.

NORA.—But, dear parents, I have never transgressed but once, and then——

Mrs. S. [*haughtily.*].—That was enough; you'd better be moving, for we've nothing to give beggars, and we will not support rebels and their brats.

NORA.—For mercy's sake forgive an unhappy daughter, if you will not listen to her tale of woe.

Mrs. S.—We have no time for either; you should have thought of that before you eloped with your pretty jewel of a rebel captain. Not a cent of ours shall go to minister comfort to him if he dies, and you need not expect it.

Mr. S.—To cut the matter short, you must leave here immediately. I will not have our respectable friends interrupted in their enjoyment by such characters as you are. [*Takes Nora by the arm to lead her away; she utters a piercing shriek and clings to his arm.*] Take her away, Mingo. [*Guests rush to the door.*]

FIRST GUEST.—Who is she?

SECOND GUEST.—What is the matter with her?

Mrs. S.—Oh, she's nothing but a beggar woman, who is in the habit of pestering us at such times as this.

NORA [*led away by Mingo*].—Oh, forgive me, my father and my mother!

Mr. S.—Poor thing, she's somewhat deranged, and imagines we are her parents.

Mrs. S.—Yes, poor creature, I pity her. In her crazy moments she's so troublesome that we have to drive her away, although it makes my heart ache to do so.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—*Washington in his tent engaged in devotion.*

[*Enter Attendant.*]

ATTENDANT.—General, there is an old man in the camp who wishes to see you.

WASH.—Let him enter.

[*Enter Wizard.*]

WIZ.—Well, General, we have met again, as I told you we should.

WASH. [*surveying him from head to foot, puzzled; then recognizing, takes him by the hand.*—Had you not used the expression you did, I should not have known you. [*Motioning him to be seated.*]

WIZ.—I have come, General, upon momentous business—business that closely concerns your welfare.

WASH.—And pray what is that?

WIZ.—You are aware, sir, that Johnstone, with his associates, sent from England with offers of what the colonies demanded, being foiled in their attempt at negotiating a treaty, are employed in attempting to corrupt the people, and are offering bribes to any who should be treacherous enough to receive them.

WASH.—I am; and they richly deserve the halter.

WIZ.—Well, General, an infamous offer of twenty thousand pounds, and a patent of nobility, has been made to any one who will be base enough to betray you into the hands of the British.

WASH.—And has any one accepted the brilliant offer?

WIZ.—Yes, sir. Odious as it is in the eyes of the upright, it has been accepted, and by one you would little suspect: by one who pretends to be the friend of freedom, by one who would flatter you to your face, who is already wealthy and stands in high society.

WASH.—And pray who may the honorable gentleman be, who would reap so great a reward by the capture of my humble self?

WIZ.—You may rely upon the truth of the matter, General. The bargain has been struck, the plan arranged, and the villain is no other than your *quondam* friend Thomas Summers.

WASH. [*surprised.*—Merciful heavens! How can it be possible for a man to be so deceitful! How can he express the warmest friendship of the heart, at the same time that he is planning the ruin of his misnamed friend!

WIZ.—Ah, General, the word gold can solve the mystery. Ambition—unlawful ambition—has been, and will be the bane of thousands.

WASH.—But how do you know this?

WIZ.—I have it from his own mouth. I was introduced to him in Philadelphia, by accident, as an Englishman, and he believes me to be the bitter enemy of those he stig-



matizes by the name of rebels. I have had two interviews with him—the last in the presence of Johnstone, Carlisle and Eden—and heard the matter discussed. It is to put you on your guard, that you may keep your eye on Summers, that I came here at such an hour. He is treacherous, and will stab while he flatters you. He is in raptures with the prospect and the emoluments he will reap by the consummation. Beware of him!

WASH.—Is it his intention to take me dead or alive?

WIZ.—Alive, of course! The triumph would be half lost if you were not taken alive; and then it is desired by hanging you to strike alarm to others, and thus crush at one blow the cause of freedom in America.

WASH. [*proudly*].—That can never be done! The fire which has been kindled will continue to burn until the long-oppressed people of this country shall be free! That man shall yet repent his treachery. Ay, he shall repent it in sackcloth and ashes. But what is the plan fixed upon for carrying the capture into effect?

WIZ.—Why, General, he intends to make a grand party in honor of the taking of Burgoyne, and you are, of course, to be the principal and most honored guest. Here you are to fall into the hands of a detachment of British soldiers, detailed for the express purpose from a camp near Philadelphia.

WASH. [*pausing thoughtfully*].—At what hour are the soldiers to arrive?

WIZ.—Precisely at three o'clock. It is growing late, General, and I must leave you.

WASH.—Thanks! thanks! Farewell.

[*Curtain falls.*]

#### SCENE VII.—*A Room in Mr. Summers' House.*

[*Enter Mrs. Summers and Servant.*]

MRS. S.—Tell General Washington that he must be certain to give us the honor of his company on Wednesday, as the party is given entirely to do him honor.

SERVANT.—Yes, ma'am. [*Exit servant.*]

MRS. S.—To do ourselves honor I mean, for if he comes he will certainly be in our power, and if he becomes our

captive, oh! happy day! What honors will await us!  
[Enter Mr. S.]

MR. S. [*breathless.*].—Good wife, good news!

MRS. S.—What is it? what is it?

MR. S.—Why, General Washington is to be here on a certainty, without fail. [*Claps his hands*]

MRS. S.—How do you know, husband?

MR. S.—Oh, I met him, and he assured me he would be certainly with us on Wednesday, and do himself the honor to——

MRS. S.—To do us everlasting honor! [*Laughs with joy.*] Good news, indeed!

MR. S.—I guess he'll catch a tartar this time.

MARY S. [*rushing in frightened.*].—Oh, father, I'm so frightened! there's the strangest-looking old fellow in the yard I ever saw.

MR. S.—Oh, it's the wizard, I presume. [*Steps to the door.*] Come in, Mr. Fortune-teller, and we'll have some fun. Here's some money for you, [*giving him a piece,*] my good fellow. Now tell us what will happen at our house this week. [*All laugh as the wizard draws forth his mysterious implements and stands in the middle of the floor, waving his wand and drawing an imaginary circle.*]

WIZ.—I am now in a charmed circle. [*Draws out a scroll on which are strange characters.*]

MRS. S. [*winking at the others.*].—Well, what's to happen?

WIZ.—The horoscope is obscured to-day, and I cannot read the stars distinctly, but I see a great and grand assembly of military men, among whom is George Washington.

MRS. S. [*starts with surprise and the giggling ceases.*].—Strange!

MR. S.—What more?

WIZ.—I see a party coming on horseback, covered with dust, that look like British soldiers. They arrive and dismount.

MRS. S.—Good heavens! this is strange.

MR. S. [*joy on his face.*].—What next, Mr. Wizard?

WIZ.—George Washington, or some one else, is a prisoner in the hands of a party I cannot distinguish. All else is in obscurity.

MR. S. [*rubbing his hands.*—Enough! enough! [*Exit Wizard.*]

MRS. S.—Well, it's mighty strange, indeed, that he can tell what is to happen.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Grand Party at Mr. Summers' house. Summers and family, Washington and others.*

MR. S.—Well, General, what is your opinion of the war?

WASH.—In the first place it is a just one on our side, and in the second we shall triumph.

MR. S.—Just my opinion precisely. It would be a pity to fail now after being so deeply plunged into it. [*Mrs. S. motions her husband to look from the window.*] But on second thought I am inclined to think you will not succeed.

WASH.—Why do you think so, sir? [*Looks out of the window, but betrays no emotion.*]

MR. S.—Because you have many obstacles to overcome, which I fear will be insurmountable.

WASH. [*coolly.*—Never fear.

MR. S.—You have cause to fear. [*Sound of steps.*]

WASH.—Why so?

MR. S.—Because you are already in the hands of the British.

WASH.—I hope not, sir!

MR. S. [*with pride and pleasure, slapping him on the shoulder.*—You are my prisoner, General, in the name of the King.

WASH.—I presume not, sir.

MR. S. [*laughing, in which Mrs. S. joins.*—You will find it so, General, in a few minutes.

WASH.—You may think so, but I know you are my prisoner, in the name of outraged America! [*Enter officers.*] Captain Morton, seize him and bear him instantly to the camp. [*Mrs. S. utters a piercing scream.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Execution. Soldiers arranged on one side. General Washington and Lafayette on the end. Summers blindfolded in the centre. Gallows rope in sight. Executioner near by. Wizard and Priest. All solemn and silent as the curtain rises.*

PRIEST [*solemnly*].—Oh Lord, we thank thee that thy justice prevails. We are made to remember that thy arm of power is extended to succor the outraged and oppressed. That all the machinations of the wicked are brought to nought. That Thou hast blest and favored the cause of American liberty—converting defeat into victory and darkness into light. Oh Lord, we adore Thee for Thy divine goodness in preserving thus far the precious life of our noble commander-in-chief against all the attacks of his open enemies and the snares of his secret foes, who, under the mask of friendship, would stab him to the heart. And oh, gracious Father, when the ends of justice here on earth are answered, as relating to this poor, miserable, deluded culprit, who shall shortly present himself before the awful tribunal of Thy justice and mercy, we humbly beseech Thee to grant him all the mercy consistent with Thy holy will, and Thine be the glory forever and ever. *Amen.*

[*Enter Mrs. Summers and Mary habited in deep mourning.*]

MRS. S. [*kneeling at Washington's feet.*].—Spare! oh, spare my husband!

MARY [*in tones of anguish*].—Spare the life of my poor father! [*swoons and falls.*]

[*Enter Nora hastily.*]

NORA [*kneeling by her mother*].—Oh, General, save us from sorrow too deep to be borne. Spare the life of my poor deluded father. I pledge my life that he shall serve you and honor you and never sin against you again. Spare him, and we will bless you forever. Oh, noble General, we pray to you, we beseech, we implore you to exercise your great clemency and mercy.

WASHINGTON.—Why, Nora, how is this? Has your father not driven you from his house, and rudely alienated you from his sympathies and care, and can you thus plead for those who despitefully use you?

NORA.—Oh, General, I know he has wronged me, but I forgive him. I love him although he hates me. He may disown me, but he is my father still. Spare him! Oh, spare him!

WASHINGTON [*in undertone*].—What a godlike spirit. [*A pause.*] Conduct the prisoner back to the guard-house. We will suspend the execution, at least, for the present.

NORA.—God bless you, General.

MRS. S.—Oh, noble General, then you will spare my poor husband?

WASHINGTON.—Yes, madam, for your outraged Nora's sake, not yours; and, woman, remember this: as thou receivest mercy, learn to render it.

[*Curtain falls.*]



## LATEST SENSATION IN PODUNK.

## CHARACTERS.

ELDER JOB WISEACRE.	MADAME BONNE BOUCHE.
JUDGE PROPRIETY.	MRS. WISEACRE.
MR. FARDINGALE.	MRS. FARDINGALE.
MR. HIFALUTIN.	MRS. HIFALUTIN.
MR. FLIRT.	MRS. FLIRT.
TOWN CRIER.	MRS. NON-COMPOS.
MRS. PROPRIETY.	MISS SERIOUS.
FANNY FLIRT.	MISS CREDULOUS.
MRS. HEADY.	MISS CURIOUS.

SCENE I.—*Main Street in Podunk.*

TOWN CRIER [*with flag—ringing bell*].—O yes! O yes! O yes! Madame Bonne Bouche! Direct from Paris! Will give a lecture and *malinée* to ladies only, this Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at Mummy Hall! Subjects of Life, Health, Business, Fortune, Politics, Art, Poetry, etc., treated scientifically and practically! Be wise in time! Admission free!—Mummy Hall! Three o'clock this afternoon!

SCENE II.—*Mummy Hall—Spectators ad lib—Prominent among them the female characters—Five minutes before three—All waiting appearance of lecturer—Salutations exchanged, etc.*

MISS CURIOUS [*peering around to discover who are present; smiling and nodding occasionally in recognition*].—So many present! I declare I didn't expect quite such a rush! How select, too! I was quite sure it would bring out the *élite*. Katy Credulous [*crossing to her*], I'm going to sit by you. Where have you been this age? At the Springs? I was certain of it. Tell me all about it. If there isn't Mrs. Wiseacre! [*Calling.*] Mrs. Wiseacre—Mrs. Wiseacre! Are you here? Just to see the vanity

of the thing, I suppose. What will the Elder say? [*Shaking finger significantly.*]

MRS. WISEACRE.—I didn't tell him I was coming. He don't believe in woman lectures, or woman any thing—especially furren—except woman's spere!

MRS. PROPRIETY.—No more don't my husband! He says we should be stayers-at-home, as the Good Book says; but I tell him that was written for them heathen gad-about's and don't concern me who don't go out of the house once in six months—unless it is to meetin' or a shoppin'.

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—For my part I see nothing wicked in our learning something of the ways of the world. I think it is certainly desirable to guard ourselves against the reputation of being unconfiscated. I am very much pleased with the style of this. Nothing in the least vulgar.

MISS SERIOUS.—We'd better look pretty sharp, then, to see that it isn't no man in woman's clothes with some infernal mesmerizing machine!

MRS. HEADY.—Oh, who could be so suspicious?

MRS. NON-COMPOS [*deaf*].—Do you think, Mrs. Wiseacre, that anybody is dead? I couldn't exactly make out—but I thought we should hear a funeral sermon.

MRS. W. [*raising voice*].—I judge not, Mrs. Non-Compos! We shall be taught how to live.

MRS. N. [*nodding assent and smiling*.—*Sensation*.] Very important!

MRS. FARDINGALE.—I thought it would be very proper for us older ones to lend the moderation of our presence.

HIFALUTIN.—Such a preponderation is very essential, in my humble opinion.

MISS FLIRT [*exclaims in ecstasy*].—Oh, admirable!

[*Attention of all directed to platform. General buzzing dies away as the lecturer, blooming, fussy and Frenchy, sails in, bowing and fluttering.*]

MAD. BONNE B. [*after preliminary movements by way of flourish*].—Ladées of Podung: How may I express to you my sensibilities to speak to so zhanteel and refined—so *recherché*—a companee of peeples? I never did feel so mooch togezer. *Pardonnez-moi* if my accént is not zat of Americáh. I speak to ladées—I speak *from ze*

heart—I speak to ze heart—and I moost be heard! Vat vill I say zat you may imázhléen my sympatée? Zis vill I say—Pahrées is ze center of ze univérse—for zat every one does know zat to be out of mode is to be out of ze world, and from Pahrées alone does every mode—all fashions you call—come! In every langázhe do I discover zat Pahrées does viz ze lettáre Pay begeén—and so vell likewise does Podung! Vy, zen, vill not Podung in all zat is becoming and grassful and posséible reevál ze Pahrées of my heart? Ze troot is above all zings and moost be speakéd! Only since so short a time I vas been in Pahrées and vas enraptured viz ze butée of ze new costúmes zat vere everyvere—and vat do I now see? Here in Podung I see ze same *chignons*—ze same *queues*—ze same *petits chapeaux*—and feel at home! In fact, I may say ze same of every zing—and voud ze time perméet, I voud give you ze historée of zem all. For I moost tell you, my dear friends, zat in zese matters I have been at times ze sole *confidante* of my Emprées Eugenie herself! One grand sorrów is mine! Zat I do not hesitate to conféede to you zat we may better comprehend ze one ze ozer. It vas ze deceáse of my devoted *compagnon* zat occasioned me to resign my beloved France and voyázhe to Americáh. For vy? It was too sad alway to be reminded of my loss by every fahmeeliar *object*, and I vill devote myself to those meesterées of *science* zat formed ze *object* of his life. Viz him I have voyazhéd far and wide, and have adviséd meellions of peeples on ze most important *sujets* of zis vorld! I makes corséts zat vill dével-up even ze *figure* of a hunchbáck—I gives powdér, pills, and balsams zat vill restore yout and butée and takes away every twinge of *conscience*—I knows how to ensúre life and *fortune*, healt and *compagnons* to all of my sex zat pays me! I have procured a Count or a Duke for innumerable *demoiselles* at a veek's notées. I makes recipés of zings useful in every famileé—and in ze state *clairvoyant*, viz onleé a lock of hair or leetle morscl of writing, I can tell every zing zat has occurred to you, or vill—and give you pictúres of friends deceased and friends unborn, and foretell to an *instánt* ze destinée of zis *nation*! I furnishes certified certificátes, *vivá voce* and written *guarantées* of my world-renowned abeeletée!



I tries heads and makes hearts vare zare nevare vas none—and, more zan all, I vill confess to you ze grand desire I have to practées my skill in Podung—zat my dear ladées may receive ze beneféet of my art. I am ze pupéel of Madame Rachel zat is so famous in Pahrées—zat vas so successfúl at ze time of ze *Grande Exposition* in ze use of her Creestallized Dew of Arabée! I alone share her secrét, and vill practées in Podung, if I receives sufficient *encouragement*. I stands before you viz no assistance in my art! I am ze vondáre of ze age—and in ze proof of my grand powáres zat I vill give you aftáre a short recéss, you vill be *correct* to know for yourself!

[*Pause—murmurs of the greatest satisfaction heard.*]

I vill fatégúe you no more longáre at zis time, ladées, viz my vords—but you vill see, ladées—you vill see—for yourself! [*Retires, bowing.*]

MRS. PROPRIETY.—Was there ever any thing like it for modesty and becomingness? I shall wait and see it through.

MRS. WISEACRE.—What a blessing to Podunk!

HEADY [*strong adventist*].—The millenium is at hand! I am sure of it!

CURIOUS.—Oh, I am dying for her to re-appear!

HIFALUTIN.—I am perfectly distracted with her charms!

CREDULOUS.—I can believe any thing now!

NON-COMPOS [*wiping eyes*].—Really, it is too touching! Poor man!

[*Madam Bonne Bouche re-appears.*]

MADAME.—Ladies, I am at your *service*! I vill make onlée a short stay in zis place, and zis evening I vill read ze past, ze *present* and ze *future* for any ladée zat is villing. Be not alarmed if I seem in a trance at any moment; for viz ze invéesible world I am perfectly *en rapport*, and often speaks correctlée ze langazhe of zose zat I address!

[*Closes her eyes—strikes her fist on her forehead three times—assumes an oracular, sepulchral tone, with but slight accent.*]

Hail, Aphrodite! fresh, as of yore, from the foam of the sea! To thee this hour is consecrated. I follow thy word!

[*Head droops on her shoulders—hands hang in a life-*

*less manner at her side—starts forward a little—relapses—speaks.]*

I see her, that charming *mademoiselle*! Will she come? What a destiny is hers!

[*Several voices*: "Fanny Flirt, she means you! Go—go! Yes—go!"]

[*Fanny, with little urging, goes forward. As she advances, Madame continues:*]

She that approaches! She that, hardly past sweet sixteen, has had ten offers, and counts her admirers by scores!

[*Voice among spectators*: "Did you ever!"—"I know that to be true!"]

Let me take your hand!

[*Takes it—and with eyes closed pretends to read its lines.*]

Long life—lands—legacies! Behold, the Pride of Podunk! Only a few years hence you will have a letter from England—follow its directions—an entailed estate is yours—ten millions! Where Podunk Pest-House now stands your cis-Atlantic palace shall rear its stately head!

[*Spectators agape with wonder—hands raised in amazement.*]

Your affinity! He waits across the sea!

[*From the crowd*: "Well done! I know of four she's solemnly engaged to!"]

And, after the *matinée*, for a little sum, by the aid of the Psychomatrope, I will show you his perfectly life-like picture! Would you know more, maiden?

[*Fanny, blushing and excited, shakes her head and withdraws. Madame presses both hands to her forehead—after a moment revives, and invites any lady to come forward—especially the lady with green spectacles. Mrs. Heady complies. Madame rising, eyes still closed, asks her to take a seat—begins rubbing Mrs. H.'s bonnet—with impatient gesture.*]

Not harmony! Not harmony! oh—*pardonnez-moi*! Will the lady remove her hat?

[*Mrs. H. complies—Madame examines her head, rubs hands over forehead, and manipulates her shoulders.*]

Such reverence! [*Feeling just above forehead.*] Such faith! Such devotion! But united to such a man! What a pity!

[Voice: "That's so! I used to think he'd reform!"]

Yours is a ship well-freighted—hard-ship! You don't get credit for half you do! They call you a perpetual whiner—a know-nothing; but, could they see the glory reserved for you——

[Mrs. H. mesmerized into a superior state. Sways herself in the chair, makes an effort to rise, and shouts, "Glory—glory! How happy I be! Isaac—Isaac! The time has come, said I. Isaac only looked out and said, 'The stone wall has tumbled down,' said he. How happy I be!" Madame proceeds:]

You are too excitable! I will not reveal more to you at present!

[Among the audience: "Yes—yes!" "Please go on!" Madame, with a few manipulations, bids her rise. Mrs. H. starts up, as from a sleep, with "Where am I?" is reassured, and resumes her seat. Miss Credulous hurries forward and begs Madame to answer her a question in private. Crowd in a ferment. As she returns, face beaming with satisfaction, Mrs. Hifalutin and others approach Madame.]

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—Madame Botch, we cannot congratulate ourselves enough for this wonderful entertainment; and I speak for several when I say that we believe you can do all you profess, and vastly more. It must be fatiguing to remain so long in that trance, and all for our benefit; and, as we wish to ask some very practical questions, we desire you to be one of us.

MADAME.—Wait a moment, ladées! [She sits a moment perfectly quiet, as if reposing—makes a few nervous jerks—winks and wakes.] I am all attention, ladées!

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—We want to ask you to describe your *modus operandi* with that enamel you spoke of.

MADAME.—I do not altogezer comprehend you!

HIFALUTIN.—I mean, how do you apply that "Crystalized Dew of Araby"—and what is your fee?

MADAME.—Oh—oh—*pardonnez-moi!* Now I comprehend! Vill many of ze ladées like it? Zen I vill not account so moosh *argent*—I vill receive not so larzhe *monnaie*. Ven it is applied to ze face and ze hands it vill stay so long as seex year, eef you puts on no vatäre.

[From all sides: "Possible?"]

HIFALUTIN [*who has been conversing with others*]. There are six, at least, who wish an application this very afternoon. Mrs. Wiseacre says she certainly would, if she only had her purse here.

MADAME.—Oh, my *ladée*—zat make no *difference*! Ze Madame can pay some day! I be vary happée to gratify all ze *ladées*.

[*Crowd disperse. Several go with Madame — Mrs. Wiseacre among them.*]

### SCENE III.—Elder Wiseacre's Parlor.

MR. FLIRT [*entering*].—Good-evening, Elder.

ELDER W. [*spectacles raised on forehead—hands clasping knees—looking solemnly into vacancy.*].—Good-evening—good-evening, Mr. Flirt. [*Looking up and becoming more natural.*] Pleasant evening.

MR. F.—Indeed! I can't say it is! Rained all day—and raining pretty hard when I came in.

ELDER W.—Well—what am I thinking of? Of course, it was raining like shot when I came in myself.

MR. F.—To make a long matter short, I can tell you what I'm thinking of—last Sunday's text—pretty good, wasn't it?—"Remember Lot's wife!"

ELDER W.—Why good, Mr. Flirt? Any thing special?

MR. F.—Better yet, Elder! I didn't think that of you! To pretend such ignorance! Do you believe in the Witch of Endor, Elder?

ELDER W.—Witch of En-dor! I don't think I see the pint yet, Mr. Flirt.

MR. F. [*drawing paper from pocket, reads:*]

Mr. Flirt,	To Mad. Bonne Bouche,	Dr.
Embellishing Miss Flirt—warranted six years,		\$50 00

Have you received one of these documents? Been requested to pay a similar snug little sum to the same enterprising individual?

ELDER W.—I remember now that a paper like that was handed to me, but I haven't examined it yet. [*Feels in pockets—finally produces from hat a similar bill against*

himself—"For embellishing Mrs. W."—*which Mr. F. takes and reads.*] "Embellishing Mrs. Wiseacre!" [*repeating, thunderstruck,*] "Fifty dollars!" Well—as I am a living man!

HIFALUTIN [*entering*].—Elder, how's this!

JUDGE P. [*entering*].—Good-evening, Elder. I hoped to see you alone for a few moments. [*Mr. Fardingle enters.*]

MR. F.—No need to mince matters, Judge. I reckon we're all here on the same errand. How do you like fifty dollars for an item of embellishment? Ha—ha—ha!

JUDGE.—I don't like it at all! Are many such documents floating around Podunk, I wonder?

MR. F.—I can't get the women to say much, so I've come to consult with the Elder. I believe my girl's bewitched—to say nothing of what she was before she went to see that French fortune-teller. She's tossing her head about, putting on such airs, and looks so like a painted doll, and lays it all to Mrs. Wiseacre, that I'm determined to look into the matter.

ELDER W.—Lays it all to Mrs. Wiseacre? Well—that sets me a-thinkin' agin. Jerushy would wear her veil over her face Sunday, and hasn't showed her face much about the house lately. T'other mornin', kin' o' playful-like, I pretended I was goin' to dash some water in her face, and she screamed and run away so fast that I said, Why, you haven't the hydrophoby, have you, Jerushy? But I allers was rather short-sighted, and don't know whether she's embellished fifty dollars worth or not.

FARDINGLE.—Well, gentlemen, I've gone a step farther. This bill [*showing*] was sent to me this afternoon; and I read it and walked right around to the hotel where the Madame stops, and demanded information on the subject. My wife always was pretty good-looking, and I've always had bills enough to look after—but this beats me! Madame told me she had painted up I can't tell how many wives and daughters, and warranted them for six years, and must be paid, or she'd bring suit. What's to be done?

HIFALUTIN.—Can't we prosecute her, Judge, for having no license, or something of that sort?

JUDGE.—Possibly we might; but then she would make

such notorious capital out of us that we shall wish we had paid double.

FARDINGALE.—That's so. She told me she had reduced her price one-half to accommodate the ladies.

JUDGE.—Suppose Mr. Flirt goes round and compromises the matter in some way. We'll each of us stand our share, I know. [*They nod assent.*] Offer her a hundred dollars—her expenses in town—and a through ticket to New York—eh? What do you all say? We'll try to keep a better look-out in future.

ELDER.—Won't the women be gettin' off too easy? If I'd supposed Jerushy could have been drawn into any such trap as that, or been the means of drawin' anybody else in, I'd just as soon ben indicted as a pickpocket! It ain't a matter to come afore the church, is it?

MR. F.—You ought to know, Elder. Looks as if it might. Scripture has a good deal to say against such doings.

HIFALUTIN.—The women will pay dearly enough for it—a six years' laughing-stock will be retribution enough for any of them.

JUDGE.—It's agreed, then, Mr. Flirt, that you negotiate with Madame in some way. Pay more, if we must—but hush it up—hush it up! It's scandalous. Be sure that she's sent out of town immediately—to New York! We will meet here to-morrow evening to hear the *finale* of this LATEST SENSATION IN PODUNK!

[*Curtain falls.*]

CHANGING  
THE HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE;  
OR,  
FALSE PRETENSIONS REBUKED.

## CHARACTERS.

JOHN APJOHN, a cooper, a very small man.

PRUDENCE APJOHN, his wife, an exceedingly robust woman.

TASSO SMITH.

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SCENE.—A Kitchen. *Mrs. Apjohn preparing Dinner.*

[*Enter John Apjohn.*]

JOHN [*putting his feet on the stove with a prodigious sigh*]—To be sure. It is a sad world, Prudy. What would old Abel Dane have said, I wonder! I'm glad we've no children. To be sure—to be sure. [*Takes a stick from the wood-box, and opens the stove-door.*]

PRUDENCE.—There now! let that stove alone. You burn out more wood when you are in the house five minutes, than I do in all day.

JOHN [*timidly glancing up at Prudence and laying the stick back*].—It's a cold world. [*Sighs.*]

PRUDENCE.—So much the more need to be savin' o' fuel. We should be in the poor-house 'fore spring, if 'twan't for me, [*treading heavy and strong about her work.*]

[*Exit Prudence to the Pantry.*]

JOHN [*tries again to put the stick into the stove, but drops it as Prudence reappears*].—Changes in this world is very wonderful, [*rubbs his hand over the stove.*] Who knows but what it'll be our turn next? I know'd our neighbor there, old Mrs. Dane, when she was as far removed from trouble as anybody. Then she lost her husband. Then she was afflicted in her speech. And now to be sure—to be sure.

PRUDENCE.—What now? Has any thing re'ly happened? or is it only your hypoes?

JOHN.—My hypoes? As if I didn't have reason to? Hain't I seen 'Lizy take the stage this morning, goin' nobody knows whar, to arn a livin' among strangers. Abel, you know, is going to be married shortly to that Faustiny Clark, and 'Lizy naturally enough takes it to heart I spose. She's growed just as thin as a stave lately, and she looked like death when I put out my hand to say good-bye. Massy on it. I just remember when ol' Abel Dane adopted that girl, and a faithful dauter she's been to 'em. To be sure—to be sure.

PRUDENCE.—Why, I want to know, [*talking from the pantry,*] has she re'ly gone? Wal, I can't blame her, as I know on, but I should most thought 'Lizy stayed to the weddin'; most gals would—I hear that stove—[*John closes the griddle*]—but probably she felt the necessity of doin' something for herself, for Abel can't afford to support three women in that house massy knows. Faustiny have to put them perty hands of her'n in dish-water. For my part, I don't think she's any more fit to be Abel Dane's wife, than you be to be President, John Apjohn.

JOHN.—To be sure—to be sure, [*mournfully,*] or than you be to be one of them circus-ridin' women. To be sure—[*with a cackling laugh.*]

PRUDENCE [*cutting the bread against her bosom*].—Wal, come to dinner.

JOHN [*sitting up to the table*].—Ain't we going to have nothing but bread and milk? [*imploringly.*]

PRUDENCE.—Bread and milk is good enough. I couldn't afford to cook any thing to-day. Here's some o' that corned beef, and beautiful apple-sas!

JOHN [*mildly*].—Cold day this, ought to have some-thin' warmin'. Cup o' tea, bile an egg; some sich thing.

PRUDENCE.—Eggs! when we can get thirty cents a dozen for 'em.

JOHN.—To be sure. Did you hit the table then? [*With a look of alarm.*]

PRUDENCE.—No! Wasn't it you?

[*Another knock at the door.*]

JOHN [*gasping*].—There's somebody at the front door, Prudy! What shall we do?



PRUDENCE.—Let 'em in, of course; they ain't robbers this time o' day. [*She tramps ponderously to the door, and admits Tusso Smith, a flashily-dressed young man, with soft simpering face, greased hair, tender moustache, and a very extensive breast-pin.*]

PRUDENCE.—Tasso Smith! [*with a half contemptuous lifting of her brow-wrinkles.*]

JOHN [*springing to his feet, upsetting his chair behind him, and spilling the milk from the pan with the jostle he gave the table.*] I shouldn't have knowed ye, you've altered so!

[*Tasso looks conscious of having altered very much, to his own satisfaction, and gave John two fingers.*]

JOHN.—Seddown, seddown! [*Righting his chair and placing it for the visitor.*] Don't it beat all, Prudy! Where did you come from, Tasso—Mr. Smith?

TASSO [*grimacing*].—From the city.

JOHN.—To be sure, to be sure!

PRUDENCE.—Been making money, I guess, hain't ye, Tasso?

TASSO [*twirling his rattan*].—Managed to live, [*nodding significantly at Prudence.*] City's good place for enterprisin' young men, [*nodding to John.*] Thought I'd come out'n see what I could do for the ol' folks. [*Crossing his legs, he thrusts his rattan into a button-hole of his brass-buttoned coat, hangs his hat on the toe of his tight-fitting patent-leather boot, and pompously takes out his pocket-book.*] I've called to pay—to remunerate you—ye understand, for them barrels pa had of you some time ago. Can you change a fifty dollar bill?

[*John sits down and stares. Tasso smooths his moustache and smiles.*]

PRUDENCE.—I declare, Tasso, I never expected you would turn out so well. Re'ly payin' your pa's debts, be you? I remember when you used to be around, the dirtiest, raggedest boy't ever I see! [*Tasso looks uncomfortable.*] And now you're payin' your pa's debts! Think o' that, John Apjohn.

JOHN.—To be sure, to be sure, [*looking awe-stricken at Tasso.*] only ten and six, I believe the account is. Isn't it, Prudy?

PRUDENCE.—With interest, it's more'n two dollars by this time.

JOHN [*in a weak voice*].—Oh, never mind interest, Prudy.

PRUDENCE [*insisting*].—Yes, I will! Call it two dollars, anyhow.

TASSO.—Sorry I hain't got no smaller bills, [*glancing over a handful of bank notes,*] but you can probably break a fifty.

[*John and Prudence look at each other, then both look at the visitor.*]

PRUDENCE.—Why, if you can't do no better [*hesitatingly*]  
—I don'o—mabby I can change it.

TASSO [*reddens with embarrassment, fumbles his money, and mutters as he turns each bill*].—Hundred, hundred, I declare! don't believe I got a fifty—hundred—hundred—thought I had—remember, now, paying it out. Can you break a C? [*with a foolish smile.*]

JOHN.—What say, Prudy?

PRUDENCE [*nodding assent*].—Yes, I can break a C, [*with disdain.*] Though you thought it would break me, I guess.

[*Tasso sweats over his bills, and wipes his red pimply face. Prudence takes a key from the clock-case and proceeds to an adjoining room, followed by John. Tasso gets up, and peeping through the crack, sees the thrifty couple on their knees by an open chest, counting money. He slips back to his seat, puts his pocket-book out of sight, and is twirling his rattan when John and Prudence enter.*]

PRUDENCE [*clasping a handful of money*].—I'll look at your bill, if you please.

TASSO [*indifferently*].—Oh, le'me see! Oh, yes; after you went out, I found some small bills in my vest pocket. Save you the trouble. [*Fingers his vest-pocket, and brings to light a dirty rag of paper.*]

PRUDENCE [*laughing*].—"He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plumb, and what a brave boy was I!" [*scornfully unrolling the rag.*] Two one-dollar bills! Wal, that's what I call comin' down a little. Great deal of talk for a little bit of cider.

TASSO [*wincing and switching his stick*].—Might ge'e

me back the change 'f you're mind to, as pa didn't authorize me to pay no interest.

PRUDENCE [*angrily*].—Idée o' your hagglin' 'bout a little interest money, arter such a swell with your hundred dollar bills!

JOHN [*deprecatingly*].—Come, come, Prudy.

PRUDENCE.—I don't believe you've got a hundred dollar bill in the world. No Smith of your breed ever had!

JOHN.—There, there, Prudy.

PRUDENCE.—You'd no more notion o' payin' that debt, when you come into this house, than I had to fly; and you wouldn't, if I hadn't ketched ye in a trap ye didn't suspect.

JOHN.—Prudy, Prudy, you're sayin' too much.

PRUDENCE.—I ain't saying any thing but the truth, and he can afford to hear that arter all the trouble he has put me to. Here's a ninepence—I'll divide the interest with ye, and say no more about it.

[*Tasso sneaks out.*]

JOHN [*looking wretched*].—I wouldn't have had it happen, Prudy—

PRUDENCE [*with scorn and triumph*].—I would! Such a heap of Pretension, with that little bit of a cane, and them nasty soap-locks, and all that big show of *one dollar* bills! I like to come up with sich people.

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE FALSE ACCUSATION.

## CHARACTERS.

JUDGE CLAIRMONT.

HENRY, son of Judge.

BERNARD, the Accused.

MAUD, Bernard's Betrothed.

Clerks and Lady Attendants in Court-room.

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SCENE I.—*Cell in Prison—Bernard sitting with head buried in his hands—Maud seen entering cell door.*

BERNARD.—What now, jailor? Did I not beg to be free from thy babbling intrusion? Four times this day hast thou rudely ignored my request. Art a spy upon me? Dost think I'll do myself damage? I am not a coward; believe me, thou canst safely leave me to myself.

MAUD.—Look up, Bernard, it is Maud who would speak to thee! Wilt thou call me intruder also?

BER.—Didst come at last! So long hast denied me thy presence, that thy coming has lost half its cheer. If to reproach my disgrace thou hast come, say on: I will not interrupt thee. I am no longer proud, since honor is denied me. See [*rising*] I'll stand in courtesy to what thy tongue may utter.

MAUD.—My sorrowing Bernard, thou art more than proud in thy judgment of me. Thou art unjust!

BER.—That is the reflection left in my heart of those with whom I come in contact. What wouldst thou?

MAUD.—I would have thee know that love and sympathy do not harbor reproach. For I believe thee as free from guilt as is my devotion.

BER. [*taking her hand.*].—Do not mock me, Maud. I would cast away this doubt of thee; but tell me, why so long in bringing this balm to my wretchedness?

MAUD.—Every day have I begged for a sight of thee, but admittance was prohibited. To-day, in frantic despair, I went to the good wife of the jailor, and so earnest

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was my pleading it touched her woman's heart, and thus her influence gained the keeper to our cause.

BER.—Thy parents, Maud, they have ever considered my lowly station and small means a crime; what say they now of me? Do they believe me guilty?

MAUD.—Circumstances are against thee, Bernard, but we cannot blame them for judging as does the world. You know they do not know thee as I do.

BER.—And hast thou risked their displeasure in coming hither? Hast not their consent?

MAUD.—A child's obedience is paramount. But I also owe thee a duty: 'twas thus I reasoned with them in my presumption. They did not *forbid* me.

BER.—Noble girl! how can I ever prove myself deserving of this confidence! Oh! how helpless I am in my poverty. Maud, money would, no doubt, detect the culprit for whom I now am punished, but alas, without that and without friends, all that is left me is disgrace; but thou, Maud, how will thy tender heart bear up under years of waiting? Think, Maud: waiting for a *convict*, an outcast. Oh! it's maddening to dwell on this. How canst thou link thy fate to one who has no hope in the future, for never again can I look on life a free man, shackled by the horrible names of forger! thief! Oh, what a fate is this!

MAUD.—Bernard, give me thy hand—so—[*placing the other about him*]. Thus we will give the world scorn for scorn. Though all humanity look on in contempt, and fortune be ever so treacherous, thus will we rise above them to the eye of the JUST, for thou art innocent! I will work, search, and supplicate, and I tell thee, Bernard, thou shalt be righted yet. Though circumstance control men, Justice will bring it to naught. Truth must and will conquer.

BER.—Maud! Maud! To see such glorious courage and nobleness of soul as thine, will reconcile even selfish man to such a lot as mine. Hark! they are coming to tell thee time is up. Thanks, a thousand heartfelt thanks, for thy visit—my *consolation*. I shall be a man, since I am richer than if possessed of the world's gold, for it could not purchase your confidence nor my innocence.

SCENE II.—*Representing Court-room—Judge seated back of desk—Bernard, with folded arms, standing in front—  
—Maud and group of ladies at one side.*

JUDGE.—Prisoner, thou art found guilty of the awful crime of forgery and theft. It now becomes my duty to pass upon thee the sentence of the Court. What makes this duty doubly painful, is to see thee before me as a criminal. Thou, whom I have loved and protected with mine own son, under mine own roof, and at mine own table. Thou didst abuse my confidence and insult my love by forging my name to the sum of ten thousand dollars. Thou didst at divers times steal to my treasury and purloin therefrom moneys, for which the leniency of the Court has been asked in its judgment. Before I pass the sentence, hast thou ought to say?

BERNARD.—Nothing more than I have said before: I am innocent of the charges brought against me; that is all, sir.

JUDGE.—Then by the edict of the Court, I do sentence thee to ten years of hard labor in the State Penitentiary. May thy conduct be such that the stringent rules of the place may be ameliorated to thy comfort. I now remand thee back—

MAUD [*interrupts by casting herself at his feet*].—Oh, sir! give him but a little respite, wherein to clear his name of this shameful stain. By the love thou aver'st once was his, grant but a few days!—he is innocent! I who can read his inmost thoughts, say it!

JUDGE.—Thou art an eloquent advocate; but cease—'tis loss of time, and we have other cases to discharge.

MAUD.—Sir, I will not leave thee. Thou hast an only son; is he less fallible than human kind, think, fond father, were he placed thus, with only his youth to resist the temptations that beset it? Speak—couldst thou then, in cool judgment, take from him the best years of his life, and doom that holy gift of God to disgrace?

JUDGE.—Thou reasonest like a woman. Men look from sterner heights, else crime would rule and justice be but a name. He has been fairly tried, and the good of mankind demands this sentence.

MAUD.—Then I will share his ignominy. I, too, will be called a robber, sir! [*seizing a pin on his bosom.*]

JUDGE.—Thou art mad, child, and shouldst be taken care of. Who art thou?

MAUD.—Not a child; but, in the sight of heaven, a wife, pleading for that dearer gem than life—a young man's *honor*. See to it, cold-hearted Judge, that thy boasted sense of justice find never an occasion to plead with a father's love!

[*During this time, Henry Clairmont advances to Bernard's side—addressing Judge.*]

HENRY.—Father! Judge!

JUDGE.—Well, my son.

[*Maud takes the hand of Bernard: they step aside.*]

HENRY.—I am—oh, father, I cannot see another suffer for my sins—I am the criminal!

JUDGE.—What freak is this, boy? But thou wert ever generous and soft of heart; go to,—thy foolishness cannot avail thee here.

HENRY.—Hear me, sir; but do not curse me, for I speak truly. 'Tis Bernard who is generous: he well knew it was I, thy worthless son, who robbed thee. 'Tis I who have insulted a father's love. Not daring to ask thee for so heavy a sum lost at play, being carried beyond myself in fear of immediate exposure, I forged thy name, hoping to replace the amount by some more fortunate stroke. Oh! in mercy, speak my punishment, that I may be gone from thy sight. [*Judge drops his head on the desk and groans.*]

JUDGE.—Is this my boy who speaks? Friends, is this not a nightmare? Let me clear my vision—[*wipes his eyes*—surely that is my son. Yes, truly, mortally fallible. I, too, am very human; can I then judge my son? See, friends, he is not all bad: he did confess, when I did not suspect. Oh, evil fate, that bade me these five-and-twenty years to sit in judgment until my son should rise up in sin to give the sentence to his father, [*with emotion.*] A childless and dishonored man, such is his decree. Come, boy, let us hide ourselves until some worthier man than I pass sentence on thy double crime. And, girl, [*to Maud,*] think not too meanly of the *would-be* stern Judge, whom thou seest sacrifice justice to his flesh and blood.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## HIRING HELP.

## CHARACTERS.

CHARLES EARNEST, a clerk on a small salary.  
MOSES SCHALK, keeper of an Intelligence Office.  
SIMON, confidential clerk of Moses.  
SUSAN EARNEST, sister of Charles.  
AUNT NANCY, housekeeper for the Earnests.  
WIDOW MORAN, professional cook, &c.

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SCENE I.—*Room in a Private House.*

SUSAN.—I don't care, Charlie, if you are my only brother, I think you are real mean! Here it has been dear knows how many weeks that I have been trying to get you to talk with me about that dinner-party which you know I am dying to give; and not one single word can I get out of you! Now I propose having the matter settled this morning. It isn't time for you to go to the store, I know, and you must listen to me! No dodging now! What do you say? Can I, or can't I?

CHARLES.—Really, Sue, if I could see any good reason for the party; or if I knew how we could afford it—why I might——

SUSAN.—Ah, there it is! How can you men be expected to see any reason for such things, unless, indeed, it is an affair which concerns only your own selves? Then, to be sure, you can find reasons as plenty as blackberries. Don't you know all our neighbors have been giving them? and many of them no better able to do it than we are. Besides, you know, my heart is set upon it; and I should think you might grant me just this favor. You know I don't often trouble you.

CHAS.—Such affairs cost money; and that is a commodity of which we have by no means a surplus, Sis. We shall gain nothing by the proposed party; and we are under no obligations to others to give one, as we have never accepted any of their invitations.



SUSAN.—True enough ; but then everybody knows that was your own fault—that I should gladly have gone to every one of them, if you hadn't objected. But that is neither here nor there. I want to give the party. Now come right to the point! If I can arrange the expense so that we can see our way clear, what have you to say then?

CHAS.—Why, so far as I am concerned, I don't fancy the idea at all. Still, if you can show me how we can manage the financial department, I am willing to yield my opposition and gratify your wishes in this particular instance.

SUSAN.—That's a dear, good brother! I knew you would let me have my way when I could have an opportunity of setting the matter before you in its right light. About the cost now—that can be fixed nicely. Of course, we shall need a cook. Aunt Nancy is excellent for the plain style in which we live; but for such an occasion she would never answer.

CHAS.—You don't mean that we must employ a servant!

SUSAN.—Just wait a moment till you hear me out! I've been looking through the papers for some time past to see if I couldn't run across something that would suit us in such an emergency—and here it is to a T. Read that! [*Handing a newspaper.*]

CHAS. [*reads.*].—REFORMED INTELLIGENCE OFFICE. NO MORE IMPOSITION. Moral and religious families desirous of obtaining servants, of the same character, can be accommodated by applying at No. 303 Confidence Street. Refer to the Mayor and City Councils. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, or no charge. Cooks and other accomplished servants furnished for private parties at reasonable rates.

M. SCHALK.

SUSAN.—Could there be any thing more to our mind? And I have been to this office and find that I can get just the woman I wish, and for the time I shall need her, for three dollars. And even that I am not to pay till after the party, nor then, unless I am perfectly satisfied. What would you have better than that?

CHAS.—Cheap enough—perhaps.

SUSAN.—Oh, you always will have your *ifs* and your *buts* and your *perhappes*. I declare it seems sometimes as if you think I don't know anything! But Aunt Nancy

is to go with me when I engage the cook; and you'll admit that she knows how to make a bargain.

CHAS.—Well—well—let that pass! Considering your superlatively excellent cook engaged on such wonderfully cheap terms, what do you propose doing for crockery and silver? You know the extent of our resources in that direction. Does somebody engage to pay you something handsome for taking what you will require in those two lines?

SUSAN.—There now, Charles! Why will you be jesting or sneering all the time when I am anxious to have a business talk with you? You have acted so unhandsomely about the servant arrangement that I am determined to furnish you with none of the details about other matters. Enough for you to know, that I can procure a complete outfit for the table for ten dollars.

CHAS.—Plate and plated silver?

SUSAN.—Good enough for anybody, I assure you. The entire expense of the party shall not exceed fifty dollars. Isn't that cheap enough in all conscience?

CHAS.—Yes—but—

SUSAN.—There it is again! But what?

CHAS.—But it's half a month's salary.

SUSAN.—Pshaw! We can save it on the next month's; or, at all events, on the next quarter's. Do own up like an honorable man! Could you have imagined that I could carry out my plans for so small an amount of money? Honestly—could you?

CHAS.—Well—no! That is, if—

SUSAN.—Never mind your *if*, if you please. The thing is settled, then—is it? Aunt and I will engage the cook and table furniture this very day. What do you say to this day week for the dinner? Any objection?

CHAS.—No—if it is to be—as the man said who was to be hanged—one day will suit me as well as another. Whom do you invite?

SUSAN.—Oh, I'll attend to that! You'll be satisfied. Give me the money and you may go. I won't detain you any longer.

CHAS. [*giving money.*].—Sue, do you flatter yourself that this will cover the expense?

SUSAN.—Most certainly. I've figured out every item. Not a cent above fifty dollars.

CHAS.—May I make a suggestion as I go, without being deemed impertinent?

SUSAN.—Yes. What is it?

CHAS.—It won't!

SUSAN.—It will, I tell you! Good-bye! You'll have to grant when I get through with this, that I know somewhat more about business than you give me credit for. [*Exit Charles. Susan calls after him.*] Oh, Charlie! what if I save ten dollars of the fifty? I attend to the inviting—remember!

SCENE II.—*Office, desk, table and chairs.*

MOSES [*at desk writing*].—Simon! Simon!

SIMON [*entering from rear*].—Well!

MOSES.—Have you seen Smith this morning?

SIMON.—Smith? Which one? The pawnbroker, or the junk-shop man, or the auctioneer, or the common councilman, or the——

MOSES.—The detective.

SIMON.—Oh, him! Yes.

MOSES.—Has he fixed that all right?

SIMON.—Which? The sneak thief, or the pickpocket, or the burglar, or the——

MOSES.—The Widow Moran. Is that all straight?

SIMON.—All square—says he'll warrant her the best house-thief in the city; but you must give him a quarter of all she gets. He says he ought to have more, but he'll put up with that for this job.

MOSES.—The scoundrel! It's double what any one else would give him. However, he helps the shop all he can, and we won't grumble. Tell him it's agreed. Look here, Simon! I think we can make a good thing out of this. You know that young woman who was here yesterday——

SIMON.—She as kicked up a row about them dresses one of our folks took!

MOSES.—No—no—the one who wants a good honest cook for a dinner-party.

SIMON.—Oh, her! humph! Yes—thinks she has all her eye-teeth cut—don't she? Asked if we were regularly licensed—didn't she? Do you see any thing green? What an innocent!

MOSES.—I'll lend her the Widow Moran.

SIMON.—It won't pay—not enough to take. Brother is only a clerk and gets about a thousand or fifteen hundred a year. It won't pay, I tell you!

MOSES.—Trust an older head, will you! The young woman is after hiring some crockery and silver. I can work them in. Now do you see?

SIMON.—What? No! Do you?

MOSES.—You know that plated set Jane Briggs brought us last week? I'll have that put up in shape—it's at Gutman's. I recommended him to her—valued at five hundred—party over—silver missing—ditto Widow—reward offered—no takers—brother forced to pay! Hum! Now you see!

SIMON.—The Widow is the piece for that job—talks like a parson. We must look out and keep her sober, though. She is to be around this morning—coming in the back way. I'll see that she don't get too much whiskey. Set her tongue going right—that's all! By the way, the committee have called for some more money on that School Commissioner nomination of yours.

MOSES.—Confound the rascals! What do they expect to do with it? They've had more than the thing's worth already. If it weren't for it's putting me on the track for Common Council, I'd throw it in their faces. All the contracts have been given out, and there isn't a show to make election expenses even. Tell them to keep easy for a day or two. We'll see what for a present the Widow makes us.

SIMON.—Leave that to me—I'll manage it. I put your name down this morning for that church concern on Doubleyou street—fifty.

MOSES.—Rather steep—but it will pay, I reckon. Put things straight there on the table! For heaven's sake take away that *Police Gazette*! Where's the *Religious Intelligencer*? You haven't used that for kindling, have you? It was the only one about the establishment.

SIMON [*arranging papers on table*].—Here are some benevolent reports and tracts—just as good! [*Looking out of door*].—Here comes the Widow Moran woman—and some one else in tow—an old 'un! Quick! I'll cook them till you're ready! [*Exit Moses hurriedly*.]

SUSAN [*entering with Aunt Nancy*].—Is Mr. Schalk in?  
[*to Simon at desk.*]

SIMON.—Not this moment, mum. Take seats, ladies. He'll be in shortly. Dr. Bungle sent his carriage down for him about an hour ago. Is there any thing that I can do for you? I represent Mr. Schalk in his absence. Would you like to look at our lists?

SUSAN.—I was here yesterday making inquiries of Mr. Schalk about engaging a cook for a party. He mentioned a person who would answer very well, I should judge, from his description. He said he would have her here this morning.

SIMON.—What may I call your name, mum?

SUSAN.—Earnest—Miss Earnest.

SIMON.—Beg your pardon, mum—will look at the book. [*Examining.*] Yes, mum—Mrs. Moran is the cook's name, Mr. Schalk mentioned. Excuse me a moment. I will send our boy for her. [*Exit at rear.*]

AUNT N. [*looking around.*].—Indeed, Susan, this appears to be a very respectable place. I was afraid it might be one of those Jew holes where no decent person could venture. Quite a respectable place! And the young man is very polite.

SUSAN.—I am so glad you think so, aunt; for I should never hear the last of it from Charles, if any thing should miscarry. But we'll look sharp for that, won't we?

MOSES [*entering*].—Good-morning, ladies. Ah, Miss—  
SUSAN.—Earnest.

MOSES.—Ah, yes—excuse me—Miss Earnest. Didn't think you would call so early. Will try and meet your wishes, however. You haven't told me when you desired the cook's services.

SUSAN.—This day week.

MOSES.—Ah, sorry for it! [*meditating.*] But I'll see if it cannot be remedied, [*going to book.*] As I thought—she is engaged—Mrs. Moran is engaged for that day; but I know the family very well—Judge Partial's, brother-in-law of Dr. Bungle's, from whom I have just come. Yes, we will accommodate you, Miss. You will pardon me, but I have made inquiries and find your family satisfactory in the highest degree. [*Susan looks at Aunt N. in astonishment.*] You look surprised, ladies; but it is the in-

variable custom of this office. We insist upon good character in both employers and servants. Any other course would most certainly involve us in trouble. We desire, and—I may safely add—have none but patrons of the highest respectability.

SUSAN.—I was not aware, sir, that such a custom prevailed; but it is, certainly, an excellent idea. If the matter had been named to me yesterday, I could have satisfied you on that point.

AUNT N.—Our acquaintances are among the very best families in the city—Rev. Dr. Thunder, Lawyer Quick—

MOSES.—So I have been informed. That question is happily disposed of. Mrs. Moran [*looking at watch*] was to be here by this time. Would you like to examine her testimonials, or do you prefer personal inquiries? Strangers to the office generally choose to make inquiries for themselves. When they become familiar with our mode of doing business, they are saved the necessity of subjecting themselves to that inconvenience. [*Widow M. enters.*] Ah, good-morning, madam! We were just speaking of you. This is the lady who desires your services as dinner-cook. Miss Earnest—Mrs. Moran.

WIDOW M.—Your servant, Miss—and yours, madam.

SUSAN.—My aunt—Mrs. Moran. [*Aunt N. bows.*]

WIDOW.—I should have been here earlier, ladies; but I was kept up-town longer than I intended.

MOSES.—Some charitable affair, I am positive. Mrs. Moran's heart, ladies, is so easily touched that any call for assistance meets with a prompt response from her. Really, I fear that she is often imposed upon.

WIDOW.—If you please, Mr. Schalk, don't talk about it. It is our duty to relieve others who may need it [*looking meaningly at Moses*] to the extent of our ability. With consequences we have nothing to do. What day, Miss, did you wish me?

SUSAN.—This day week; but Mr. Schalk says you are engaged.

MOSES.—But I told the young lady that the Judge's lady would relinquish her claim for that day at my request. [*Winking, unnoticed by Susan and Aunt N.*]

WIDOW.—That I should leave entirely in your hands, Mr. Schalk; but I must insist upon it that Mrs. Partial

is perfectly willing. My word is pledged; and I must fulfil my engagement at all hazards, unless released.

MOSES.—My word for it, madam, that Mrs. Partial is satisfied.

WIDOW.—How large a party do you have, Miss Earnest?

SUSAN.—About thirty.

WIDOW.—Quite a select affair! When I lived at Mrs. Sharp's—you may know Mrs. Sharp of Seventeenth Avenue—I lived with her five years—it was not an uncommon thing to have plates for seventy-five or a hundred. But we'll talk these matters over by ourselves—that is, if my references are acceptable.

MOSES.—Ah—yes! The references! [*Calling.*] Simon!

SIMON [*entering*].—Sir!

MOSES.—Give the ladies Mrs. Sharp's address, that they may make inquiries about Mrs. Moran.

SUSAN.—No—no, sir! No occasion for it! I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied.

AUNT N.—Not by no manner of means! If Mrs. Moran will call upon us soon—

WIDOW.—Will Saturday morning do? [*Exit Simon.*]

SUSAN.—Certainly. Saturday morning, then, we shall expect you.

WIDOW.—Excuse me, ladies, if you please, as I have an appointment. Saturday morning it is. Good-day, ladies! [*Exit.*]

MOSES.—I will return in a moment, ladies. [*Exit.*]

AUNT N. [*snuffing*].—Don't you smell something like rum hereabouts, Susan?

SUSAN [*snuffing*].—Now that you speak of it, I do smell something. [*Looking around and discovering bottle on desk.*] Oh, I see! [*pointing.*] That alcohol for wiping off the furniture!

AUNT N. [*relieved*].—Why, bless me! So it is! Aren't they proper neat, Susan?

MOSES [*entering*].—About the crockery and silver, Miss Earnest. I have attended to that, and can save you the trouble of calling upon Mr. Gutman. Please sign this receipt for the articles named—to be returned on Thursday of next week in as good condition as taken—any loss or damage to be made good—and I will order them sent to you a day in advance.

SUSAN.—Thank you for your trouble. [*Reads and signs, Aunt N. looking over.*]

MOSES [*rubbing hands and smirking*].—All is arranged, then! If your patronage of our establishment, ladies, fulfils your expectations, please mention us favorably to your friends.

SUSAN.—With pleasure, Mr. Schalk.

AUNT N.—You may depend upon it we will. [*Exeunt.*]

MOSES [*to Simon entering*].—Easily managed—weren't they?

SIMON.—Done like a brick! What would you have done, though, if they had taken it into their heads to go to Sharp's?

MOSES.—Pooh! I knew they wouldn't; and, if they had, didn't the Sharps have a servant of that name who stayed with them five years, and they don't know where she is now? That would have been all straight, you may bet! And isn't the Sharp certificate in my hands?

SIMON.—Tight as a drum! Didn't the Widow play it well? But I had all I could do to rein her in on the whiskey.

MOSES.—I believe you! She must be put on a double short allowance when she takes hold of the job—a gallon after it is done. Nothing like having eyes and ears for business, you know!

### SCENE III.—*Room in a Private House.*

SUSAN [*walking about the room excitedly*].—I declare I thought Charles would never finish his breakfast. I never knew him to stay so long before going to the store! I was aching every minute to have him out of the way that we might talk the thing over by ourselves. What shall we do? What shall we do? Are you sure she has gone?

AUNT N. [*equally agitated*].—As sure as I am that I am alive this blessed minute—the lying, thieving baggage! I only wish she were here! She took herself off some time during the night.

SUSAN.—And the crockery and silver all gone?

AUNT N.—All gone—all gone!

SUSAN.—How could she get at it? Here is the key of the chest [*holding it up*] where I put them so carefully



before I went to bed—the very chest in which the things were sent—I locked it myself. And you say the chest is still locked? She must have had another key. How could she carry them off? What shall we do, aunt? What shall we do? I can't pay for the things, and I dare not tell Charles. Oh, dear—oh, dear! What shall we do! What shall we do!

AUNT N.—Dear only knows! I wish we hadn't never touched the party at all—that's what I do! You know I never wanted it! How could you have coaxed me into it, Susan?

SUSAN.—Now, aunt, you know that is unkind. You know you didn't require much urging. Don't—I beg of you—add to my troubles. Charles can say that; but, indeed and truth, aunt, you know *you* can't. What shall we do! What shall we do!

AUNT N.—Wait a minute—I'll go up-stairs again. [*Exit.*]

SUSAN.—To think of such an ending to the party! After all my teasing to bring Charles around—after all the worrying, and fussing, and working, and bothering to get things right! Oh, dear! oh, dear! But it was a nice affair, everybody said—better than the Timmins's, or the Wiggins's, or the Stubbs's—at least, half a dozen told me so!—And I thought Charles enjoyed it! What did he bring that odd-acting man with him for, I wonder, after all I had said about inviting! I didn't like his prying looks and ways. But they are gone—gone! What shall I do! What shall I do!

AUNT N. [*entering.*].—What *do* you think? Who *would* have believed it! How could she do it, and we—none of us—know it?

SUSAN.—What—what? Any thing more?

AUNT N.—My watch and chain—

SUSAN.—Gone?

AUNT N.—Gone—and my watered silk—and my velvet bonnet—and my portemonnaie!

SUSAN.—Why in the world didn't you lock your door? Why didn't you? I thought you always did!

AUNT N.—I did—I did—just as I have every mortal night since I've lived here. Didn't you lock the plate-chest? And haven't you the key in your pocket now? And aren't the things gone?

SUSAN.—True enough—true enough! I must run up and see if any thing has been taken from my room. [*Exit.*]

AUNT N.—Why did I let Susan talk me over! I might have known no good could come from such goings-on! We hadn't no business to meddle with such! As old as I am I ought to have known better. My watch and chain—oh, dear! My silk—oh dear, dear! My bonnet—oh dear, dear, dear! My portemonnaie—oh dear, dear, dear, dear! I never liked the woman's looks from the very first. I always thought there was something that shouldn't be about her! Could the man at the office have known any thing wrong? Not he—impossible! What a blow it will be to him, poor man! What villains there are in this wicked world! My watch and chain—my silk—my bonnet—my portemonnaie! Oh, dear, dear, dear!

SUSAN [*entering*].—My locket—my best grenadine—my pink sash! Oh dear, dear, dear! I didn't dare venture into Charles's room. Nobody knows what is missing there. Oh, aunt, aunt! We are ruined—completely ruined! What will Charles say! What shall we do! What shall we do! Let us put on our things and go right to the Intelligence Office! Hurry—hurry! Do—do! No—no! We mustn't do that! She may be around here yet. It isn't safe to leave the house. She may carry off all the furniture yet—who knows? Oh, dear, dear! What a fool I was! Charles was right—yes, he was! But, aunt—truly, truly—wasn't it a good party? And wasn't it better than the Timmins's, or the Wiggins's, or the Stubbs's?

AUNT N. [*testily*].—How should I know, child, being as I wasn't at none of them? [*Wringing hands.*] My watch and chain! Gone—all gone! Oh dear, dear!

SUSAN.—But, aunt—now didn't Arabella and Lou, and a dozen others tell me so? And didn't you hear them with your own ears? Oh, aunt—aunt! But, dear me, that don't bring back the crockery—nor the silver—nor my locket—nor my grenadine—nor my sash—

AUNT N.—Nor my watch and chain—nor my silk—nor my bonnet—nor my portemonnaie!

SUSAN.—What shall we—shall we—do! I will go at once to the store and tell Charles! Why didn't I own up at breakfast? But I couldn't believe it—I wouldn't! Oh

dear! I was a fool—I am a fool—I always have been a fool—I always shall be a fool—I never can be any thing but a fool! Oh dear, dear, dear!

CHAS. [*entering.*—Tut—tut—tut! What's that you say, Sue? You a fool! Impossible! Even if you knew you were, you never would acknowledge it.

SUSAN [*throwing herself upon him and clinging to him*].—I am so glad—so sorry—so happy—so miserable—now that you have come! You know all, don't you? Come—there's a dear, good, nice, loving brother! Do tell! You can help us, can't you? Is any thing of yours gone?

CHAS.—Why, Sue, what does all this mean? And you, too, aunt? Are you crazy, both of you? Sit down, Sue—sit down, both of you. [*They comply.*] Let me understand what you are at. *Is any thing gone of mine?* I should think something of yours had gone, Sue—your wits! Now be quick and talk to me.

SUSAN [*jumping up and walking the room*].—I can't—I can't—I can't! Oh, aunt! you tell! Please do! I'm to be blamed! I'm the fool—I'm the fool!

CHAS.—There it is again! I'm ashamed of you, Sue!

SUSAN.—So am I, Charlie! I am ashamed of myself! Why did you let me? You might have known better—you men—you business men, who know every thing! You might have told me—you might have told me! Oh, Charlie, Charlie! [*sobbing and gesticulating violently.*]

CHAS.—Sue, I can have no patience with you. Aunt Nancy, if you have a particle of sense left, do compose yourself and tell me what all this means.

AUNT N.—Charles, I always opposed it—you know I always did—always!

SUSAN.—Oh, aunt—aunt!

CHAS.—Opposed what, aunt?

AUNT N.—Why, the party—the dinner-party.

CHAS.—The party? Why, didn't it go off admirably? Both of you declared it did, over and over again, only last night. Didn't Sue say that it capped the Wiggins's and the Stiggins's and I don't know who elses?

SUSAN.—Arabella and Lou and a dozen of them told me so with their own lips.

CHAS.—Well, it must be very difficult to please you! Aren't you delighted with your success? Remember,

Sue—you promised not to ask my consent for another. You'll keep to your word, won't you?

SUSAN.—As long as I live, Charlie—as long as I live!

CHAS.—The cooking was excellent. I don't remember eating a better served dinner. And then the——

AUNT N.—But, Charles—but——

CHAS.—But what?

SUSAN.—Tell, aunt; tell him all—tell him all! He'll help us—he can—I know he will! I don't know any thing—not a thing!

CHAS.—Well, aunt, I am waiting patiently.

AUNT N.—That cook, you know, Charles, whom Susan hired——

SUSAN.—Aunt, you liked her—you praised her—you told me to—you were with me when I engaged her.

AUNT N.—That cook, Charles, went away last night——

CHAS.—Without waiting for breakfast? But you had paid her, hadn't you, Sue? The poor woman has her money, I hope. She worked hard enough, I'm sure, to earn that pittance. *Such a dinner!* [*smacking lips.*]

AUNT N. [*not appearing to notice what he says.*].—And has taken my watch and chain——

SUSAN.—And the crockery——

AUNT N.—My watered silk——

SUSAN.—The silver——

AUNT N.—My velvet bonnet——

SUSAN.—My locket——

AUNT N.—My portemonnaie——

SUSAN.—My best grenadine—my pink sash! Oh, Charlie, Charlie! I never will again—never while I live! Do something for us, won't you? Quick, or we are ruined!

CHAS.—You surprise me! That model of all the virtues——

BOTH.—Oh, Charles—Charles!

CHAS.—A moral and religious servant from a Reformed Intelligence Office——

BOTH.—Don't—don't!

CHAS.—Recommended by the Mayor and City Council! It can't be! It is impossible!

BOTH.—But it is—it is!

SUSAN.—She has gone!

AUNT N.—And my wat—

SUSAN.—And my crock—

CHAS.—Did you save that ten dollars, Sue, from the expenses? You know you thought you might.

SUSAN [*crying*].—Charlie, Charlie! why will you tease me so? You know I know I was wrong—you are not kind—a brother would not treat me so!

CHAS. [*going to her.*].—Sue, my only sister! I *am* kind. You know I have ever been. I will not tease you. You are already sufficiently punished; but you could have learned so well in no other way. Make yourself easy—every thing is safe!

SUSAN }  
AUNT N. } [*springing up together.*] { The crock—  
                  { My watered—

CHAS.—Every thing; and Mrs. Moran—*alias* Fanny Maguire, a notorious house-thief—with her accomplices, is in a fair way to get her deserts.

SUSAN.—Dear, kind, good, loving brother Charlie! [*embracing.*] Tell all about it.

AUNT N.—Do tell us all about it!

CHAS.—Not now—wait till tea-time. I am in haste to return. I just ran in to relieve your minds. Enough to say now, that there is a prospect of justice getting the due of which it has long been defrauded. You remember that friend whom I introduced to you, Sue, just before dinner—and you showed so plainly so many times that you disliked him? Well, it is through his instrumentality that so favorable a conclusion has been reached. He is one of the best detectives in the city, and, what is more, a thoroughly honest man. I understood their plot from the beginning, and made my arrangements accordingly. But it is time for me to leave.

AUNT N.—Poor Mr. Schalk, Charles! He knew nothing of all this!

CHAS.—The veriest scoundrel in the gang! Luckily, after braving the law so long with impunity, he will meet a just fate; that is, unless some Judge Partial interferes. Come, [*taking each by hand and leading to front,*] our friends here must by this time grant that even we men know something about HIRING HELP!

[*Curtain falls.*]

## THE OLD MAID.

## CHARACTERS.

MISS TABITHA FLINT.

MISS JENNIE LEE.

MISS ANNA STEELE.

DR. THORNTONGROVE.

DEACON WHITE.

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SCENE I.—*A Country Sitting-room. The Three Ladies Sitting Conversing.*

JENNIE.—Oh, it is so pleasant this afternoon, aunt! May Anna and I go over to Thorntonville? Anna has not been there yet and she goes home to-morrow. Anna, will you go?

ANNA.—Yes, indeed, I will, if aunt Tabitha's willing!

TAB.—What now are you plotting, girls? It seems to me, Jennie, you never are satisfied without you are gadding somewhere.

JENNIE.—Now, I am sure, aunt, we have not been out so often since cousin Anna came down.

TAB.—Not been out often, indeed! I don't know what you would call often, I'm sure. Haven't you been at two parties within the last week? I'm sure I wouldn't like to be seen so much from home.

ANNA.—I suppose we don't go more frequently than you did when you were young.

TAB.—When I was young, indeed! when I was young! If I am old, whom do you call young, I should like to know? It's a strange thing to me as soon as little girls lay aside pantalettes they think all girls who are a year or so older than themselves old maids.

ANNA.—Now, aunt, that is too bad! But who is that driving up the avenue? It's a splendid horse and wagon!

TAB. [*jumping up and looking.*—That! Why, as I live, that is Dr. Thorntongrove. Anna, run quick and bring my other headdress and fine collar, or stay: I will go myself. Jennie, I forgot: didn't you say you wanted

to go to Thorntonville? Well, I do not know that I object. You may go.

[*Exit Tab. Enter Dr. T.*]

DR. T.—Good-afternoon, ladies; I hope I find you well this afternoon. The weather is so fine I scarcely hoped to find you in-doors.

JENNIE.—Anna and I were speaking of going over to Thorntonville, but we did not get started.

DR.—Well, it is not too late yet—that is, if you will allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. My wagon is at the door, but, unfortunately, I cannot offer a comfortable seat for more than one. This is the disadvantage of falling-tops. To be candid, Miss Jennie, my object in calling was to invite you to take a ride. I supposed your cousin had returned home, as I understood at Pratt's the other evening that she did not intend to remain more than two days longer at the most.

ANNA.—True, I had expected to take the cars for the city yesterday, but Jennie prevailed on me to remain until Wednesday, with the promise to accompany me as far as Philadelphia.

DR.—Indeed, I do not wonder, then, that you deferred your visit.

JENNIE.—Indeed, she needs your sympathy more than your compliments, for I assure you I am a perfect travelling nuisance. I have never been in the cars more than three times in my whole life, and I was then in a perfect fright.

DR.—Well, that whole life I should not think had been *very* long, and I can easily imagine what a perfect little fright you would be. But come, about this ride! Will you go, Jennie?

JENNIE [*hesitatingly*].—Not to-day. I don't think I can unless Anna could go too.

ANNA [*aside*].—Oh, yes, you can, Jennie, there is nothing to hinder you. Indeed, I know you will enjoy the ride. Now do not let the thoughts of my remaining at home deter you from going. You know I shall have plenty of amusement in teasing Aunt Tabitha. Oh, just go, it will be so much fun. I shall get along nicely. I have letters to write; so just say yes, and go make preparations, or I will answer for you. [*To Dr. T.*] Yes,

Dr. Thortongrove, Miss Jennie Lee will be happy to accompany you.

JENNIE.—Well, really, Anna, you are very decided. You are always determined to have your own way, so I may as well submit with a good grace, [*moving to the door.*]

ANNA [*aside*].—Won't Aunt Tabitha be raving though? She told you, you might go, and all she wanted was to have us out of the way. [*Exit Jennie.*]

DR.—Where was it you said your home was, Miss Anna? You told me, I think, the other evening, but I do not recollect. Are you and Jennie cousins?

ANNA.—Yes, our mothers were sisters. We have been very little together. I have always lived in Pittsburg, the city of smoke, as it is not inappropriately called. It seems like living in perpetual sunlight to be in this part of the country; still it is not home, though the sky does look brighter. Poor Jennie! I have been trying to coax her to go all the way home with me.

DR.—Why do you say poor Jennie, with such a sigh? Is she not happy?

ANNA.—Oh, yes, she is happy; her sweet disposition prevents her from being any thing else but happy; but her aunt is very exacting, you know. Jennie lost her parents when quite young, and Aunt Tabitha has supplied a mother's place to her since then, and though in reality she intends to be very kind, still her disposition, which has grown somewhat soured through disappointment, makes her very hard to please, and I often wonder how Jennie can bear with her as well as she does. I am sure I could not, but I do delight in tormenting her.

DR.—Well, I really entertained no such idea. I thought Tabitha very amiable.

[*Enter Tabitha.*]

TAB.—Well, Doctor, how do you do! this is a pleasure, indeed. Why, I began to think you had forsaken us entirely: you have been away so long.

DR.—It was only a week ago to-day I spent the afternoon here, and I called one evening since to accompany the ladies to Pratt's. I am sure I feel flattered by your kindness. Here comes Jennie. Are you quite ready, Jennie?

JENNIE.—Yes, sir.



TAB.—Quite ready for what? Why, Jennie dear, you are not going to act so unladylike as to go to Thorntonville without your cousin, are you? Indeed, I will not allow it. Anna, go immediately and get ready—the Doctor will excuse you. [*To Dr. T.*] Little girls will be little girls even after they reach a womanly height. I really sometimes despair of ever seeing our Jennie act with a womanly thoughtfulness, but she is yet very young. [*Doctor rises and looks out towards his wagon.*]

TAB.—Well, I declare, if that isn't too bad! John has never seen to having that horse stabled. Anna, as you go for your bonnet, step to the back-door and tell him to come instantly and take the Doctor's horse.

DR.—Oh, no, Miss Flint, I thank you, I am going——

TAB.—Going now? No, indeed, Doctor, I cannot think of your going until after tea! Do have your horse——  
[*interrupted.*]

ANNA.—Oh, yes, aunt, they will be back to tea. Will you not, Doctor?

DR.—It is quite probable.

ANNA.—I see, aunt, you do not comprehend. The Doctor called to take Jennie out driving in that new buggy of his; so I believe they are going to Thorntonville. [*Dr. T. and Jennie moving off.*]

TAB.—Going to Thorntonville! The very place I was talking of going to. I wanted to make some purchases at the store—[*aloud. Doctor spluttering to the door*]—Doctor, if it would not be inconvenient to you, I——

DR.—Not in the least. We can call and Jennie can get what you wish.

TAB.—Jennie purchase any thing! Why, law, Doctor, I should never think of trusting to that child's judgment. There is nothing to prevent me from accompanying you. Anna will superintend and have tea on the table by the time we return.

DR.—There is nothing to prevent but this: my buggy accommodates but two, or I should have invited Miss Anna to accompany us.

TAB.—Oh, trust to a woman's wit to remedy that. Our carriage horses are idle. We can all go in our carriage.

DR.—I fear that arrangement would make us entirely too late. [*Exit Dr. T. and Jennie.*]

TAB.—Well, if that isn't impudence personified! Who ever saw any thing like it. He just walks off with that child and from right under my nose too just as if he had some authority. Who ever would have thought of a widower of his age wanting to ride out with a child like Jennie, and only think his wife has been dead so short a time! I declare I never saw the like of it.

ANNA.—Why, aunt, I think he said the other evening that it was nearly, if not quite, two years since she died.

TAB.—Two years, indeed! Well, I don't know what lady who thought any thing of herself would want to be seen in company with a man that soon after his wife's death. People might say, with some reason to, that she was wanting to get married pretty badly.

ANNA.—Well, I'm sure I would not object to have my name mentioned in connection with the Dr.'s in that light any time, for I think he is perfectly splendid, and if I was in Jennie's place, it would not take me long to say, Yes, to a certain proposal I think he is likely to make to her shortly.

TAB.—What? What did you say, Anna Steele? I think it is nearly time for you to go home. I expect you will have Jennie's head stuffed as full of nonsense as your own. Dr. Thorntongrove marry Jennie Lee! Marry that child! Anna Steele, you talk like one who does not possess good common-sense.

ANNA.—Well, maybe I have not, but it seems to me I have sense enough to see that Miss Tabitha Flint would like to have the chance of lengthening her name to Thorntongrove.

TAB.—Anna Steele, if any thing was wanting to confirm your silliness, that last remark would do it; how dare you even hint at such a thing to me! Now, Miss Steele, I want you to understand, while you are here under this roof, that I will hear no more such talk as this; and mind, dare you to mention such a thing to Jennie as Dr. Thorntongrove making her his wife at your peril. Dr. Thorntongrove's wife, indeed! Preposterous!

ANNA.—Well, I should like to know what he comes here for, if she is not the attraction?

TAB.—Jennie the attraction! I suppose there are more than her about the house.

ANNA.—Well, then, I suppose he comes to see you, aunt; no wonder he said to me to-day that he thought you very amiable.

TAB.—Did he say that? Did Dr. Thorntongrove say that? Well, I am sure it was very complimentary. [*Coaxingly.*] How came he to say it? But then he never had cause to say otherwise! How came he to say that? Was he talking about me? Do tell me what was said?

ANNA.—Oh, he said so much, aunt, I can't remember.

TAB.—Did he ask for me when he first came? I expect he did, though. I wish I had not left the room.

ANNA.—Well, you know, aunt, they will soon return.

TAB.—So he will; and that reminds me that I must go and have a nice dish of tea ready. [*Exit Tabitha.*]

ANNA [*soliloquizing*].—Humm—me! she thinks I lack good common-sense; well, if I acted as silly as she does, I should not doubt it. The old dunce—any one could see she is setting her cap for the Doctor, red ribbons and all. Won't there be a fussing time about tea?

[*Enter Tabitha.*]

TAB.—Yonder comes old Deacon White up the road. I don't see what the misery he is coming here for. I am sure no one wants to see him.

ANNA.—Coming to see you, no doubt!

TAB.—Coming to see me! That is likely, indeed! He had better think about seeing his grave, the old dunce! Why he must be fifty.

ANNA.—And how old are you, aunt?

TAB.—How old am I, Miss Impudence? How old would you suppose me to be?

ANNA.—Oh, I should think you—are—forty—five.

TAB.—F-o-r-t-y-five! out-rageous! Well, Anna, I know you have no more judgment than a child of ten; if you had said twenty-five—

[*Enter Deacon.*]

DEACON.—Well, Tabitha, how is your health to-day?

TAB.—Oh, it's very good, thank you, Deacon. Will you be seated? Anna, place that cushioned chair here for the Deacon.

DEA.—We have very fine weather now.

TAB.—Yes, very fine.

DEA.—The Lord has seen fit to bless our land with a plentiful harvest, and is now promising a glorious seed-time; we should be very thankful for so many blessings.

TAB.—We should, indeed, and yet how many ungrateful ones there are around us who never give a thought of the great Giver of all this good.

DEA.—I am satisfied, Tabitha, that you are not one of the number.

TAB.—I trust, Deacon, I am not. The spiritual welfare, Deacon, the spiritual welfare—I have always endeavored to make it the first object in life.

ANNA [*aside, grimacing*].—Getting married excepted.

DEA.—Ah, yes, Tabitha, no one would doubt that, I am sure.

TAB.—I hope not, Deacon; your dear deceased wife was, you know, a very dear friend of mine, and I always endeavored to be worthy of that title while she lived, for I always thought, one on whom she would bestow her regard must necessarily be very good.

ANNA [*aside*].—I wonder if that is not what the Yankee would call saft sodder.

TAB.—But, my Anna, it is almost time for them to be back. I wish you would see to arranging the tea-table, and the Deacon and I will go out and look at the flowers. Deacon, I have an oleander in full bloom; it is very beautiful; would you not like to go look at it?

DEA. [*rising*].—I certainly shall be pleased to do so. [*Exit.*]

[*Tabitha lingers to speak to Anna.*]

TAB.—Now be sure, Anna, put on the best china, and have every thing in print. I will be in again in a few minutes.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Table set—Anna arranging it—Enter Tab.*

ANNA.—What have you done with the Deacon, aunt?

TAB.—He sat down on the piazza to enjoy the sunset, he said.

ANNA.—And I am sure he would have enjoyed it much better if you had remained. I can do very well.

TAB.—Remained? fiddle-de-dee! I didn't want to sit

out there with him. I thought when I got him started out he would go home; but do hurry—there comes the Doctor and Jennie. [*Enter Dr. T. and Jennie.*] Well, you are just in time—we have tea all ready. Jennie, hurry lay aside your bonnet.

ANNA.—Tea is ready.

TAB.—Be seated, Doctor; hurry, Jennie. Anna, do tell the Deacon to come in to tea. [*Addressing Dr. T.*] Old Deacon White came just after you left. What a sanctified old dunce he is!

DR.—Why, Miss Tabitha, you should not talk that way; he will be looking out for another wife one of these days.

TAB.—Indeed he need not look this way; I would as soon think of marrying my grandfather.

DR. [*laughing.*].—I don't know about that.

TAB.—Now, Doctor, you do know—beg your pardon. [*Enter D.*] Deacon, take that seat—Anna, you take this one.

[*A pause—servant passes the tea.*]

TAB.—Now do reach to and help yourselves. Doctor, let me help you to some of this chicken salad. I assure you it is very nice. I prepared it with my own hands. Anna, pass the bread—now do help yourselves. Doctor, here is sausage—do try some, it is some of my own curing. I never can eat the Bologna sausage we buy. Now isn't it nice?

DR.—Yes, thank you, it is very good.

ANNA.—Deacon, you try some of it. I assure you, Aunt Tabitha makes an excellent housekeeper; if you need one, maybe you can secure her services.

TAB. [*sharply.*].—Anna!

DEA.—Indeed, Anna, if I could I should feel as if the Lord had blessed me tenfold: she is so much like my dear departed wife.

DR.—I should think Miss Tabitha a much younger lady.

TAB.—Oh, yes; quite a number of years.

DEA.—Not a great number. Had she lived, she would have been forty-eight last Christmas, and you, Tabitha, were only about five years younger.

TAB.—You are very much mistaken, Deacon. But

your late wife was very amiable, and I cultivated her friendship because, being much older, her experience in life rendered her an invaluable friend. It was not because we were so near the same age that we were so intimate. I doubt not she was old enough to be my——

ANNA.—You are very pert. Doctor, won't you let me help you to something more? Do drink another cup of tea. Was your last one palatable?

DR.—Yes, thank you, it was very good.

JENNIE.—Aunt, perhaps the Deacon will have some more.

DEACON.—Not any more, thank you. I declare I am perfectly satisfied that the man who secures Tabitha for housekeeper will receive a gift from the Lord.

DR.—I have been thinking of setting up an establishment myself. I think it would be well for me to look in this quarter myself, [*glancing from Jennie to Anna.*]

TAB.—Indeed, Doctor, you are very flattering, I am sure. I—I——

ANNA.—Well, aunt, Jennie and I are here. If you do not wish the situation may be he will look in our direction. Jennie, I am sure, made this bread and butter with her own hands, and that cake the Doctor was praising, you know, I made.

TAB. [*rising.*].—Anna, do you know that self-praise is no recommendation. Doctor, do come out and see my flowers. Jennie, you and Anna entertain the Deacon. [*Turning to him.*] You will excuse me, Deacon. You have already seen them.

ANNA.—Yes, aunt, you were out when the Deacon was; you might let Jennie and me go now. Will you accept our company, Doctor?

DR.—Certainly, with pleasure! Miss Tabitha, I have something particular for your private ear, but never mind now—don't forget. [*Exit Dr. T., Anna and Jennie.*]

TAB.—I think I never saw Anna Steele's match. She has the tact of doing every thing as she pleases.

DEA.—A very bright little girl, that!

TAB.—Yes, she is bright with impertinence. I shall be glad when she is gone home. She has always a word about something. [*Deacon drawing his chair near Tabitha.*]

DEA.—Yes, those words she said to-night were well said. It does seem as if the Lord had a hand in the matter and put it into her mouth to open the way.

TAB.—Oh, nonsense! nonsense! nothing but nonsense!

DEA.—I believe the Lord has revealed it to my mind that you are to be a second wife to me. Will you be willing? [*Taking her hand.*] Dear Tabitha, will you answer me?

TAB.—Indeed, Deacon, your proposal surprises me. I had never thought of the possibility of such an event.

DEA.—And yet such an event is possible. My dear departed wife, I am sure, would have sanctioned my proposal, and if her spirit has the power to leave Paradise, no doubt it is at this moment hovering near us.

TAB.—And do you believe, Deacon, that spirits have the power to leave the realms of the blest to guard over us poor mortals of earth?

DEA.—I sometimes feel that such is the fact; but, Tabitha dear, you have not replied to my question.

TAB.—Oh, law! I do not know what to say. I am sure I have always had the care of Jennie, and I do not see how she is going to get along without me.

DEA.—Oh, Jennie is old enough to take care of herself or take a husband to do it. That objection is easily overruled. Come, now: make up your mind to say Yes.

TAB.—Indeed, Deacon, I don't think I can. I must have some time to think about it.

DEA.—How long will it take you to think, and will you think Yes when that time expires? [*Approaching steps. Tabitha gives her head a short quick nod, and the Deacon moves his chair to a distance, rising, proposes to depart. Exit Deacon as Anna enters.*]

ANNA.—I'm sure, aunt, you need not have left me disturb you. I declare you make a right cosy couple seated together.

TAB.—Anna, you really have a tongue that can say almost any thing. I'm ashamed of you.

ANNA.—Why, I didn't say any thing wrong, did I, aunt? I was just out there, and I could not help seeing the Deacon raise your hand to his lips, and I could not help his speaking so loud when he popped the question.

TAB.—And was the Doctor out there too, and did he

hear what was said? Anna, do you hear me: was the Doctor there?

ANNA.—And what if he was, aunt? There was no harm done, was there?

TAB.—Oh, dear, [*pacing the floor*,] and the Doctor heard all that was said?

ANNA.—Said! What about?

TAB.—Why, what the Deacon said about us getting married.

ANNA.—Ah, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho!

TAB.—Anna! Anna! What's the matter?

ANNA.—What's the matter! Why, the Deacon's proposed! Ha—ha!

TAB.—Anna, you're simple: did you not just tell me you heard him?

ANNA.—Why, no! I only said I could not help his speaking so loud when he popped the question. I did not say I heard him, now, did I? Ha, ha! I can't help laughing, it's so funny. I expect you said no, did you, aunt, for his wife, you know, has not been dead over a year, and you said to-day you would not have a widower of two years' standing, didn't you?

TAB.—Well, what if I did! I think I am at liberty to say what I please.

ANNA.—Ha! ha! It's so funny! I do wish the Doctor and Jennie would come in! I must tell them.

TAB.—Yes, Anna Steele, you tell them at your peril. Thank the goodness you go home to-morrow. I declare if you were going to be here much longer I should go crazy or die.

ANNA.—Oh, my! aunt, you must not think of such a thing as doing either. Why it would break the Deacon's heart.

TAB.—Break the Deacon's fiddlesticks.

ANNA [*throwing up her hand in amazement*].—Break the Deacon's fiddlesticks! Well, who would have thought one who was so sanctified as the Deacon would have musical instruments, and a violin at that! Now if it had been an organ——

TAB.—I declare, Anna, there is no living with you. Where is the Doctor and Jennie?

ANNA.—I left them out on the lawn. I thought two was



company and three was none, as the old proverb goes. I did not think I should disturb a tête-à-tête inside. Somehow it seems I'm in the way everywhere. It's queer no one proposes to me!

TAB.—The Lord help the man who gets you; but I shall go and call Jennie to come in; she will catch cold.

[*Exit.*]

ANNA [*soliloquizing*].—She is dreadfully worried about Jennie catching cold all at once. [*Enter Aunt, Jennie, and the Doctor.*] Well, aunt, you found them, did you?

TAB.—Oh, yes; I have just been reading the Doctor a lecture for allowing Jennie to detain him out so long—there is quite a heavy dew falling.

DR.—I did not notice it was getting damp.

TAB.—Anna has been in for some time.

ANNA.—Yes; I feared aunt would need me to help entertain the Deacon, but when I came in—

TAB.—Anna, have you made all preparations necessary for going home in the morning? Mind, you will have to start early. Jennie, I have been thinking that as Anna wishes you to accompany her home, you may as well go. The preparation you have made to go to the city will be sufficient; perhaps you had better take a few more clothes—you can get them ready—the Doctor will excuse you.

JENNIE.—I think I would rather not go, aunt.

TAB.—Not go! I thought you wished to go.

JENNIE.—So I did, but—

TAB.—But what?

ANNA.—Why, she is afraid she will not be here to attend the Deacon's wedding.

TAB.—Anna, I wish you and Jennie would go at my bidding.

DR.—Yes, go; and I hope, if I can win Tabitha's consent, to summon you to attend my wedding shortly.

ANNA.—Good; if there is a wedding on the carpet I want to be on hand. Aunt Tabitha, be sure and give your consent, and let me be bridesmaid. [*Girls going to the door.*] We'll see you again, Doctor, before you go.

[*Exit.*]

TAB.—Are you in earnest, Doctor? Do you really contemplate marriage?

DR.—I do, indeed; and you, Miss Tabitha, have it in your power to make me the happiest of mortals!

TAB.—I have the power? Indeed, Doctor, this is quite unexpected; you have never given me any reason to suppose you had any preference.

DR.—And do you think one could frequent this house, as I have done for the last six months, and his heart remain invulnerable to so much beauty and goodness?

TAB.—I have only been conscious of having done my duty. Do you know your words are very flattering?

DR.—No flattery, Miss Tabitha. I never was more in earnest in my life. I believe my love is reciprocated—nay, I am sure, and it only remains for your consent to call the dear treasure mine.

TAB. [*affected.*].—I cannot find it in my heart to say nay—but Jennie—

DR.—I know, Tabitha, she must be very dear to you, occupying a mother's place as you have since infancy; but believe me, I will cherish her as never wife was cherished.

TAB. [*surprised.*].—Cherish her as wife! What mean you?

DR.—Why, I mean, with your consent, to marry Jennie, certainly.

TAB.—Marry Jennie? Marry Jennie Lee?

DR.—Yes, certainly; is there any thing very strange in the sound? You certainly didn't think it was Anna I meant, [*drawing his hand over his whiskers and smiling.*]

TAB.—No matter what I thought. I suppose you must have her. It's strange to me, a man of your age should want to marry such a mere child.

DR.—Of my age, Miss Tabitha! why, I have not reached the shady side of thirty!

TAB.—Hem-m-m.

DR.—I do not know how to sufficiently thank you for the inestimable treasure you have bestowed upon me believe me, my sole object will be to make her life happy. [*Tab. raises her handkerchief to her eyes. Enter Anna.*]

ANNA.—Well, Doctor, have you won aunt's consent, and am I to be bridesmaid?

DR.—You will have to talk to Jennie about the bridesmaid arrangement.

ANNA.—Talk to Jennie? now, Aunt Tabitha, you did not let Jennie——

TAB.—Anna, have you completed your preparations? Where is Jennie?

ANNA.—Up-stairs; shall I tell her to come down?

TAB.—Yes, go. *[Exit Anna.]*

DR.—And how about the Deacon, Tabitha? Report says he walks up the road this way quite frequently.

TAB.—I wish people would attend to their own business.

DR.—Oh! I beg your pardon.

*[Enter Jennie and Anna.]*

DR.—Well, ladies, I suppose you are quite ready for your proposed journey?

JENNIE.—Yes, but I half regret that I gave my consent to go: it is so far.

ANNA.—Not any farther for you than for me.

JENNIE.—Oh, yes, it is. You have been over the road so often.

ANNA.—And is the length of the road the only reason? eh?

DR.—Anna, I think you might have extended your invitation to me. I should like to accompany you.

ANNA.—Well, will you go, Doctor? Under existing circumstances, I suppose there is no impropriety in inviting you, and we should be very glad to have your company.

DR.—There is nothing to prevent my going; so I shall accept your invitation promptly, and be very happy to accompany you.

TAB.—It would be very useless for you to say nay to Anna: she would have her way afterwards.

DR.—But if I have a journey before me in the morning, it is fully time I was turning my face homewards—the cars reach the depot at eight, don't they? Well, I shall be here by half-past seven. Will that do?

ANNA.—Certainly. I am so glad you are going. I do not like to ride on the cars, without an escort.

TAB.—Well, I do wonder you travel so much alone then. One who has the tact of doing just as she pleases need never go alone.

DR. *[rising.]*—I expect you will miss your nieces very much.

TAB.—Miss them ! I shall be glad when Anna's gone, for she puts more mischief in Jennie's head than is there, and that is needless.

ANNA.—Now, you know you are sorry I am going, aunt. You will have no one to talk to you about the Deacon.

TAB.—And if I cannot have some one more respectful to me than you, I had better be alone.

ANNA.—No danger of your being alone, for the Deacon will walk over about every other day.

DR.—No doubt, no doubt of it, Anna. But really, I must say good-night. I shall see you in the morning.  
[*Exit, bowing.*]

TAB.—Well, Jennie, I hope you are at rest, as every thing is favorable for having your fate linked with that conceited flirt of a Doctor.

ANNA.—Why, la ! aunt, I thought you considered him perfection, but I suppose circumstances alter cases. Dr. Thorntongrove, the widower, and Dr. Thorntongrove, married, will of course be very different ; never mind, the Deacon's left. Come, Jennie, let's retire. Good-night, Aunt Tabitha ! Good-night !

[*Exit Anna and Jennie.*]

TAB. [*soliloquizing.*].—Well, who can tell what *will* happen ! I am sure I cannot. I should never have thought of the Doctor marrying Jennie, but I suppose I must make the best of it. I might do worse than marry the Deacon. He has a nice home, and maybe he won't live long, and rich widows always get along better than old maids. So, Tabitha, I think the best thing you can do is to take the Deacon. But, Anna Steele, you need not exult in the anticipation of being bridesmaid, for I shall hurry off the wedding before any of you are any the wiser. So here's to bed. [*Starts.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]



## AN HOUR IN SCHOOL.

## CHARACTERS.

SOCRATES SHORTER, teacher.

MR. WILLIAMS,	} "Patrons."
MRS. MEGLATHERY,	
MRS. NYE, visitor.	

OTTIWELL WOOD.

RICHARD WILLIAMS,	} Pupils.
ROGER BROWN,	
JOHN FOGY,	
JANE TODD,	
NANCY JONES,	
BETSY DAY,	
MARGARET IRVING,	

SUSAN WHITE,

Other pupils, *ad libitum*.

## SCENE I.—School-room—Furniture, &amp;c.

MR. SHORTER [*pupils humming and buzzing as if studying aloud*].—Less noise in the room, I say! [*Rapping on desk*.] I expect somebody in to see you soon, and I want you to keep as still as you can. [*Momentary lull—noise soon resumed*.] That boy there [*pointing*] who came in this morning, come up to the desk! [*Pupils look at boy—those near him punching him to go*.] You needn't be afraid, my little man, I'm not going to hurt you. I only want to enter your name in the Register. [*Laughter—boy comes up hesitatingly*.] What is your name, my boy?

BOY.—Ottiwell Wood, sir.

SHORTER.—What? I didn't understand you.

BOY.—Ottiwell Wood, sir.

SHORTER.—I can't make it out. Can't you spell it for me? [*Scholars staring, and laughing, and talking*.]BOY.—O-double t-i-double u-e-double l—Double u-double o-d! [*Very fast*.]

SHORTER.—I don't know a word you say. [*To the school.*] Don't any of you know this boy's name? [*Cries of "Yes"—"Yes"—"I do"—"Ottiwell Wood"—"Ottiwell Wood."*] [*Girl comes to desk bringing slate.*]

GIRL.—Please, Mr. Shorter, here's Ottiwell's name wrote on my slate.

SHORTER [*looking*].—Oh, yes! I see now. [*Entering name.*] Ottiwell, you may take your seat. Try and be a good boy—won't you—and set an example to the rest. I'll show you about your lessons after school. [*Rapping.*] Less noise there—will you? I can't hear myself think. I tell you I'm expecting a visitor every minute. [*Lull, &c., as before.*] Now do keep still enough for me to set you some copies! [*Slight calm, and Shorter begins writing. The noise soon resumed and various irregularities—leaving seats—pulling hair—snapping spit-balls—snatching slates, &c., &c.*] Can't you keep stiller? I am ashamed of you! If you don't make less noise, I won't give you any recess to-morrow morning! [*"He only makes believe. He won't do it."*] Who was that that spoke then? [*Scholars point to a boy.*] Was it you, Richard Williams?

RICHARD.—I didn't say nothing, sir—I didn't.

SEVERAL SCHOLARS.—Oh!

GIRL [*raising hand*].—Please, Mr. Shorter, he's telling a big story! He did say so. I heard him.

SEVERAL.—"Me too"—"Me too!"

SHORTER.—Richard, take your book and stand up in that corner! I'll attend to you after school. [*Richard moves very slowly to corner, making grimaces when Shorter is not looking and continues so while at his post.*]

SCHOLAR [*looking out at window*].—Mr. Shorter, somebody's coming!

SHORTER.—Take your books, all of you. Attention! Now keep quiet—will you? [*Several rise in seats, and look out at window. Rap at door. Opening door.*] Good-morning, madam! Walk in! [*Enter woman pulling a boy after her.*]

WOMAN.—Mornin', master! I've fetched this boy along with me to have him go to school to you.

SHORTER.—What is his name?

WOMAN.—Michael Meglathery, master, and I'm his own mother. [*Laughter.*]

SHORTER.—Silence! I'm ashamed of you!

MRS. M.—Oh, let 'em laugh! Nobody cares for the like of yez! [*Turning to scholars.*] Master, you must be tender with Michael. He isn't all here! [*putting her hand to forehead.*]

SHORTER.—I'll take good care of him, Mrs. Meglathery. Won't you take a seat?

MRS. M.—Thank you kindly, master, but I've me clothes to bring in. Mornin', master.

SHORTER.—Good-morning. [*Conducts Michael to a seat. While so engaged Richard steals from his corner near the desk and upsets the ink-bottle upon the copy-books. Giggling from scholars who observe it.*] I never saw such a set to laugh! You laugh at just nothing at all! Can't a new scholar come to school and take his seat without all of you setting up a silly laugh? Attend to your lessons, every one of you! [*Knock.*] Hush! [*Opening door.*] Walk in, Mrs. Nye! Walk in! Glad to see you! Began to think you might disappoint us after all! Take a seat, ma'am!

MRS. NYE [*seating herself*].—A fine lot of scholars you have here, Mr. Shorter! They look very bright and intelligent. [*Scholars smile and look at one another.*]

SHORTER [*simpering*].—Yes, ma'am—they're good boys and girls—most of 'em—little mischievous sometimes—but we must look for that once in a while. Yes [*stroking chin and looking at scholars*], they're mostly very good, ma'am! Would you like to examine their writing, ma'am? [*Going to desk discovers the ink-stains—embarrassed, takes out handkerchief to wipe them away.*] I was careless enough to upset the ink. Excuse me a moment, ma'am!

SEVERAL.—Dick Williams did it! Dick Williams did it!

ONE.—I seed him!

ANOTHER.—So did I! When you were up here with Michael Meglathery. [*Great confusion, which Shorter attempts to still. In the excitement wipes his face with the handkerchief, when the entire school burst into loud laughter.*]

SHORTER [*discovering it*].—I will return in a moment, ma'am. Silence! silence! Dick Williams [*who has stolen to his seat*], take your books and march home! I'll settle with your father for this. [*Goes out. Scholars in up-*

roar. *Mrs. Nye uncomfortable. Dick leaves. Books thrown after him as he goes.*] That boy *[returning]* is the worst boy in school, Mrs. Nye! I've had more trouble with him than with all the rest put together. You mustn't judge all of them by him.

MRS. N.—I've heard of him before, Mr. Shorter.

GIRL *[raising hand]*.—Please, Mr. Shorter, Dick Williams said just now, when you were gone out to wash your face, that his father would lick you if you sent him home. Didn't he, Susan? *[To another.]*

SUSAN.—Yes, he did. I heard him.

SHORTER.—Silence! Attention! Take your books all of you, except the first class in Mental Arithmetic. That class may come up when I give the word. *[Waits a moment.]* Ready! *[Again.]* Places! *[Class rushes up promiscuously, jostling and pushing after they are on the floor, standing with hands back of them, pulling and twitching one another—generally irregular.]* First class in Mental Arithmetic, ma'am! Now stand up straight and answer just as well as you can! Attention all! "If three peaches cost as much as six apples, how many apples will buy four peaches!" Hands up, those who can do it! *[Several up.]* John, you may do it! Speak up loud!

JOHN.—Twelve peaches. *[Snapping of fingers on the part of several members.]*

SHORTER *[shaking head]*.—Nancy Jones, you may repeat the question and go through with it.

NANCY *[hanging down her head]*.—I've forgot it.

SHORTER.—Have all of you forgotten it? Give close attention while I put it out again. *[Repeats—scholars have been going out during the exercise—noise outside.]* Now, Jane, go through with it!

JANE.—"If three apples cost as much as"—

SHORTER.—Begin again—that isn't quite right!

JANE.—"If three peaches cost as much"—

SHORTER.—That's right—go on!

JANE.—"Cost as much as four apples"—

SHORTER.—Not quite!

JANE.—"Cost as much as six peaches"—*[Shorter shakes his head]*—"six apples"—*[Shorter nods approval]*—"what will three apples cost?"



SHORTER.—No—no—no! You had it almost right—Try it again!

JANE.—Those boys make such a noise out-doors that I can't keep it in my mind.

SHORTER.—Thomas, tell those boys to come straight into school! [*Thomas goes out.*] Once more now, class. Think hard and you'll bring it! [*Repeats—and after several ineffectual attempts, a pupil gets through, with Shorter's assistance.*]

MRS. N.—Very well done—very well done. I couldn't have done it myself.

[*Another question is given—door opens suddenly—Mr. Williams comes in with Richard.*]

MR. W.—Go to your seat, Dick, and behave yourself. And if you [*shaking his fist in Shorter's face*] have the impudence to send my boy home again for nothing at all, I'll flog you for it. [*Great confusion—scholars leave seats and go towards desk—class broken up—boys form outside, peeping in at door—Mrs. N. at a loss what to do.*]

SHORTER.—Richard had done something—he upset the ink on my desk.

MR. W.—That's a lie! Dick says he didn't—and I'd take his word against anybody's in this school. [*Scholars look at each other.*] My boy has been imposed on long enough, and I won't put up with it any longer. If he misbehaves himself I want him flogged soundly—but I won't have him sent home for nothing. Mind that!

SHORTER.—We can't talk here, Mr. Williams. I'll call and see you to-night as I go home.

MR. W.—You'd better. I can break your school up as easy as turn over my hand. [*Going.*] Now, you Dick! If I know of any of your cuttings up, I'll cut you up so you'll remember it as long as you live! Do you hear? [*Exit.*]

MRS. N.—Mr. Williams is a very singular man!

SHORTER.—Too much so for a teacher's comfort. I'm glad, for my part, that he isn't plural! [*Slight laughter—School gradually becomes tolerably quiet.*] Lay aside your books, now! [*Great clattering and disturbance.*] We'll have some declamation and composition, now! Silence! —Roger Brown!

[*Roger comes forward, and after a very awkward bow, delivers himself of a declamation in a bungling, incoherent*

*manner, requiring the constant prompting of a scholar from the book. After the performance the school applaud by stamping of feet.]*

SHORTER.—No applause there! Cease at once! I've told you, time and time again, that you must not applaud or hiss. [*Turning to Mrs. N.*] It is strictly against the rules of the school, Mrs. Nye. If I should permit it, there's no knowing where it would end. It would throw the school into such disorder that we couldn't do a thing. And, if there is any thing which I am determined to have in my school, it is good order—good order.

MRS. N.—Your rule is an excellent one, Mr. Shorter; but it must be hard for the scholars, when a boy has spoken his piece as well as that lad did, not to show their feelings in some way.

SHORTER.—Yes, ma'am—but they can manifest it by their looks.

MRS. N.—Oh, certainly—you know best, Mr. Shorter, about such things.

SHORTER.—Margaret Irving, you may come forward and read your composition! [*Margaret puts her face upon the desk and begins to cry.*] Why, Margaret! There's nothing to cry about, child. Your composition is as good a one as I ever had from a pupil of your age. And you'll say so, too, Mrs. Nye, when you've heard it.

MRS. N.—I'm sure I shall. [*Meanwhile several of the girls have clustered around Margaret urging her to read—the boys taking advantage of the affair to amuse themselves in various ways.*]

MARGARET [*sobbing with her head down.*—I don't want to read it, sir, and Betsey Day promised me she'd read it.

SHORTER.—That will do just as well! Come forward, Betsey! [*Betsey advances.*] Now speak up just as loud as you can! We want to hear every word!

BETSEY [*beginning in too high a key, voice breaks and reads with difficulty.*]

*On the Cat.*

"I like the cat very much, when it don't scratch me nor jump up on the table, which a dog don't never do, and so the dog is very useful to the farmer. He barks so loud and bites folks who want to get into the house

and steal all our money, and then if they are caught they have to go to jail for ever so many years.

"I like little chickens much; but I don't like toads nor snakes—the great, nasty things! Once there was a little boy, not more than ten or twelve years old, who went out into the woods, a great way off from the house where his uncle lived, to get the cows, and he was gone so long that the folks were scared about him, and so they went out hunting for him, but they could not find him anywhere in the woods, because he had not gone after the cows at all, but had gone to play with another boy whose name was John Jones.

"We should all obey our parents and do as our friends want to have us, so that we may grow up to be good men and women. "MARGARET IRVING."

MRS. N.—Admirable—admirable! How old is Margaret?

SHORTER.—Only fourteen [*proudly.*]

MRS. N.—Is it possible! Why, I have heard compositions read which were writ by scholars more than fifteen years old which weren't nearly so good as that.

GIRL.—Mr. Shorter, Fanny Lusk says Maggie Irving ought to write a good composition when she had a sister at home to help, who's ben off to boarding-school!

MARGARET [*head down.*].—She didn't help me a bit—so there! [*crying.*]

SHORTER.—I don't believe she did, Margaret! [*Going to her and patting her head.*] It is your own composition, I know, for it sounds just like you. I wouldn't care what Fanny Lusk says. Let her try to do as well! [*Shorter retires. Fanny begins crying. Angry discussions among the girls.*] I take a good deal of pains with their compositions, Mrs. Nye. I think it very important. I let them take their own subjects and tell them to write as natural as they can—just as if they were talking with each other. You notice in Margaret's composition how that plan brings out a variety of thoughts, which wouldn't have been the case if I had selected a subject for her and told her to write on that.

MRS. N.—Your plan, Mr. Shorter, is an excellent one.

SHORTER.—Prepare for dismissal! [*Confusion.*] Ready! [*Quiet.*] Rise! [*Great noise.*] Silence! Dismissed!

[*General rush for the door. Scuffling; fighting, yelling, &c.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

MRS. N.—Don't you find teaching very trying, Mr. Shorter?

SHORTER.—No, ma'am—not at all. I had rather follow teaching than go into any other profession. I sometimes think I had rather teach than eat!

MRS. N.—That is the kind of teachers we ought to have in all of our schools. I am delighted that I visited you. It has been a long time since I SPENT SUCH A PLEASANT "HOUR IN SCHOOL."

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE IRISH VOTER.

DRAMATIZED FROM

T. S. ARTHUR'S "BEFORE AND AFTER THE ELECTION."

## CHARACTERS.

PATRICK MURPHY, a victim of politicians.

MR. ROSS, a politician.

MR. PARKER, a merchant.

MR. BLUFF.

BIDDY, wife to Patrick Murphy.

CLERK OF MR. PARKER.

PARTY LEADER.

SERVANT.

CITIZENS.

BAR-ROOM LOUNGERS AND OTHERS.

SCENE I.—*In a hotel—Enter Ross and Pat Murphy.*

MR. ROSS.—Ah, Patrick, how are you, my friend and fellow-citizen? How are you? [*Grasping his hand.*] How is Mrs. Murphy and all the little ones at home?

PATRICK.—Wull, I thank ye; and how's yer honor?

MR. R.—First-rate, my friend; first-rate. Won't you take something to drink, Patrick?

PAT.—Wull, I don't care if I do, if it's only for the sake of the good cause.

MR. R.—You may well say for the good cause—the cause of the people. It is for equal rights we are now struggling, my poor but honest friend. For the right to breathe the pure air of heaven! For the right to think, and speak, and act as freemen! Men in power are riding it over us roughshod; they are crushing the very life out of us. The privileged few gather to themselves all the good things in the land, and leave the great multitude,—the mass of the people,—the bone and sinew of the nation,

like dogs, to eat the crumbs that fall from their tables. But there's a good time coming, Patrick, a good time coming. A little while, and there will be a great change.

PAT.—Yis, y'r honor, that th'r wull.

MR. R. [*advancing towards the bar.*].—What will you take, Mr. Murphy?

PAT.—Any thing ye plaze.

MR. R.—Say brandy and water.

PAT.—Fust-rate.

MR. R. [*they take the glasses.*].—Here's to your good health, Mr. Murphy.

PAT.—The same till you. [*Pat swallows a whole tumbler of pure brandy.*]

MR. R.—And now, my worthy friend [*drawing aside*], how is the good cause progressing in your particular neighborhood?

PAT.—You're safe in our ward by a hundred majority.

MR. R.—D'ye think so?

PAT.—Faith an' ye are. I was down at McPhelin's tavern last night until twelve o'clock. There warn't but three men there who dared to open their mouths for Lysle, and I rather think that their bones ain't done aching yet.

MR. R.—How so? [*Murphy doubles his fists and assumes a pugilistic attitude.*] No fighting, I hope.

PAT.—No—no. Only a bit of scrimmage. There was a rowdy Yankee there, who insulted y'r honor, and the way I chastised him would have done y'r heart good.

MR. R.—Insulted me? Ah, what did he say?

PAT.—Yis; and he insulted the great body of y'r constituents into the bargain, the spalpeen!

MR. R.—How? What did he say of me?

PAT.—He said that y'r honor cared no more for a poor man than for the dirt under y'r feet; and that after the election, you wouldn't let me, in particular, touch you with a forty-foot pole.

MR. R.—He said that, did he?

PAT.—Indade, y'r honor, and that's just what he did say. But if he didn't feel the weight of a heavy bunch of bones, call me a liar. He'll have blue ribbons around his eyes for a month. It'll be as much as the bargain if he gets to the polls to-morrow.

MR. R.—And so we are certain of your ward?

PAT.—Sure as death; and I take credit to meself for one-half the success. I've worked hard in the good cause, Mr. R.

MR. R.—It's the cause of the people; or, more emphatically speaking, the cause of the poor man. The rich and the privileged classes—the capitalists and monopolists of the day—are crushing the very life out of you. This is the time for effectual resistance. You must break the chains of oppression now, or they remain fastened upon you forever. The country of your adoption expects much of you, Mr. Murphy; do not disappoint her. Remember, that the vote of a poor man is equal in value to that of the proudest nabob in the land. Never lose sight of that fact, my friend. A convert to our side, no matter who or what he is, a drunkard in the gutter, or a lazy pauper in the almshouse, balances off the vote of one of your silk-stocking gentry on the other side. Votes are what we want, then—votes—votes—votes. Let that be ever before your eyes. You'll be at the public meeting to-night?

PAT.—Dade, and it's what I will.

MR. R.—That's right; and you must bring along as many staunch adherents of the good cause as you can find.

PAT.—Trust me for that, Mr. R.

MR. R.—Mr. Parker is not on our side?

PAT.—He! No—no! He belongs to the silk-stocking party. What do you think he said to me yesterday? 'See here, Murphy,' says he, 'if you don't quit this drinking and rowdying about, and attend better to your business, you and I'll have to part.' Drinking and rowdying about, indade! I knew what he meant. It was the political matters he objected till. He wanted to interfere with my freedom and compel me to vote his way.

MR. R.—Is it possible?

PAT.—Dade, and it is.

MR. R.—What did you say to him?

PAT.—Say till him! Why, just nothing, at all, at all. But didn't I look as black as a thunder-cloud?

MR. R.—Don't be afraid, my excellent friend. [*Laying his hand on the Irishman's shoulder and speaking deliber-*

ately.] Do your duty as a man and fear nothing. What wages does Parker give you?

PAT.—A paltry twenty dollars a month, bad luck till him.

MR. R.—For the valuable services of a man like you!

PAT.—It's ivery cint.

MR. R.—Possible! it's little better than starvation.

PAT.—Dade, and ye may well say that. It's little more nor starvation. I wonder how much better he is nor me, or any of the poor men around him, out of whose sweat and blood he is coining goold and dollars.

MR. R.—He's not half so good, my honest friend. You're worth a dozen like him. It's you that ought to be ridin in a carriage instead of one like him.

PAT [*contemptuously*].—The likes o' him.

MR. R. [*encouragingly*].—There's a good time coming. Work hard and push through the good cause at this election. Once let our party come into power, and you will see a change that will be worth calling a change. There are plenty of fat offices waiting for the working friends of the cause, and you belong emphatically to that class.

PAT.—Yis, indade! I'm a working man out and out.

MR. R.—That's well known. I've heard you spoken of a dozen times. More than one of our leading men have their eyes on you.

PAT.—We're bound to bate.

MR. R.—But we will have to work for it. Don't forget that. Our opponents are wide awake.

PAT.—Och, and ye needn't to tell me that, Musther Ross. Don't I know? But, as I said, we're bound to bate, and we will bate. And when we've won the election, what kind of an office do you think I can get? How large will be the salary?

MR. R.—Nothing less than seven or eight hundred dollars.

PAT.—So much as that! Och! blood-er-nouns, but won't I be illigant! Eight hundred dollars! I feel rich already. Who cares for Mr. Parker! Bad 'cess till him!

MR. R.—Don't forget the meeting to-night!

PAT.—Never fear; I'll be there. Good-bye, now. I must be off at once.

MR. R.—Be sure, and above all, be at your post to-



morrow. It is the great day of battle, and unless every soldier is in the field, the enemy may conquer. Go early to the polls and vote your ticket, and then see that every man over whom you have an influence does the same thing. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," will do the work for us. Then you know the motto: "To the victors belong the spoils." But if you must go—Good-bye, my friend. [*Shakes him warmly by the hand.*]

[*Exit Pat.*]

MR. R. [*with disgust.*].—Pah! I shall be glad when this work is over. I'm half-sick with disgust, and half-mad with a fretting sense of humiliation. But they are our tools, and we must work with them. After our work is done, it will be an easy matter to throw them aside.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## SCENE II.—*Mr. Parker's Store.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

PAT.—I shall be absent the rest of the day, Musther Parker.

MR. P.—How so, Patrick?

PAT.—It's 'lection day.

MR. P.—Well, what of that! Have you a vote?

PAT.—Sure and I have as much as the best of yez.

MR. P.—Then you're naturalized?

PAT.—Dade, and I am that.

MR. P.—But it won't take you all day to vote. Half an hour, or an hour at most, is long enough for you to be absent from the store.

PAT.—I've something else to do besides voting. I'm one of the ward committee to attend the polls.

MR. P. [*contemptuously*].—You are!

PAT [*indignantly*].—Yez needn't fash a body in that way Mr. Parker, I've got rights and privileges as well as any other mon—if I am poor!

MR. P [*seriously*].—I've no wish to interfere with your right, Patrick. As a citizen your right and duty is to vote, and time enough for that I have no desire to withhold. You can go and cast your vote, and then return

to your work, as I shall do. But to release you from your obligation to me, that you may have time to meddle in what doesn't concern you, and interfere with other men's freedom in voting, is what I cannot do. To-day is a busy day in the store. We have a large amount of goods to pack and cannot dispense with your services.

PAT.—My duty to my adopted country—

MR. P.—You needn't talk to me after that fashion, Patrick. Vote your vote if you wish to do so, and leave the country to take care of itself. It will get along well enough without your meddling interference.

PAT.—O yis; that's the way ye nabobs try to lord it over us poor men, when ye think ye have us in y'r power. But I'm not just ready to kneel down and let yez put y'r foot on my neck.

MR. P. [*sharply.*].—My friend, I don't want to bandy any words with you. You can go to the polls and vote. I'll give you an hour for that purpose; and you can vote for his Satanic Majesty, if it please your fancy, for all I care. But if you are not here at the expiration of an hour, I'll hire a man in your place.

PAT.—Musther Parker—

MR. P. [*turning away.*].—I'll hear no more on the subject.

[*Exit Mr. Parker.*]

PAT.—No purse-proud nabob shall lord it over me.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*After the election—A street—Pat on his way to Mr. Ross's.*

PAT.—I've made some powerful acquaintances, ony how. Musther Ross is a jewel of a man, worth his weight in gold. If I have lost the situation at Mr Parker's, it was in his cause, and he'll not see me suffer. [*Enter Mr. Bluff and gentleman.*] How are you, Musther Bluff? [*advancing toward him.*]

MR. B. [*looking indifferently—answers contemptuously.*] How are you, Pat? [*Turns his back toward him. Enter bar-room loungers.*]

BAR LOU.—Hallo, Pat! How d'ye feel this morning? Didn't save the nation after all. Never mind, Pat! don't

look so cast down about the matter. Better luck next time. You've one consolation: you did your duty

2D LOU. [*sneeringly*].—Yes, and who thanks him to-day? Yesterday he was one of the people—patted on the shoulder and cajoled by Mr. Broad-cloth-and-calfskin, but to-day he is a foolish Irishman. Ha! ha! We, the people! It's very fine, and sounds first-rate; but it's all sound and fury, meaning just nothing at all, at all. Pat Murphy, my darlint, come, Pat, on to the bar; won't you treat, Pat?

PAT [*Thrusting his hand in his pocket, and drawing it out slowly, shakes his head and sighs*].—Haven't a red cint left to bless myself.

1ST LOU.—Just my own interesting condition, Pat.

PAT.—Have you seen Mr. Ross the day?

2D LOU.—Yes; but he looked as sour as a lemon; it would take a power of sugar to sweeten him.

PAT.—He's disappointed, in course.

1ST LOU.—Ain't he?

PAT.—Well, as for Musther Ross, I can say won'ting of him honestly. He's a jontleman, ivery inch of him. He knows a mon when he sees him, and can appreciate merit in the humblest. Bad luck till the party that bate him, say I.

1ST LOU.—He's like all the rest of 'em. Mighty fine and nice when they want your vote; but too good to share the same sunshine with you, after the election. I know 'em all, from A to Z.

PAT [*indignantly*].—I'll not stand and hear a jontleman like Musther Ross abused after that fashion.

2D LOU [*sneeringly*].—Won't you, indeed?

PAT.—Indade and I wont thin. He's my friend, and I'll hold ony mon till account that speaks against him.

[*Enter third bar-room lounger*]

3D LOU.—Ha! ha! Pat, how d'ye like Mr. Ross by this time? ha! ha! ha! Ah, Pat, he's a honey, my darlint. He cares a deal about you now, don't he?

PAT.—Hould yer tongue, you fool, or I'll put my fist in your mouth.

3D LOU.—You darn't!

PAT.—Don't I thin? [*striking him with his fist.*] Thin

take that and be quiet. [*All crowd up—a fight ensues, and they pitch Pat into the street.*]

[*Exit loungers.*]

PAT [*gathering himself up, looks round and walks sheepishly up to Mr. Ross's door and rings bell. Enter servant*]. Can I see Musther Ross?

SERVANT.—He's engaged, and cannot be seen.

PAT.—He'll see me, I know. Tell him that Musther Murphy wishes to spake wid him just a minute.

SER. [*goes and returns.*].—Mr. Ross is engaged and cannot see any one.

PAT.—Did yez tell him me name?

SER.—I did.

PAT.—And what did he say?

SER. [*sharply.*].—I have told you what he said. He cannot see you. [*Servant shuts door—Pat walks slowly away. Enter Mr. Parker.*]

PAT.—Sure, Musther Parker, it's back in yer own store I would like to be.

MR. P.—Why, how is this, Pat? You wouldn't live with a nabob?

PAT.—Indade, an' plaze yer honor, it's no nabob ye are, but a jontleman; an' it's Patrick Murphy 'll sarve ye to yer heart's contint, if iver ye'll give him a chance agin. I've bin badly desaved, Mr. Parker.

MR. P. [*coolly.*].—Well, it's too late now. I have hired another man.

PAT.—Then yez proscribes me for opinion's sake.

MR. P.—No; I merely filled the place you left. I don't care any thing about a man's opinions. I regard only his ability to serve me in the place I want filled. If he leaves my work to go and interfere with the freedom of elections at the polls for a whole day, I will discharge him, no matter what his political opinions may be, and I told you that beforehand; so you've only yourself to blame. Here's the balance of money due you; and when next you get a good place, don't throw it up for the sake of some brawling candidate, who doesn't care three beans for you.

[*Exit Mr. Parker—Pat mortified. Enter Mr. Ross with two gentlemen.*]

PAT [*going toward them.*].—How are yez, Musther Ross?

MR. R. [*angrily*].—Who are you, and what do you want?

PAT [*smiling, and going closer*].—Don't yez know Murther Murphy?

MR. R.—Murphy? Pah! I've had more Pat Murphys running after me than would freight a ship. What do you want?

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*Second election—Pat carrying a hod of brick up a ladder.*

PAT [*half angrily as he reaches the top of the ladder and deposits his bricks*].—Bad 'cess till Misther Ross! Bad cess till Misther Ross! If it hadn't been for him I'd still be houlding my good situation in Parker's store, instead of being kilt to death with this hod-carrying. [*Shoulders his hod and goes down; just as he reaches the bottom enter Mr. R.*]

MR. R.—Why, Mr. Murphy, is this you? How are you, my old friend and fellow-citizen? How are you? [*Smiles and extends his hand.*]

PAT [*pleasantly surprised, allows Mr. R. to take his hand and shake it heartily*].—How are yez, Mr. Ross!

MR. R.—Oh, bright as a May morning! [*Still holding his hand.*] But how are you getting on now, Mr. Murphy?

PAT.—Bad enough, and plaze y'r honor.

MR. R.—Ah! I'm sorry for that. Have you been unfortunate?

PAT.—Dade, thin, and have I. That 'lection business kilt me dead.

MR. R.—How so, Mr. Murphy? We were beaten, it is true, but how did it affect you personally?

PAT.—Mr. Parker turned me off for going to the polls on 'lection day, and it's been hard wid me ever since, I can tell yez.

MR. R.—Turned you off, Mr. Murphy, for voting your sentiments as an American citizen!

PAT [*with much feeling*].—Yis, it's just that, Misther Ross.

MR. R.—Vile proscription! Thus it is that these nabobs

of our land seek, as in the old country, to bind the free consciences of the people, and to trample on their political rights. You felt this in Ireland, Mr. Murphy; and it was to escape such tyranny that you left the beautiful home of your fathers and came to happy America. Shall the heel of the oppressor be on your neck here also? Spirit of Liberty, forbid it! Mr. Murphy, we must break down this league of the rich against the poor. We can do it and we will. In this cause I have embarked, and I will die by it. What greater glory can any man desire, than to be known as the friend of the people?

PAT.—Nabobs! Yis, vile oppressing nabobs! If I had my will o' them! [*Clenching his fist.*]

MR. R.—This is rather a hard kind of business, Mr. Murphy. A man like you ought to be doing something better than carrying bricks up a ladder.

PAT.—Dade and he ought, Musther R.

MR. R.—Come round to my house to-night, Mr. Murphy; I'd like to have some talk with you.

PAT.—Yez lives in the same place?

MR. R.—Come about nine o'clock. I will be disengaged then.

PAT.—I'll be there to the minute, Musther Ross.

MR. R.—Very well, and now good-day; I rather think we'll find you some better work to do than this.

PAT.—Thank yez, sir, thank yez! I'll be a thousand times obleeged till yez. [*Exit Ross. Pat carries up another hod of bricks and comes running down whistling.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*In Mr. Ross's house—Several citizens with Mr. R. seated round a table, on which are wine-bottle and glasses. Door-bell rings—Mr. R. moves to the door.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

MR. R.—Ah! you're the man after all, Mr. Murphy! Punctual to the minute! [*grasping him by the hand and leading him.*] Come in, my good fellow, come in. Mr. Murphy, gentlemen!

CITIZENS.—How are you, sir?

FIRST CITIZEN.—How are you, my honest friend? how are you? Happy, indeed, to see you!

MR. R.—Take a chair, Mr. Murphy. Gentlemen, have something to drink. [*Drink all round.*] Well, gentlemen, this is the Mr. Murphy of whom I was speaking to you, an honest hard-working man, who has been proscribed for opinion's sake. No man has labored harder, or more efficiently in our cause than he, and it will be a burning disgrace to our party—the party of the people, the sworn advocate of the oppressed and trampled upon—if we let him suffer for his devotion to true principles. This man has a family, sirs—a family to whom he is dearly attached, and for whom he's toiling like a galley-slave at the oar. Previous to the last election he had a good situation and a good salary in the store of Mr. Parker; but because he worked in our cause Parker turned him off, to starve with his wife and little ones, for all he cared.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Impossible! To think that such a spirit exists in our country.

MR. R.—A spirit that, if not checked, will prostrate our liberties beneath the iron heel of oppression. What is a poor man in the eyes of one like Parker? Of less value than his horse. And he is but the type of his party.

CITIZENS.—That is true, sir.

MR. R.—And now, Mr. Murphy, the time has come when another strong effort must be made to break through the party lines that have been drawn by these poor-oppressing, blood-sucking aristocrats. At the last campaign we drove them back and came near routing them—horse, foot and dragoons. This time, if we unite our forces, victory is certain, and you know, my honest friend, that “to the victors belong the spoils.” No man did better service to the good cause at the last election than you, Mr. Murphy; and now that the tug of war is about to come again, your bleeding country calls upon you and asks for aid. Shall she call in vain? No, not when her voice reaches the ears of Patrick Murphy, the man who has felt the crushing weight of oppression. What say you, Mr. Murphy? Are you with us again?

PAT.—Faix an' am I then, Mr. Ross. Bad 'cess till the nabobs! I'll have it out wid 'em yet.

1ST CITIZEN.—You've got the right kind of stuff in you, Mr. Murphy.

PAT.—I'm an Irishman.

MR. R.—And an honor both to the country of your birth and the country of your adoption. We looked upon you as one of our best men at last election. Already more than a dozen of your old friends have been inquiring after you. Your appearance in our ranks will put new life into our people, for they know you of old. [*Taking out his pocket-book and handing Pat a five dollar note.*] There, Mr. Murphy, is the beginning of your pay, and there [*handing another*] is a V to be used for the good of the party, you know.

PAT.—Thank yez, sir! thank ye. Much obleeged to ye. I'll make it go as far as it wull, sir. I'll get ye a deal of votes, niver fear me. Good-night, jontlemen, till yez all.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—*At Pat's house. Biddy at her work.*

[*Enter Pat, groggy.*]

BIDDY.—Why, Pathrick, ye convict, an' where have ye bin all the day? Musther Parker sent for yez the day and wants to see ye.

PAT.—Bad luck till Mr. Parker! bad luck till him, I say! [*Staggers into a seat.*]

BIDDY.—Are ye crazy, mon? No doubt Mr. Parker wants ye back agin in his store.

PAT.—Bad 'cess till him. I'll niver darken his door agin—the aristocratic, silk-stöcken nabob! Didn't he turn me off for votin' me sentiments as a free American citizen? Didn't he, I say? Bad 'cess till him, the spalpeen!

BIDDY.—Ye're a drunken fool, that's what ye are. I've a good mind, Pathrick, to take the chilther an' lave ye—now I have. I say, are ye going to see Mr. Parker?

PAT.—No, faix, an' I am not. I'm done with Musther Parker, kith and kin. Didn't he turn me off for votin' my sentiments? Didn't he? Ay, fegs! an' if iver agin I darken his door, it'll do him good.

BIDDY.—Now, Pathrick, ye're jist makin' a fool of yourself. Politicks and whusky'll be the ruin of ye.

[*Curtain falls.*]



SCENE VII.—*In Pat's house after election.*

[*Enter Pat, in haste, waving his hat.*]

PAT.—We've bate! we've bate! Biddy, my darlint! Hurrah for Ross and the cause of the people! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BIDDY.—Hish! hish! Patrick now! Ye'll wake the chilther and alarm the whole neighborhood.

PAT [*seizing Biddy and swinging her round*].—We've bate! we've bate! Biddy, my darlint! and now for the swate little corner in the post-office, and silks and satins for Mrs. Murphy! Ha! What does yez think of that, honey? Pathrick Murphy knew what he was about. [*Taking a seat and growing calm.*] The fact is, Biddy, darlint, I don't b'lave it's jist right to put me off wid a beggarly placé in the post-office, wid five or six hundred a year. A man who has sarved the party as I have desarves betther tratement nor that, so he does.

BIDDY.—Plaze goodness an' I'd be thankful for thot an' niver think of callin' it beggarly. Yez got y'er ideas a little too elevated, Pathrick.

PAT.—Niver a bit, troth. I know my desarvins, an' I'll git them. They'll not put me aff wid the crumbs of the table, I can tell them.

BIDDY.—Have yez ony money, Pathrick?

PAT.—Niver a red cint, darlint. I spent every farthin' yisterday in buyin' up the votes, but I'll see Muster Ross the mornin'.

BIDDY.—But will he pay yez on'thing more, now, Pathrick, that 'fiction's over?

PAT.—An' why not, sure? An' isn't he under an everlasting debt o' gratitude to me? Didn't he say that if I'd do me duty, as he knew that I could do it, he'd niver forgit me while breath was in his mortal body?

BIDDY.—But what are we to do for dinner the day, Pathrick? There isn't a loaf of bread nor a potatoe more in the house! The chilther must have food.

PAT.—Och! an' can't yez jist git a little thrust at Mrs. Mulligan's for the day? I'll git plinty of money when I see Muster Ross.

BIDDY.—I dunno. We owe four dollars there now, an' Mrs. Mulligan said the last time I was there that we

needn't come for ony more thrust till the ould score was paid off.

PAT.—Och, bad 'cess till her stingy ould soul ! But do you tell her, Biddy, darlint, that we've bate the bloody nabobs, an' that I'm to have an office, an' we'll have hapes o' money, and we'll just dale with her for ivery thing. Jist say all that, Biddy, an' she'll open her store till yez.

BIDDY.—I dunno, Pathrick, but I can try.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VIII.—*At a hotel. Numbers sitting and standing around.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

PAT.—Good-mornin', jontlemen ! Have any of yez seen Mr. Ross the day ?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Ross ? And pray what do you want with him ? An office already, Pat Murphy ?

PAT [*angrily*].—Do yez mane to insult me ?

FIRST CIT. [*laughing*].—Oh, no ; but I'd like to give you a piece of good advice.

PAT.—Wull, and what is it ?

FIRST CIT.—Why just this, my friend ; if you've got any work to do, go and do it and be thankful.

PAT [*clenching his fists*].—What do yez mane ?

FIRST CIT.—I mean that you will find it more profitable than running after an elected candidate, or seeking an office. Ross don't care three buttons for you now that he's gained the day.

[*Enter Ross, with one or two others.*]

PAT [*starting forward and extending his hand, while Mr. R. pushes into the crowd*].—Me congratulations, Musther Ross ! [*Ross and two others drink.*]

[*Exit Mr. Ross. Pat running after.*]

Musther Ross, can I jist git a spaken till yez ?

ROSS [*outside to stage driver*].—To Colonel Lyon's.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IX.—*At Ross's house.*

[*Pat rings the door-bell. Enter Servant.*]

PAT.—Is Mr. Ross in?

SERVANT.—I believe so. Who wants to see him?

PAT.—Tell him that Musther Murphy would jist like to spake one word wid him—jist one word and no more, an' won't kape him a minute.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SERVANT [*returning*].—He will see you presently. Walk in, sir; take a seat!

[*Exit Servant. Pat waits alone.*]

MR. R. [*entering*].—Well, my good friend, what can I do for you?

PAT. [*in humble voice*].—I've worked hard for yez.

MR. R.—You did your duty to the good cause. I'll give you credit for that, friend Murphy, and you'll get your reward.

PAT.—But how soon, Musther Ross?

MR. R. [*impatiently*].—All in good time. All in good time.

PAT.—Ye knows, Musther Ross, that I gave up my situation.

MR. R.—At hod-carrying—oh, yes, I remember. Well, Pat, you've had a pretty easy time of it for a couple of months, and can go to work now with more spirit, sustained as you will be by the reflection that you have served your adopted country like a good and true citizen.

PAT [*in distressed tone*].—But I gave up my situation, Musther Ross!

MR. R.—You must find another, then, my friend; you can't expect to live in idleness. Every man must work to live.

PAT.—I'm not afraid to work, but I've got no work—you promised me—

MR. R.—Office-hunting already! Why don't you know, man, that I shall not take my seat in Congress for a year? I'm still only a private citizen.

PAT.—A year—a year, did yez say?

MR. R.—Certainly I did. The member's term in whose

place I have been elected doesn't expire until the close of the present Congress. When I take my seat next fall, I will do all I can for you ; but until that time you must go to work like an honest, industrious citizen. Your reward will come, never fear. And now, Patrick, you must excuse me ; I have several friends in waiting. [*Ross turns away, and Pat, looking sad, passes out.*] Remember, William, I'm not at home to any of these fellows.

[*Enter two Irishmen.*]

FIRST IRISHMAN [*to servant*].—Can I see Mr. Ross ?

SERVANT.—He is not at home.

SECOND I.—When will he be in ?

SER.—I can't tell. [*Shuts the door in his face.*]

PAT.—It's a bloody lie.

FIRST I.—He is in then ?

PAT.—He's just that.

FIRST I.—Have you seen him ?

PAT.—Yis, and got a bit of could comfort for me pains ; jist what ye'll git if y'er after ony favors.

[*Enter Mr. Parker's clerk. Exit two Irishmen.*]

CLERK.—Hi, Patrick, is this you ? Where have you been keeping yourself, Patrick ? We spent a whole week, some time ago, trying to find you.

PAT.—Indade !

CLERK.—Yes, the man we got in your place turned out badly. We changed two or three times ; and then Mr Parker thought he'd give you another trial, if you were inclined to make the change. He'd seen you at work, carrying bricks and mortar, and said he couldn't help pitying you.

PAT.—I'm obleeged till him for his kindness. Mr. Parker is a jontlemen, I must say, and I was a fool iver to have left his employ. I'll go back wid pleasure.

CLERK.—Ah, but, Patrick, it's too late now ; we couldn't find you, and so filled the place with another man, who is all we could want.

PAT.—It's all bad luck. I've a mind to go and thrown meself.

CLERK.—But where were you, Patrick ? We left word at your house to come round to the store.

PAT.—Where was I, d'ye say ? Faix and I was mindin' other pable's business, instid of my own.

CLERK.—Indeed!

PAT.—Yis, I was promotin' the eliction of Ross, bad 'cess till him.

CLERK.—Well, you are a fool. What good did you expect to gain from his election?

PAT.—He promised me a sitation in the post-office.

CLERK.—Did he? That's rich! What has he to do with the post-office?

PAT.—I dunno, but he promised that I should be rewarded.

CLERK.—As he promised two or three hundred besides, as big fools as you are. He'll have nothing to do with the post-office. In fact, he won't take his seat in Congress for over a year; and then his influence, if he have any, will not go in your favor. He's got too many others to reward with the few crumbs he may have to dispense. [*Pat groans.*] Good morning, Patrick, and take with you this piece of good advice: never put any faith in the promises of a politician made on the eve of an election, for he'll be sure to deceive you.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE X.—*In front of Mr. Parker's store. Enter Party Leader.*

PARTY LEADER.—Murphy, my good fellow, how are you?

PAT. [*coolly.*].—Purty wull, I thank yez.

P. L.—How are you getting along now?

PAT.—Fust-rate.

P. L.—Glad to hear it. No man deserves good-fortune if you do not. Well, you see, election time is coming round again——

PAT.—Indade!

P. L.—A time when every good citizen is expected to do his duty.

PAT.—I did my duty wanst, and what——

P. L.—That you did, Mr. Murphy, as hundreds can testify.

PAT.—Humph! I know thot as wull as onybody.

P. L. [*laying his hand on Pat's shoulder.*].—We want to

see you down at headquarters to-night. We can't do without your valuable aid.

PAT.—Bedad, and yez won't see me there!

P. L.—Why not, my honest friend?

PAT.—Don't honest frind me, if ye plaze! I'se abandoned yez all in disgust, so I have, bad 'cess till y'r politics. 'They're only got up to chate and desave the honest hard-workin' pape into votin' for nabobs, who don't care a ha'pence for them.

P. L.—But, my friend Murphy—

PAT.—Yez nadent frind me. It'll do no good. A burnt child dreads the fire. I'se got enough of politics; so good-mornin' till yez. [*Exit Pat.*]

P. L.—Confound the fellow. He isn't so green as I thought him. Well, we must fill his place with some green islander of a later importation. There are plenty of them about ready to be caught. All the fools are not dead yet.

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished parlor—A bridal company assembled—Bridegroom and bride and Judge Harvey, father of the bride—On a marble table are standing decanters and glasses of wine, which are being distributed to the guests.—The bride should be beautifully attired in white, and the appearance of the whole company imposing.*

GUESTS.—Pledge with wine! Pledge with wine!

JUDGE H. [*in a low tone, advancing toward his daughter.*]

—Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once; the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home, act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me.

[*Every eye turns toward the bride.*]

BRIDE [*smilingly accepts a brimming beaker, and raising it to her lips; then, with a piercing voice, exclaims*—Oh, how terrible!

GUESTS [*in alarm*].—What is it? What can it be?

BRIDE [*holding the glass from her, and regarding it with horror*].—Wait! Wait! I will tell you! I see [*pointing her jewelled finger at the wine*] a sight that beggars description—and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot—tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow on the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there a group of Indians is gathered—they sit to and fro, with something like sorrow on their dark brows. In their midst lies a manly form; but his cheek, how deathly! his eyes wild with the fire of fever! One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say, kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his bosom. Genius in ruin! Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shriek for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! See him

twine his fingers together as he calls for his sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant land! [*The bridal party shrink back, and the Judge sinks, overpowered, to his seat at her side, bowing his head.*] See, his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy. Hot fever throbs in his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together. [*Smothered sob from some one. The bride stands upright, with quivering lip and tearful eyes. She draws the glass toward her, and, in a low but awfully distinct voice, goes on.*] It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not—his eyes are set in their sockets, dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friends whisper the name of father and sister. *Death* is here!—*Death!* and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back—one convulsive shudder—he is *dead!* [*A groan runs through the assembly. The bridegroom covers his face and weeps.*] *Dead!* [*in a more broken voice,*] *Dead!* and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down on that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister, [*the Judge groans bitterly,*] and he sleeps in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, *my father's son, my own twin-brother*, a victim to this deadly poison. Father [*turning suddenly to Judge H.*], father, shall I drink it now?

JUDGE [*in a smothered voice*].—No, no, my child! in God's name, no!

[*Marion lifts the goblet and drops it to the floor. The guests transfer silently their glasses to table, without tasting the wine. Looking at the fragments, she turns to the company, saying*], Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he [*turning to the bridegroom*] to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in the last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?

BRIDEGROOM.—Yes, Marion, God helping me, I will!

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE PROFESSOR.

## CHARACTERS.

HENRI ANTOINE, lately from Paris.

VICTOR ROCHE, friend of Henri.

PROF. BUNION, corn and wart extractor.

“ FRIZZLE, tonsorial artist.

“ SAPO, itinerant vender of soap.

“ BUMPUS, phrenological lecturer.

“ BIOKRENE, biologist.

“ SCRUB, whitewasher and boot-black.

“ BLOWHARD, elocutionist.

“ SCREECH, vocal music.

“ CATGUT, violinist. *David*

“ FLOURISH, penmanship.

“ FANCY, dancing-master.

“ LITTLEMAN, teacher of infant school.

“ KILLUM, quack-in-general.

“ WORTH, friend of Victor.

[*Room in Boarding-House.*]

HENRI [*looking at watch*].—Vil ze *professeur* be arrivé *present*! I favor ze *langazh bien—très bien*! I moosh aches to acquire ze all! [*Knock.*] Zat for me! I re-zhoice bien! *Entrez!*

VICTOR [*entering*].—Henri!

HENRI [*embracing*].—Victor! I am transporté! I am ravishéd. Vare you be ven you—you—discóvers me? Take a seat viz me!

VICTOR [*seating themselves*].—Why, you can talk the language so very well, Henri!

HENRI [*proudly*].—*Donc!* Oh, I soon learns so vell as I can be a *professeur* myself! I do páin myself to know ze all! Ve vill speaks ze Inglis all ze time ve speaks to-gezer, Victor—you please. How you know vare I be? Speak!

VICTOR [*taking paper from pocket*].—I see your adver-

tisement this morning. When I finish my coffee I rush to you presently.

HENRI.—*J'en suis bien aise!* Tell—is not ze—ze—ad— *Comment?*

VICTOR.—Advertisement!

HENRI.—Oh, *oui, oui!* Ze advertisement! Be she not well composéd, by gar, for me?

VICTOR [*smiling*].—“You cook a nice kettle of fish,” as the English say!

HENRI.—Vat you say? *Mon Dieu!* Is she not vell performed! Is she not *comme il faut?* Vat she say not vell? Read, Victor!

VICTOR [*reading*].—“WANTED—a professor. Address yourself to HENRI ANTOINE, No. 34 Liberty street.”

HENRI.—Vell—vat is she not so she may be?

VICTOR.—*Regardez!* Everybody will come to you. Here in Americá everybody is professór. Do you understand, Henri?

HENRI.—I vill learn ze langazh so speedy. *Bien!* I say to zem I vill have a *professeur*. Sall I not employ a *professeur*—you say?

VICTOR.—No—not as you have begun, Henri. [*Laughing.*] You will have so many that you may not obtain the one you wish.

HENRI.—*Parbleu!* You assist zen,—non, Victor?

VICTOR.—Certainly—I will stay with you. You must not become angry, Henri—remember! It is the custom of the country. *Tout le monde* is professór.

HENRI.—I vill possess myself! I vill be a zhentlemán. Oh, vat for I deceive myself! I try many times—I be *certain* she be as she would be—

VICTOR.—So it is, Henry! as it would be—not as it should be.

HENRI.—Vat! Say you zat? Oh! a—a—a—peculiár langazh—*n'est-ce pas?*

VICTOR.—Very—very! But you will soon learn it, Henri! *Courage!*

HENRI.—Oh, I vill—I vill! I be—vat you say—I be—fastened—non—non!

VICTOR.—Bound—

HENRI.—Zat be she! *Merci!* I be bound in learning ze langazh! I be bound in her! [*Knock.*] *Entrez!*

VICTOR.—You must say "Come in!"

HENRI.—*Merci!* Come in!

BUNION [*entering*].—Good-morning, gentlemen! [*They return salutation.*] Beg your pardon—which is Mr. Antony?

HENRI.—I be Monsieur Antoine. Take a chair, you please!

BUNION [*sitting—taking paper from pocket*].—I saw your advertisement, Mr. Antoine, in this morning's paper, and I am come to respond to it. I have been a professor in my department for more than seventeen years now, sir, and have been established in this city for nearly nine, sir. I have testimonials here, sir, from the first families in the city, sir. [*Taking package from pocket.*] You might wish to examine them, sir! [*Offering to Henri, who motions them away*] My terms are very reasonable, sir—very—when you take into account the nature of the services I render, and how liable you are to be imposed upon by impostors. Here is my advertisement, sir, in the same paper, sir, as yours. Should be delighted to have an opportunity of exerting myself for you, sir! I remove with scarcely any pain and guarantee them not to appear again for one year.

VICTOR [*Henry has been looking alternately at each bewildered*].—You must have mistaken my friend's advertisement. He is a stranger in this country, and desires to secure a professor—an instructor—in the English language.

HENRI [*pointing to advertisement*].—Zat is vat she say—a *professeur*!

BUNION [*drawing himself up*].—That is what I have the honor to be, gentlemen! Be good enough to read my advertisement, sir! [*Handing paper to Victor.*]

VICTOR [*reading*].—"Chiropodist and Professor of Corns, Warts, &c."

BUNION.—Exactly so, sir—exactly so!

HENRI.—I vill have a *professeur* of ze Inglis lan-gazh!

BUNION.—I understand you now, gentlemen—but the fault is your own [*rising*]. Could I do nothing for you, sir? [*To Victor, who shakes his head.*] Won't either of you take a box of my embrocation this morning? An

excellent article—recommended and patronized by all the clergymen of the city

VICTOR.—Thank you—not this morning.

BUNION.—You will oblige me by accepting some of my circulars—[*giving some to each*] Good-morning, gentlemen! Recommend me to any of your friends who may need me—will you? Morning! [*Exit.*]

VICTOR [*laughing*].—Well, Henri!

HENRI [*walking the room and gesticulating*].—*Mon Dieu! Vat a countree! Vat a countree!* [*Knock.*] *Entrez! Non—non! Come here!*

VICTOR.—“Come in,”—remember!

HENRI.—I vill—I vill! Vat a countree!

FRIZZLE [*entering*].—A fine morning, gentlemen! I have the honor to present myself. I saw your advertisement this morning and I have hastened to offer my services to you. Be good enough to examine for yourselves! [*Handing circular to Henri, who passes it to Victor.*]

HENRI.—Take a seat, sir! [*To Victor*] Vat she say, Victor?

VICTOR [*reading*].—“Ferdinand Frizzle, Professor of the Art Tonsorial, offers his services to the ladies and gentlemen of this city” You will pardon us, sir; but my friend here is not very familiar with the language, and—

FRIZZLE.—I understand you, sah! But I have the pleasure to speak French myself, sah! *Je parle Français moi même quelquefois, Messieurs!* I can well attend to Monsieur’s wants—*parfaitement bien*—just as well as if he understood the language. He can tell me what he desires, and it shall be done to his supreme satisfaction. What shall it be, sah? The beard trimmed—hair dressed—or, perhaps, a shampoo? I profess to be an artist in my department, Messieurs! I am patronized exclusively by the *beau monde*.

HENRI [*who has been shrugging his shoulders, walking, and gesticulating*].—Pardón! I vill have no barbáre—

FRIZZLE.—Pardon, Monsieur! *Je suis professeur!* Yes, sah—a professor of the art of—

HENRI.—*Eh bien! Monsieur le Pro-fess-eur!* [*dwelling on the word.*] I vill have ze ozer *professeur!* I vill learn ze langazh—ze Inglis—I say!

FRIZZLE.—I comprehend you perfectly! In that case,

also, I am happy to say that I am at your disposal. I can instruct you in pure English, sah—the English, as spoken by the best class in the city, sah!

VICTOR.—Excuse me—but my friend would prefer engaging elsewhere.

FRIZZLE [*bowing profoundly*].—As you please, gentlemen! Shall I have the pleasure of furnishing you with any cosmetics—any depilatories—any hair-washes—any ointments—any——

VICTOR [*rising*].—Nothing—nothing, sir! Good-morning.

FRIZZLE.—Good-morning! Fine morning, gentlemen! Good-morning! [*Exit.*]

HENRI.—*Pro-fess-eur! Sacre! Vat a countree! Vat a countree!* [*Knock.*] Come in—*professeur, je crois!*

SAPO [*entering*].—Morning to you—just lit on your advertisement—short and sweet—you ought to have it in rhyme, though—that's the way I fix up all of mine—takes, sir, like hot-cakes—nothing like it! I am Professor Sapo—the only genuine, original, Simon-pure, true-blue, no-mistake soap-man! Here you have the assortment, gentlemen! [*Exhibiting his wares.*] Roll up, tumble up, any way to get up! Take your choice! A cake for a dime! Take your choice! Warranted to out-wash, out-scrub, outlast any thing in the world! Used by the Shah of Persia—the Tycoon—the College of Cardinals—and all the crowned heads of the earth! Which do you take? Your choice for a dime! This would suit you, I fancy! [*Offering a cake to Henri.*]

HENRI.—*Sacre!* I vill have no *savon!* I vill have no *savon!* I will have a *professeur!*

SAPO.—So I saw, Mr. Parleyvoo! That's why I'm here! You don't know me—Professor Sapo—the only unadulterated, full-strength article! You'll find my name carved in letters of gold on the highest peak of the Andes, gentlemen! Your choice for a dime! Going—going!

VICTOR.—My friend desires the assistance of a Professor who can instruct him in the language——

SAPO.—O—h! Why didn't he say so, then? But you couldn't have expected any thing smarter! He's to be pitied—poor man—don't know our language—the only language worth speaking throughout the whole universal

globe of this round earth! Won't you try a cake, though, gentlemen?

VICTOR.—Excuse us—not this morning.

SAPO.—No offence, gentlemen! You ain't obliged to buy—but you stand in your own light—stand in your own light! If you don't, you're the losers, and not I—so I wish you both good-bye! [*Exit.*]

HENRI.—*Mille tonnerres!* Vat sall ve see any more, I no divine! Vat a countree! [*Walking and gesticulating.*] Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—Patience, Henri—patience! It is the custom here, I say. Your advertisement—

HENRI.—Speed, *mon ami*—speed! Stop ze—ze—advertisement!

VICTOR.—*C'est trop tard!* [*laughing.*] Patience, Henri! [*Knock.*] Come in!

BUMPUS [*entering. Henri eyes him earnestly.*].—Excuse me—but, seeing your advertisement, sir—[*To Victor.*]

HENRI.—Zat advertisement! By gar—I—

BUMPUS.—The gentleman is a foreigner, I perceive. Lately arrived?

VICTOR.—My friend has been here but a short time, sir, and desires to procure a teacher of English—a professor, sir!

BUMPUS.—Hem! Very sensible in him—very. You speak our language well—sir, very. Slight accent. Here long, sir?

VICTOR [*smiling*].—Ten years, sir.

BUMPUS.—Oh—so long! I'm sorry I can't accommodate your friend; but it is a little out of my department. I can be of immense assistance to him, though—immense. I am Professor [*at sound of word, Henri mutters "Sacre!" emphatically*] Bumpus, sir! Yes, sir—Professor Bumpus—Professor of Phrenology, sir. You have surely heard of me—must have seen my name often—must! I lecture every evening on phrenology—every week-day—Sunday evenings on patent theology, sir! I can benefit your friend, sir, hugely. What business does he intend to follow?

[*Knock—Henri opens—Biokrene enters.*]

A chart like this, sir—[*exhibiting one*].—filled up after careful examination of his cranium, sir—will be worth

thousands of dollars to him in our country, sir—thousands! And I charge only ten dollars for examination and chart—ten only!

BIOKRENE.—Don't be misled, gentlemen! I am Professor [*Henri shrugs and winces*] Biokrene! Professor Biokrene, at your service [*bowing*]. And I assure you that it is idle to talk of estimating the force of any man, gentlemen, by the old, exploded system of phrenology! Phrenology, gentlemen, is but the stepping-stone to biology—to biology, the science of sciences! What avails it to examine the protuberances upon the surface of the cranium, unless you can estimate their magnetic force? Nothing, gentlemen—the merest guess-work in the world! This instrument of mine [*exhibiting*—the magnetoscope—the greatest discovery of any age—enables me to do this. Let me illustrate—[*advancing toward Henri, who has been walking and staring.*]

HENRI.—*Mon Dieu!* I vill have no tooz taken! I tell you no! [*pushing him back.*]

VICTOR [*interposing*].—My friend has advertised for a professor of the English language, sir, and—

BIOKRENE [*taking out paper and examining*].—His advertisement does not read so, sir! Look for yourself, sir! [*pointing to paper.*]

HENRI.—I vill have a *professeur* to comprehend ze langazh—not to pull ze *dent*!

VICTOR.—He is not thoroughly acquainted with the language, which will account—

BIOKRENE.—I will test, in a momemt, whether he can learn it readily.—[*moving toward Henri, who retreats with deprecating gestures*]—with my magnetoscope—only twenty-five dollars for a complete chart.

VICTOR.—Pardon—not at present, gentlemen.

BIOKRENE.—You make a sad mistake, sir. Here is my card [*handing one*]. Should your friend wish me at any time to—

BUMPUS [*who has been scowling defiance at Biokrene*].—Here is my card, sir! [*handing.*] And I would advise your friend, as a stranger here, to have nothing to do with charlatans.

BIOKRENE.—Do you intend to apply that epithet to me?

BUMPUS.—If it fits, put it on and wear it! [*Biokrene*

*strikes Bumpus with magnetoscope.*] We'll settle this elsewhere. [*Rushes out—Biokrene follows—noise and scuffling heard in hall—"Liar!" "Cheat!" "Humbug!"*]

HENRI.—Vat a countree! *Mon Dieu!* Vat a countree!

VICTOR [*laughing*].—What a shame it would be if they should hurt each other!

HENRI.—I say not so! *Sacre!* I vill have zay kill ze one and ze two! [*Knock.*] By gar! vat come now? *Pro-fes-seur*, I divine. Zat zhournal! zat zhournal! Come!

SCRUB [*entering with implements of his profession*].—Which gemman, sah, wanted me, sah? [*bowing*] I am Cæsar Scrub, gemmen—professor of white-washin' and boot-cleanin', sah! [*bowing and scraping—Henri staring in blank amazement.*] You, sah? [*to Victor.*]

VICTOR.—Neither of us desires any thing in your line this morning. It is a mistake, Cæsar. We want a professor teacher.

SCRUB [*bowing himself out*].—Beg gemmen's pardon—I've done gone—'scuse me, gemmen—'scuse me! [*Exit.*]

HENRI [*grasping Victor by shoulder nervously*].—Sall ve nevåre go troo zese *professeurs*! Sall ve nevåre—nevåre? Vill ze *professeur* arrive here no more?

VICTOR [*laughing*].—Patience, Henri. Patience, *mon ami!*

HENRI.—*Patience!* My head so—[*placing hands on head*—so—vat you calls him? so virls up and down as no more can be! [*Knock.*] Come! *Sacr-r-r!*

BLOWHARD [*entering*].—Lucky for you! [*to Henry.*] Beg pardon—there are two of you! Which of you gentlemen wishes to engage a professor?

[*Victor points to Henri. Henri, shrugging, points to Victor.*]

VICTOR.—My friend, Monsieur Antoine, desires the services—

BLOWHARD [*to Henri, retreating and gesticulating*].—You are very fortunate, let me tell you. Had I not had my attention arrested by your advertisement, I should have taken the next train South, in which case I know not into whose hands you might have fallen. As it is, you are safe. My name is Professor Blowhard, of the Eolian Vocal Gymnasium. My terms are five dollars a lesson



of one hour each for prose; for poetry, ten dollars an hour. What number of lessons a week do you desire?

HENRI.—I vill comprehend ze langazh, I say to ze *professeurs*—I say to you I vill have ze Inglis langazh *professeur*!

VICTOR.—My friend needs assistance in speaking and writing the language.

BLOWHARD.—The only way to learn to speak and write any language correctly is to begin at the beginning with the vowel sounds—*a, e, i, o, u*! [*given pompously and energetically.*] That is the foundation! Drill in the elementary sounds—read according to the Blowhard method—and you are finished speakers and writers. This, sir, is the only natural method. I have living witnesses of this—pupils of mine, gentlemen—in the pulpit and at the bar—ornaments of their respective professions.

VICTOR.—We will think of what you say. At present, my friend desires to learn to converse.

BLOWHARD.—A wrong beginning—beginning at the end—depend upon it! You will infallibly discover that you have made a fatal mistake. I pity you—but the worst's your own. Good-morning. [*Exit, vexed.*]

HENRI.—Zat be somevat good. I say—zat *professeur*.

VICTOR [*laughing*].—A bigger humbug than any of the rest!

HENRI.—Vat you say? Vat you call him?

VICTOR.—Humbug—*coquin*!

HENRI.—*Est-ce possible!* [*Knock.*] *Entrez!* Come in! [*Enter Professors Catgut, Screech and Fancy.*] *Sac-r-r!* Here zay come as nevére vill be! *Un—deux—trois!*

CATGUT.—My card, sir! [*To Henry, handing.*]

SCREECH.—Mine! [*To Victor, handing.*]

FANCY [*feeling in pockets*].—Zounds! I've left mine at home. Never mind, Professor Fancy, of Terpsichorean Hall, sir!

VICTOR.—Professor of the English language, sir?

FANCY.—Not exactly—Professor of the movements of such American feet as are put under my care.

CATGUT.—You noticed my card, sir! [*To Henri.*] Prof. Catgut, of the Olio—Professor of the violin, violon-

cello, harp, harpsichord, and every stringed instrument! You shall have a touch of my quality. [*Plays.*]

[*Henry drops card and placing hands to ears mutters "Sac-r-r!"*]

SCREECH [*to Victor*].—I will sing you a plaintive air—very touching—you'll need your handkerchief. Ready! [*Clearing throat, sings.*]

FANCY.—Tell me whether you ever saw any thing more taking than this *pas*—invented expressly for my pupils by me. Next term commences on Monday night week—twelve lessons for ten dollars. [*Dances.*]

[*During the noise Littleman and Flourish, whose knocks have not been heard, enter and converse with each other.*]

HENRI [*enraged*].—Avay viz ze feedil—avay! [*Stamping foot violently.*] Victor! beat zat diable viz his bruit! Vic-tor! Vic-tor! call ze—ze—polees, I say! [*yelling.*] Sac-r-r-r!

[*Victor finally succeeds in representing the case to the Professors; who leave at once.*]

LITTLEMAN.—In answer to your advertisement—

HENRI [*moving toward Flourish*].—Zare be no advertisement—no more! [*gesticulating.*]

LOURISH.—I am Professor Flourish, sir! I have here our Lord's prayer executed with the pen—entirely with the pen—on the head of a pin—

HENRI [*with menacing gesticulations*].—Go vay—go vay viz me, I say!

VICTOR.—You must excuse my friend, Professor! His nerves have been overtaxed this morning. His advertisement has been misunderstood. He wishes a professór of the English language—

[*Henri walking the room with rapid steps.*]

LOURISH.—Oh! [*Exit.*]

LITTLEMAN.—He knows the alphabet?

HENRI [*enraged*].—Vat you say? Know ze leetel lettare! S-s-s! By gar—g— [*Going toward Littleman.*]

LITTLEMAN.—Beg your pardon, sir—excuse me—good-morning! [*Exit hastily.*]

HENRI.—[*Knock.*] I say no more sall nevare enter zis—no more! I vill no more!

VICTOR.—Patience, Henri! The professór will come.

HENRI.—[*Knocking continues.*] *Pro-fess-eur! S-s-s!* Zare be no *professeur* in zis countree! Vat a countree! Vat a countree! He sall no entâre!

VICTOR [*firmly*].—Henri!

KILLUM [*entering*].—Didn't hear me, I reckon—did ye? Jest's well. Here I am, Professor Killum, of the National Eclectic Institute. Now what d'ye want of the Professor? [*Taking out bottles.*] Some of his electric ile—or his medikle diskivery—or his proponthoptegon—all of 'em good for every thin' and suthin' to boot! Which'll ye have? [*Going to Henri—offering an uncorked bottle.*] Jest smell on't—will ye? Thare's vartoo for ye! [*placing near Henri's nose.*]

HENRI [*knocking bottle out of hand*].—I vill be strangeld! Nobody sall help me! Victor—Victor! I sall say no more nevâre! Not one leetel seelabél! [*walking about.*]

KILLUM [*to Victor*].—What's the matter with Thing-umbob?

VICTOR.—He's crazy!

KILLUM.—You don't say! [*Exit, moving cautiously toward door, eying Henri. Voice outside: "Better not go in there, old feller! He's crazy, I tell ye!"*] [*Knock—Victor opens—Henri in a rage pushes door—Worth entering.*]

HENRI [*loudly*].—Vat for you no hear, Victor? I say I vill no more nevâre—not one leetél parteckél! [*To Worth, who has regained his footing.*] Go vay, I say! Sacr-r-r!

VICTOR.—*Mon Dieu!* Professor Worth! Ten thousand pardons! [*pushing past Henri, grasps Worth's hand, shaking heartily.*] Henri, this is Professor Worth—Professor, my good friend, Henri Antoine!

HENRI [*stopping his walk for a moment and looking angrily at Worth*].—Vat I say to you, Victor? I say I vill have nevâre *professeur!* Hum! Vat is she! Oh! sac-r-r! Vat a countree! Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—But, Henri, I know this gentleman! He is a professór, Henri! Calm yourself, *mon ami!*

HENRI.—Vat you say? He is no hog, zen—no pig—no—no—

VICTOR.—Henry has been so tried this morning that he

was actually on the point of believing that we have no such personage as a professor *en verité* in the whole United States. Perhaps you saw his advertisement?

WORTH.—No. I was told by my colleague, Professor Clabot, that a countryman of his was stopping at this place, and at his request I came to render him what assistance I might.

VICTOR.—Ten thousand thousand pardons! Here is his advertisement. [*Worth reads and smiles.*] We have had all the plagues of Egypt upon us this morning, and Henri was fairly beside himself.

HENRI [*advancing and extending hand*].—Pardón—humbly pardón—*professeur*! I vas so leetél sense ven I make at you——

WORTH [*taking hand*].—Never mind that, I beg of you! You will soon become used to the ways of our people.

HENRI.—*Mais, mon Dieu, Professeur!* [*Tearing the paper with advertisement in.*] Vat a countree! Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—*Pfui, Henri!* The country is good—but some of the people! Well, Henri, give you joy! [*Grasping hands all.*] At last we've found THE PROFESSOR!

HENRI.—*Oui—oui! Mais vat a countrec! Vat a countree!*

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

## A DEBATE.

CHAIRMAN [*rapping with gavel to secure attention*].—The hour of meeting having arrived, the Association will please come to order. This evening being set apart for a debate, the Secretary will read the question proposed for discussion, together with the names of the disputants.

SECRETARY [*reads per minutes*].—The question for discussion this evening is: RESOLVED, *That, as a place of residence, the city is preferable to the country.*—The disputants upon the affirmative are Messrs. Urban, Literary, Culture, Convenience, Conventional and Finish: on the negative, Messrs. Rural, Primitive, Original, Independent, Clever and Homespun.

CHAIR.—The discussion will be opened by Mr. Urban, in support of the affirmative of the resolution.


URBAN.—Mr. President—

CHAIR.—Mr. Urban has the floor.

[*During the debate the various disputants busy themselves in taking notes of the points made by their antagonists, observing the decorum of debate.*]

URBAN.—Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: In discussing the resolution, I would say, at the outset, that the advocates of the affirmative do not propose pushing the question involved to any extreme. We regard it as maintaining that, for the average man and woman, the average condition of life in a city is more favorable than for the same person in the country—by the terms, city and country, understanding likewise what should be taken as a fair sample of each.

With the number of disputants assigned, considering the limitation as to time, sir, it will not, of course, be expected of any one of us to attempt to cover the whole ground. So far from that, sir, I shall, so far as I am concerned, call attention to but a point or two of the many which might be adduced in support of our side of the question, presuming that in so doing I shall best meet the wishes of my colleagues and at the same time come somewhat nearer doing justice to our proposition.



I advocate, sir, the claims of the city over the country as a place of residence upon the ground of the superior facilities for acquiring an education afforded by the former. The advantages of education I will not insult this audience by discussing. Everybody concedes thus much. When I speak of the facilities furnished by the city, I do not confine myself to the better system of schools, both public and private, there to be found—since the school, however excellent, is but an adjunct, an auxiliary, in obtaining the desired end. I embrace in the term the churches, the libraries, the lectures, the press, the gathering of large numbers of people, the opportunity constantly given of seeing and hearing leading men—all of which the city gives us in abundance—each and all of which tend directly to develop and build up the man. Confined to no narrow circle of observation, the mind of an inhabitant of the city can unfold to a degree unapproachable by that of one whose range of observation is circumscribed by the blank monotony of the country. Here, and here only, can one find the solitude of the individual by himself and the solitude of the same individual when in a crowd “among men, but not of them;” both eminently contributing to the growth of the individual.

Indeed, I may say, sir, in conclusion, that, if a uniform healthy progress in mental and moral development be not made by the denizen of the city, the responsibility for such failure must rest upon the individual himself, since every thing conducive to such progress is at his command,—he lives in and breathes an atmosphere, every inhalation of which should contribute to make of him a broader, better, nobler man. [*Sits himself.*]

RURAL [*after recognition by the Chair, proceeds*].—Mr. President: Opening this debate in behalf of the negative, I desire to express my hearty concurrence in the construction placed upon the resolution by the gentleman who has just taken his seat. We upon the negative, sir, desire no extreme interpretation, but are content to discuss this question upon the basis already indicated.

The gentleman claims superior educational facilities for the city. This I deny. I agree with the gentleman that each of the instrumentalities to which he alluded is of importance in obtaining an education; but I beg the gentle-

man to remember that we of the country can avail ourselves of all of them. In these days of railways and other means of ready intercommunication, remote must be that hamlet—far upon our extreme Western frontier—that cannot be brought in contact with each of them. Take the school, for example, which was but glanced at. The country lad may not, indeed, have, as a general thing, so many months' schooling at his command in the year as his city cousin; yet, if the desire be in the soul—and without this all school attendance, whether in town or country, is, I was about to say, worse than nought—if the desire to advance be his, this very fact will of itself impart a zest which the latter, accustomed to regard the school as an inevitable accompaniment of his daily life, can never feel. Indeed, I believe that the experience of our educators would corroborate my statement, that there is such a thing as too much schooling—what should be an incitement becomes a torpefying drug—what might, under other arrangements, be ever fresh, ever new, degenerates into the flat, stale and unprofitable.

As for the churches—granting, for the purpose of argument merely, that intellectual strength is the one thing requisite in the clergyman—no first-class pulpit occupant of the city but seeks the country often during the year as a relief from the wearisome treadmill round of his city calling. We of the country can grow, then, under his ministrations. The libraries, the lectures, the journals and magazines of the day—does the gentleman for a moment imagine that we are deprived of those means of growth? A trip into any country section will soon disabuse his mind.

For the education which the crowd affords, I confess I care but little; nor can I comprehend why any one should, unless it be his aim to perfect himself in the varied branches of thievery and rascality, of which the city furnishes us so many eminent professors.

While upon this topic of education, how happened it that the gentleman forgot to advance daily communion with the objects of Nature as an educational facility? Does he deny that it is such? That facility, sir, we outside barbarians assuredly have—and what its worth

those only can appreciate who, having once enjoyed it, have been for a time deprived of it.

No, sir, every educational facility which he in the town can enjoy, I in the country have equally and in as large proportion—and I add thereto the study of Nature in her laughing and in her frowning moods—in her every manifestation—from which he is utterly debarred. [*Sits himself.*]

LITERARY [*after recognition*].—Mr. President: Relative to the branch of the question which has thus far been brought forward, it must not be forgotten that we of the town have in these days of railways and other means of ready inter-communication—to use the phraseology of the gentleman who preceded me—ample opportunities of holding that communion with Nature in all her visible forms which he so much lauds as the great educational instrumentality. I suppose a man need not be, so to speak, shut up with Nature all his lifetime in order to learn from her teachings. Yet such would seem to be the drift of his argument.

The gentleman's allusion to the means of communication was rather unfortunate, it strikes me, regarded in one point of view; for certainly the almost total lack of those means, beyond the great thoroughfares of travel, is, to my mind, one of the greatest drawbacks upon a residence in the country, while the existence of those means and your ability to enjoy them constitute one of the greatest advantages of the city.

We are, if any thing, social beings. In town alone is social life to be found. In the country you are confined to the society of your own family, which, if you chance, like myself, to be a bachelor, is rather a limited circle. If you have a friend in the country whom you desire to see, what assurance have you that you will be able to meet him in the course of any year without exposing yourself to such inconveniences as must, of necessity, put any friendship to the severest test? Of the twelve months, you are in mud, snow, or slush during at least six—in dust and sand for three more—and of the remaining three, scarcely more than one—God's glorious golden October—is at your disposal, if you incline to develop your social instincts. "Can't you ride?" some may suggest. Yes, if you own a horse. But, sir, you must



remember that we are dealing with the average man ; and he—you will find, I think, by examining the assessor's lists—does not chance to be in that delightful condition. Deprived of the assistance of that quadruped, you are thrown, for the greater part of the year, upon your own self for society—a poor enough resource for the most of us, for few there be who can in truth say “my mind to me a kingdom is,” if that kingdom be worth a groat. As an inevitable consequence we become narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish, hypochondriac. To this enforced isolation I attribute in no small degree the fact that our farmers and our farmers' wives form such a large percentage of the inmates of our insane asylums. They may be owners of horses ; but their early years are consumed in toilsome work to enable them to pay for them, and when once they can call them their own, the habit of non-intercourse has become fastened upon them, and they settle down, American-Chinese that they are, in their seclusion, from which they never emerge, save to visit the grave, or that other living grave of which I just made mention.

Were it only for the superior advantages for social intercourse afforded by the city, Mr. President, I should say, commend me to a residence there among men, women and children—yes, bachelor that I am, I include the last ; since I am more than bachelor—I am man, and therefore social—among men, women and children, whose hands I can grasp, whose tones I can hear, whose features I can study, with whom I can enjoy a chat as often as we mutually agree, independent of the state of the roads, of the humors of the weather, of any of those thousand annoyances which in the country fret and worry the social man's life out of him. [*Sits himself.*]

PRIMITIVE.—Really, Mr. President, in what a woful plight the gentleman leaves us countrymen ! Working away the most of what little brains we have in early life, leaving just enough for us to go crazy on, so as to end our days free from care in a lunatic hospital ! Too poor to own a horse, and cursed with friends whom we can't visit unless we walk—and we can't walk, unless up to our eyes in mud or sand ! Candidly, isn't it horrible ?

Mr. President, I own eighty-seven acres of arable land in that heaven-forsaken portion of the earth—the country

—and I tell you, upon my honor as a countryman, I wouldn't sell it for a mill less an acre since listening to the gentleman's remarks than I would have held it at before he commenced his tirade. So you can see his philippic hasn't had much effect upon me. But I suppose I shall be classed with the narrow-minded and bigoted and selfish and so forth people that we Chinese all are, if you believe the gentleman.

Mr. President: This shilly-shallying with men and women which the gentleman styles society is, to my mind, the curse of the age. It saps all manliness, eats the core out of individuality, turns the dabbler in it into the veriest weather-cock that trembles at each whiff of the wind. He glories in his weakness. This hanging on the coat-tails of other men for your opinions is the bane of a high civilization, such as is claimed for our cities and large towns. Great cities are great sores on the body politic, said Jefferson, and I, for one, agree with him. This loneliness of the country which the gentleman so much derided is after my own heart, as I believe it is after the heart of any man—and when I say a man, I mean a man—broad-shouldered, full-chested, sound-limbed, independent, self-reliant, the product of the country; not a whiffet, a hanger-on, a ninny, a nobody, to be brained with any lady's fan—such as the town spawns upon us in the country when the dog-star rages and the sultry heat glared back from their bricks and their mortar makes their tongues to loll like—

LITERARY.—Mr President: I call the gentleman to order. He cannot indulge in personalities here. [*Excitedly.*]

CHAIR.—The gentleman will observe the proprieties of debate.

PRIMITIVE.—I will endeavor, Mr. President, to do so; but, if I should fail, this audience will overlook it, seeing that at no distant day I am to be an inmate of those houses appointed for almost all living farmers [*laughter*]. I had but a word or two more to say, Mr. President, when my nervous friend interrupted me. I'll say them now, and then I'm done. The grand thing, to my eye, connected with life in the country is, that you are thrown upon your own strength. You amount to just exactly

what you're worth, and you are worth just what you make yourself to be. There may not be so many people around you; but to me it is the rarest pleasure to be able to turn around without running my elbow into a dozen persons for whom I care nothing and who care nothing for me. Not so many—but what there are you know, and they know you. And, if you have friends, they're friends in summer and in winter. You know where to find them. Even if you don't see them but one month in a year, you know they'll be all the gladder to see you than if you were boring them every day; and when you go to see them, you're not afraid of seeing their shutters up and a placard upon the door, "Taking an account of stock." No, Mr. President, for genuine sociality within sensible bounds there's no place like the country. That's about what I have to say. [*Sits himself amidst laughter.*]

CULTURE.—Mr. President: I am glad that we are all in such a merry mood; for it shows that, whatever disagreement there may be among us, we are inclined to put the pleasantest phase upon it, and our debate, as it progresses, becomes more juicy and joyous. The utter dearth of amusements, of necessary recreation for the mind and the body, is, it must be granted, a decided disadvantage on the side of life in the country. In the city we are not subjected to this. Here the bow needn't be always bent, nor the arrow ever on the string. Such a relaxation is, I contend, a necessity for man. Without it, his life is a burden grievous to be borne. He was created with a desire for such refreshment, and it is the province of the wise law-giver to provide for the judicious gratification of that desire, as well as to correct any misuse or abuse of the provisions made.

The absence of such healthful, invigorating recreations contributes largely to that sombre sameness, that blank monotony of life with which the country has this evening been so justly charged. [*Sits.*]

ORIGINAL.—I agree with the gentleman, Mr. President, that amusements are necessary for man; but I contend that in the country we come as near hitting the golden mean between too many and too few as it is, at present, possible for man to come. For it must be borne in mind that there is no species of amusements which can be

called harmless of which we do not also have our share. We are not, to be sure, cloyed with them, so that, sick with surfeit, we turn with loathing away from what should be a feast of joy and delight for us. Here, too—as was so well claimed in behalf of schools by the gentleman who opened this debate on the negative—we are by virtue of our position better enabled to extract the profit which should be secured. Do gentlemen suppose that a holiday to a boy in town carries a fraction of the weight of joy with it that the same gift does to a boy in the country? [*Sits.*]

CONVENIENCE.—Mr. President: Among the weak points of a life in the country, as contrasted with a life in the city, one has been brought to my notice in a more marked manner than any other. This is undoubtedly owing to the peculiar position of myself and family as a collection of confirmed invalids. I allude to the difficulty of procuring suitable medical attendance when and as you need it. This may appear rather a selfish way of stating the question; but I cannot believe that myself and family are rare exceptions. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that we should be regarded rather as representatives of a class by no means small, whose condition is such that a residence in the country would necessarily involve responsibilities so great that few heads of families would care to assume it.

Indeed, sir, I entertain no doubt that many a life has been lost in the country which might—nay, would—have been spared had the admirable convenience in regard to medical attendance which the city exhibits been at hand in the country.

I do not mean, sir, to say that there are no competent physicians in the country. Far from it; but they are few and far between. The field for the exercise of their talents is too limited, the compensation too paltry, and the toil involved too great. I speak in this matter not without experience, having in my younger days ridden many a weary mile over dreary roads, up and down seemingly endless hills, night after night of discomfort, as a companion of a relative whose doom it was, in his capacity of country doctor, to go through such a disheartening routine, year in and year out, and that for the merest

pittance, which was not unfrequently never given, or, if given at all, doled out in barter at the highest rates of the most distant market.

To those, sir, who have not suffered as I have, and as those near and dear to me have, the point I make may seem of trifling importance; but I can assure all such, Mr. President, that they labor under a serious mistake. [*Sets himself.*]

INDEPENDENT.—While commiserating, sincerely commiserating, Mr. President, the unfortunate condition in which my friend and his family are placed, I cannot allow any considerations simply personal to be adduced as arguments against our side of the question.

It is true, Mr. President, as the gentleman has remarked, that we have not an abundance of first-rate physicians among us; and one of the reasons which was brought forward to account for it is, for me, the strongest argument for a country life that can be made. Why this dearth of physicians—I will not say of good physicians—but of physicians generally? Simply and solely, sir, because we do not need them. Our life is too simple, our tastes too primitive, our habits too regular, to make a paying practice for a physician, except in those very rare instances when an epidemic, swarming from the filth and miasms of the city, settles upon us.

What is life, Mr. President, whether in city or country, without health? And is not the objection just urged by the gentleman himself proof of the strongest kind that we in the country are blessed with health to a degree unknown by residents in town?

If my friend would allow me to offer a suggestion—and I am sure he will take it in good part, since we all know he is one of the very few whom no amount of ill-health can rob of that most delightful of adornments, a cosy geniality of nature—[*Convenience bows his head in acknowledgment of the compliment*].—I would say that, even in his own case, I am firm in the faith that a transfer of himself and his family to the country—though he be consigned to the tender mercies of such of the healing craft as he will find there—will work more in the way of cure than the ablest medical talent of the city can secure. [*Sets himself. Convenience shakes head negatively.*]

CONVENTIONAL.—Mr. President: As the question is taking a turn bearing upon the comparative comforts of a life here or there, what have gentlemen upon the other side to set against those latter-day necessities of gas and telegraph communication? The former of these will assuredly be deemed of no slight importance by those whose fate it may have been to be tortured by the half-light, half-darkness of the so-called strained oil of the country grocery, or—supposing the person could not endure that strain—by the glare and smoke and stench of the kerosene, or—chiefest, wretchedness for those who fain would read or write by night—by the darkness-made-visible of the tallow dip, no matter how many to the pound—the more candles the more darkness. Contrast with any of these gross insults to, or miserable apologies for “holy light, offspring of heaven first-born,” the mild, mellow liquidness of lustre which gas yields you, and who, that thinks of the long winter nights, created it would seem expressly for reading and meditation, would such fardels bear as the country condemns you to in this regard?

Then, too, Mr. President, to talk with your friends, or the absent one, or your business correspondent, hundreds of miles away, with nearly the same ease and rapidity as if either were sitting across the room—what have our country friends to say to this advantage of ours? They may say—and I grant it—that they, too, have this facility; but it is only at detached points—it does not enter into the web and woof of their hourly life as with us.

So, upon the question of the blessings of gas light, they may affect to scout the night as the time for study, devoting it to the drowsy god, and read us homilies on the advantage of early rising and the value of the young morning hours for study; but, sir, no man at all familiar with the recommendations of advanced sanitarians, who find in these hours little else than miasms and bugs and frogs and unhealthfulness, would dare assume any such ground.

I confess, Mr. President, to no little curiosity to learn how our friends upon the other side are to offset those comforts which I have glanced at. [*Sits.*]

CLEVER.—The gentleman's curiosity shall be gratified, Mr. President, so far as it is in my power. While I do

not deny that comfort is, to a certain extent, obtainable from the matters to which he has so earnestly called our attention, contending, at the same time, as he has hinted by way of anticipation, that, so far as one is concerned, we are sharers with him, and touching the other, that science will, at no distant day, open up to our country homes the advantages of the other, improved and cheapened—I, in behalf of the country, whose side I espouse, not merely because assigned so to do, but from earnest conviction, set over and against these and all other assumed advantages of the city, the greatest blessing of all—pure air.

I am well aware, Mr. President, that it would be a thankless task to endeavor to convince our thoroughly-posted city men that they have scarcely an infinitesimal quantity of this valuable—say, rather, indispensable—commodity at their command; that a whiff of it, should their lungs chance to inhale it, would produce much the same effect upon their system as the inhalation of highly oxygenated gas. A thankless task—and yet it is, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, true.

Their breathing apparatus has been so long accustomed to deal with the deleterious compound made up of the reekings of sewers and cess-pools and decayed vegetation and defunct animals and human filth, which they call air, that, I fear me much, had it once to do with the pure, unadulterated article, combined as the chemists prescribe, it would hardly know what to do with the rarity. The old lady, you will remember, Mr. President—she lived in town, of course—had become so accustomed to what she called good milk, that when her milkman, who had determined to lead a better life, as an honest man, eschewing chalk and water, furnished her with genuine milk, she discharged him incontinently, with many an exclamation against the rascality of the world in general and milk-men in particular. So I apprehend it would be, in the case I have put, with our city friends.

The truth is—but you cannot make them believe it—they would not know pure air, if they should encounter it. We prize it as our greatest blessing; they would be sorely disappointed in it. So, Mr. President, was the London cockney about the sunrise. Having heard such a

to-do made all his lifetime about the splendors of that performance of nature, he sat up one night that he might be in time to witness it the next morning. Ascending a hill, he waited the moment of His Majesty's appearance. Slowly, at length, the god of day appeared above the horizon. His companion called his attention to the luminary. Our cockney friend stared a few moments, when, unable longer to repress his disgust, "Faugh!" said he, "His that the way hit's done? Hi thought hit just went up like a rocket—so!" suiting the action to the word! [*Sets himself—general laughter.*]

CHAIRMAN [*looking at watch*].—The time allotted for debate upon the general merits of the resolution having expired, Mr. Finish will close in behalf of the affirmative, to be followed by Mr. Homespun for the negative.

FINISH.—Mr. President: While I yield obedience to that article of our Constitution as an association which forbids the disputant who closes a debate upon either side from entering into general debate and restricts him to a summing-up, merely, of the points claimed to have been made by the side which he advocates, I must upon this occasion express my regret that I am not allowed to say a word, at least, in reply to the gentleman who has just closed.

[*Cries from affirmative, "Go on!" "Go on!" Negative, "No!" "No!"*]

CHAIRMAN [*rapping*].—Members of the Association will please preserve order. The rule is imperative, and cannot be suspended, save by a two-thirds vote of the members present. [*Finish sits.*]

LITERARY.—I move, Mr. President, a suspension of the rule.

[*The motion is seconded, put, and declared lost, after a standing vote has been called for.*]

FINISH.—Inferring, Mr. President, from the vote just taken that the Association have heard enough from our side of this question, I will content myself and oblige them by a brief summing-up of the arguments which we think we have brought forward to establish the affirmative of the resolution, that as a place of residence the city is preferable to the country.

1. Because of the superior educational facilities afforded,



including therein every instrumentality which tends directly or indirectly to develop man.

2. Because of the greater facilities for social intercourse, growing out of the better condition of roads and the ready command of cheap means of conveyance in unpleasant weather.

3. Because of the greater variety and number of amusements, without which man fails to be all that he was intended to be.

4. Because of the larger number of capable medical attendants, whose services will, at one time or another, be called into requisition by the most of us.

5. Because of the convenience of gas-light and telegraphic communication. [*Sits himself.*]

CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Homespun will close the debate.

HOMESPUN.—Mr. President: The negative claim to have established the following propositions:

1. That so far as educational facilities are concerned, the country, within reasonable limits, is not surpassed by the city, while it opens to all the book of Nature, sealed to them in the town.

2. That the kind of social intercourse afforded by the country, while not so promiscuous as that of the city, is yet more serviceable, as it brings one in contact with more reliable people, and, from its limitation, throwing one more upon his own resources, tends to make of him more of a man.

3. That the amusements of the country, though fewer than those of the city, do yet recreate more, as they do not cloy or surfeit.

4. That, although the number of capable medical attendants in the country is less than in the city, yet as this results from the better state of general health in the former, it is to be counted a decided advantage.

5. That greater than any physical convenience to be found in the city is the inestimable blessing of pure air. [*Sits.*]

CHAIRMAN.—It is made my duty as Chairman of Debate to give my decision in favor of the affirmative or of the negative of the resolution. In doing this I am to be guided exclusively by the weight of the arguments brought forward. What may be my individual opinion as to the

merits is not to influence, nor am I allowed to enter into the reasons which force my conclusion.

Confining myself, then, strictly to the limits prescribed, I decide that, so far as the weight of arguments adduced this evening is concerned [*disputants await the decision eagerly*], the supporters of the negative [*countenances of affirmative drop—corresponding elation on part of negative*] have the best of the debate.

[*Finish moves an adjournment, which is carried.*]



TRYING TO KEEP UP THE APPEAR-  
ANCE OF A GENTLEMAN.

## CHARACTERS.

DASH, a moneyless dandy.

RIGGS, }  
WRIGHT, } Boarders at same house with Dash.

MR. BROWN, a tailor.

MRS. BOLTON, landlady.

BETTY, a servant.

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SCENE I.—*Dash at home. Enter Mr. Brown.*

BROWN.—Good-evening, Mr. Dash.

DASH.—Good-evening. Take a seat, Mr. Brown.

B.—I quite congratulate myself on finding you at home, Mr. Dash. I have called a number of times, but have never been so fortunate as to meet with you till now.

D.—I have been from home very frequently of late, that is true.

B.—Times are pretty hard with us mechanics now, Mr. Dash. I have called to see if you could pay me for that suit of clothes I made you!

D.—I am very sorry, Mr. Brown; it is really impossible for me to pay you this evening. You have called in an unlucky moment, for I have no money about me at present.

B.—That is the way with you. Always having some excuse. You are the hardest man to get a little money out of I ever saw. I can't tell for my part how you manage to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, for you never have any money now-a-days.

D.—I do not think that is any of your business.

B.—I shall make it my business, if you do not tip me over a little cash before long. I have asked for it about as often as I am going to. I shall go down to 'Squire Brinton, to see if he can tell me a way to get it.

D.—Indeed, Mr. Brown, there is no need of your getting in a passion about it. If you will only wait a few days longer, I will have the money for you.

B.—Well, I will wait for a week, but at the expiration of that time I must have it. I will leave you the bill [*Brown hands Dash a piece of paper*], and you may call and leave the money. Good-evening, sir!

[*Exit Brown.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Well, really, he has gone off in a better humor than I expected he would, for I must own I began to get a little scared. I don't know how I am to keep up much longer. There is the landlady, too, she will be wanting some money before long. Hark! there she comes now.

[*Enter Landlady.*]

MRS. BOLTON.—I have just stepped in to see if you will settle your board-bill, Mr. Dash—it has been two months since we last settled. You *must* pay more punctually or find other lodging.

D.—How very unfortunate! The gentleman who just left was collecting a bill which took pretty much all my loose change, but I will have it for you in a few days.

MRS. B.—You will oblige me if you will, for I have use for the money and should like to have it.

[*Exit Mrs. Bolton.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Well, there, I have promised to pay, but I don't know where the money is to come from to do it with. I shall *have* to go to work—tailor, landlady, washerwoman, and heaven knows how many more I owe. I'll hang, drown, or shoot myself. No! I'll go and marry 'Squire Brinton's daughter Sallie—the old fellow has money enough to keep me a gentleman all the days of my—

[*Enter Mr. Riggs.*]

MR. RIGGS [*interrupting*].—Hallo, there, Dash, what on earth are you muttering about? One might judge from your looks you were going to hang yourself.

D.—Why, Riggs, how came you to guess so near? I

was thinking about getting married, and you know that is pretty nearly as bad.

R.—Get married! Why, Dash, what in the name of all that's bright put that in your head? You surely have not discovered that you have a heart, and some fair angel has won it. Get married! Well, in the name of all that's strange, how came you to think of it?

D.—Sit down here, Riggs, and I will tell you all about it. I may as well make a clean breast of it at once as not. Well now, Riggs, you see the little bit of money my uncle left me is about spun, and you know I'm in debt over head and ears, and how to get out of it I cannot tell. I feel myself to be too much of a gentleman to go to work, so I have come to the conclusion either to hang myself or hunt up some rich damsel and get married. I believe I will prefer the latter.

R.—Y-e-s, Dash, but suppose you cannot find one who will have you?

D.—No fear of that. You know the goddess of beauty has been very liberal in bestowing a goodly share to me; besides, girls set their hearts on the cut of a coat and the curl of a moustache, and I am just in the tip of the mode.

R.—Yes, that you are; but what lady will be so fortunate as to have the offer of your hand and heart?

D.—Why, there is old 'Squire Brinton's daughter Sallie. She is not one of the wittiest girls in the world, to be sure, and besides she is a little older than I care to marry, but then her father has plenty of cash, and money makes up all deficiencies.

R.—Yes, money will do it. How soon do you propose making a strike?

D.—Why, now—right off—the sooner the better. We will go sing her a song to-night. You help me. You know the serenade called "Wake, lady, wake."

R.—Yes; but if I assist you, I shall come in for a share—not of the bride, but the old fellow is pretty feeble and cannot last long, and when you get all things in your own hands, do not forget your old acquaintance.

D.—No, that I shall not; but come, let's be off.

[*Exit Dash and Riggs.*]

SCENE II.—*Re-enter Dash and Riggs, who sing—Air,  
Come, come away.*

“Wake, lady, wake, from sweet sleep reposing,  
The stars to-night are shining bright,  
Then wake, wake, I pray!  
Oh, wake and list a while to me,  
A song of love I'll sing to thee,  
Of hope, love, fidelity;  
Then wake, wake, I pray.

“A heart that is true, within my bosom beating,  
I'll give to thee, if thou wilt be  
My bride, blithe and gay.  
Come, come and bless my home on earth,  
For ah, full well I know thy worth,  
And in peace, joy and mirth,  
Will pass time away.

“Then speak, lady, speak, thy lover doth implore thee,  
One word of thine; wilt thou be mine?—  
Oh, speak, speak, I pray——”

[*A black woman puts her head out through the curtain,  
and squalls out*—Gemman, if it be's me you come to  
ser'nade, sing some fash'nable air.

[*Gentlemen exeunt crest-fallen.*]

SCENE III.—*Messrs. Dash, Riggs and Wright at breakfast  
table.*

WRIGHT.—Dash, you and Riggs look as if you had the  
blues pretty badly this morning. I lay a wager you have  
been out on some love-scraper last night.

R.—You bet we were; and if we didn't make a pretty  
thing of it, I wouldn't say so!

W.—Ha, ha! what's in the wind now?

R.—That's Dash's secret.

D.—Oh, well! Wright will not blow—let him hear the  
joke.

R.—Dash and I went down to old 'Squire Brinton's

last night to serenade Sallie. We had just stationed ourselves in our most graceful position, and were doing the thing bewitchingly, when who should put her head out of the window but an old nigger woman, and squall out some of her pesky darkey gibberish, and we were glad to sneak off for fear we would attract attention. And to make matters worse, as we left the window, we heard a merry laugh that didn't sound a bit like a darkey's.

W.—That is just like some of Sallie's tricks. Ha! ha!

D.—I should say, one of Sallie's tricks. We only got under the wrong window. I shall try it again, one of these nights.

W.—'Twill be of no use, for Sallie will not thank you.

R.—I will bet fifty dollars that Dash and she are married one of these days.

W.—Down with your money. I'll take that bet.

R.—Well, now, don't you think they will be?

W.—No matter what I think; where's the fifty dollars? Eh! back out, will you?

R.—No. What will we do with it?

W.—Let Dash hold the wager. He's the party concerned, but we will trust to his honor.

D. [*takes the money.*].—Now, gentlemen, if Sallie and I are married within what time?

R.—Six months.

W.—All right.

D.—If we are married within six months, I hand this money to Riggs as his property; but if we are not married within that period, the money is Wright's, and I shall return it into his hands. Do I understand you aright?

W.—Perfectly. I feel pretty sure I shall win.

R.—Do not be too sure; remember, Dash is a captor of women's hearts.

W.—Well, I do not fear if he is—but how time flies; it is late. Let us take a stroll this morning.

D.—I hope you'll have the goodness to excuse me. I have some letters to write.

R.—A woman's excuse; but I suppose we will have to accept it. Come, Wright.

W.—Some important business, I suppose; but it is not

with Sallie Brinton, for she and I have been engaged these three months.

[*Exit Wright and Riggs.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Wright and Sallie engaged! whew! If that don't beat all between earth and heaven! Sallie engaged! Well, there's no show for me, for when her mind's made up, it stands—dumb as she is. [*Walks about—whistles softly.*] One hundred dollars and some change besides—luck's on my side yet. I'll take it and go where Wright, Riggs, and tailor, will never hear—no, nor landlady, eith—

[*Enter landlady, in haste.*]

MRS. B.—No, you won't go, neither, Mr. Dash, till you pay me what you owe me, or I shall—

D. [*surprised.*].—Why, Mrs. Bolton, who said any thing about my going? Surely, you are mistaken.

MRS. B.—No, I'm not mistaken, either. You should not speak quite so loud when alone. You have the money. I must have what you owe me; the bill is forty dollars.

D.—I shall not pay you now: wait till I am ready [*turning to go*].

MRS. B. [*at the door.*].—Betty, Betty, bring the broom, quick.

[*Enter Betty, with the broom.*]

MRS. B.—Betty, Dash is treating me shamefully—is going to leave without paying his board. Suppose you try the strength of your shoulders and that broom over his back; there are more ways than one to settle accounts.

[*Betty advances with broom raised.*]

D.—Oh, yes, Mrs. Bolton, I will pay you [*pays her*]. I am very sorry you thought me in earnest. I had no thought of leaving you; but if you request it, I can soon find another home.

MRS. B.—Not another day will I trust you; so pack off as soon as convenient. Come, Betty. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

D.—Well, I wish I hadn't talked quite so loud; but I'm off now, and Wright may take Sallie, and be hanged to him! [*Exit.*]



## WAITING FOR THE STAGE.

## CHARACTERS.

SIMPLE SIMON, JR., a victimized Western youth.

BROADBRIM BRAITHWAITE, a Friend.

SILAS PARTRIDGE, commercial traveller.

MR. STUNNER, a Southerner.

JAMES PLUSH, a nice young man.

FRANZ MAHLER, artist.

AMELIA, sister of Franz, just from Germany.

MRS. FLYNN, Irish grocery-woman.

DANIEL AND ELLEN, her children.

MRS. BUNCH, elderly lady.

LUCELIA FLUTTERBY, } fashionable misses.  
FLORA FENTON, }

*Office of Puckertown Stage—Dingy little room—Hard-looking settees—Floor untidy with dirt, tobacco spittle, cigar-stumps, and litter—Walls covered with stage and railway hand-bills, notices, &c.*

STUNNER [*addressing Broadbrim, the only passenger yet in waiting*].—So we've got to wait an hour and better before the stage starts?

BROADBRIM.—Thee'll not see the stage before three o'clock, friend.

STUNNER.—It's mighty tedious, this yer waitin'! It's right smart to three yet, I reckon. [*Taking out watch.*] Humph! She's stopped!

BROADBRIM.—Thee has friends in Puckertown?

STUNNER.—My nephew lives out several miles on the road. It's some years now since I've travelled that way. Yesterday was a juicy day—I didn't think I'd get to go to-day. However, it has turned out pretty enough.

BROADBRIM.—Fine day for harvesting.

STUNNER.—Yes—since the blackberry rain the crops

have had a smart chance to ripen. How do things look about you?

BROADBRIM.—Very well—very well indeed. [*Pause.*]

[*Simple Simon enters and looks around inquiringly—finally, having perused the bills on the walls, seats himself.*]

I don't know when grain has looked finer. I think not for years.

SIMON.—I say, strānger [*to Broadbrim*], do you know whether anybody round these diggins wants help? I thought as you spoke of harvestin' it mought be you'd know where a chap like me could get a job.

[*Stunner devotes himself to the handbills.*]

BROADBRIM.—Thee wasn't raised in these parts, I observe.

SIMON.—No—most likely I wasn't. 'Pears like as if I was pretty much run agin a stump in 'em, anyhow! [*Attempting to laugh.*]

BROADBRIM.—Does thee speak of some misfortune? Perhaps thee has not fared well, or has lost something?

SIMON.—Not exactly lost any thing.

BROADBRIM.—I trust thee's not fallen into bad company. Thee certainly looks as if thee was not accustomed to such.

SIMON.—You're right, strānger; I begin to think I was a fool for leaving the shebang. I could whip my weight in wildcats, if I was only once on the perary agin.

PARTRIDGE [*entering—catching the last part of remark—halts*].—You never heerd tell of 'Bije Skinner round Chicager or Iówer, did you, boy? [*To Simon.*]

SIMON.—Nary Skinner. But how'd yer know I come from Chicager?

PARTRIDGE.—I guessed as much from your yaller skin and your trick of the tongue. Don't hev no fever'n ager out that way, do you? They hev it *jest beyond*, don't they?

SIMON.—Whatever you may signify by that, you won't find such rantankerous scoundrels—not by a long shot—as walk the streets to the east'ard.

PARTRIDGE.—I didn't mean to rile your feelings—couldn't take offence at what I said. I'll leave it to the gentleman [*turning to Broadbrim*].

BROADBRIM.—Indeed, I think not. The young man seems a little uneasy about something that has occurred outside. I was just thinking where he might find business this way.

PARTRIDGE [*to Simon*].—O—h! Lost your chist?

SIMON.—Bein' as you act like you were inclined to hear, I'll give you jest a mite of my history. [*Plush enters and becomes a listener.*] You see as how I was raised out toward the frontier whar people make each other mighty welcome and jine aginst the Ingins. I've had some experience in that line myself, though I've only jist turned of age. I've lived through dumb-ager and the like, but the gold fever got me bad a few weeks ago, and the folks tried to help me off. We scraped together, among us all, money enough to pay my shot to Australy; but them-as has knocked around this way before told me over and over agin not to let them New Yorkers cheat me—and the fact is, stränger, I've ben and gone and done it, without the least notion of hevin' it done.

PARTRIDGE.—You don't say! Du tell!

SIMON.—Yes, but I do, though—and sorry enough I am to do it, too. Why [*leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and emphasizing with his hands*], I'd got clear down to the Australy steamer, lookin' for a ticket-office, when a good-lookin' feller with his biled shirt and store-clothes on come along, and I asked for a little information. "Oh, goin' to Australy!" said he, "I've ben there—I'll show you where to git your ticket; or just hand me your money, and I'll git it for you!" And so I did, like a catawampous fool—but he was gone, like shot off a shovel, and the perlice couldn't help me. It's meaner'n any skullduggery we have out in our ked'ntry. The sneakin' painter! He jest pulled the wool right over my eyes, and I came mighty near hevin' nary red left to my name. I promised to send 'em some word hum, but I'll be lynched if I ain't ashamed to let 'em know how owdaciously I've ben gulled. It puts me back a heap, I tell *you*. Never expected I should come so near goin' up in all my life.

PARTRIDGE.—That's the game of these confidence men. "Misery likes company," they say; and I might tell how I went through 'bout the same kind of dicker. The feller

pretended to know all my first wife's relations—and hang me if I stopped to think, all the time he was jabberin', that I never was married! Fact, I declare! Now talk about your fools—will yer? 'I will do you good! Did me—nothin' like gettin' your eye-teeth cut early! Ye'll look out sharper next time. What are ye goin' to do?

SIMON.—Work my passage out or back agin.

BROADBRIM.—Thee seems honest, friend.

SIMON.—Middlin', I reckon. I say, stränger, have you turned it over yit whether thar's work anywhar about you?

BROADBRIM.—Thee's welcome to my entertainment till thee has judged whether thee can be suited.

SIMON.—Thank ye, stränger! Glad of so good a port in a storm.

[*Franz Mahler, gentleman with slight foreign air and accent, has meanwhile entered with Amelia, neatly dressed but somewhat noticeable from the foreign look of her attire—points her to a seat—she sits with a curious satchel in hand, looking about—he takes out newspaper and reads.*]

PARTIDGE [*to Broadbrim*].—I think I've seen your face afore, Mister!

BROADBRIM.—Thee has the advantage of me, then, friend!

PARTIDGE [*to Stunner*].—That young man [*pointing to Plush who has taken a seat by Stunner*] ain't your son—is he?

STUNNER.—Not that I ever heard mentioned. 'Pears like a sort of somebody, though—if he didn't make me think of a lieutenant that took off some of my horses during the war.

PLUSH.—I'm not the sort they make those characters out of, sir! [*somewhat resenting the insinuation.*]

STUNNER.—I should think not. Them chaps did a heap of stealin' over and above what they had any authority for. I owed the whole set a grudge afore they stole hălf my property. I never bought or sold a man in my life; but that emancipation swindle took off fifty blacks born and raised on the place I inherited from my father.

PLUSH.—It did! What a loss! And you git nothin' from Gover'ment for all that?

STUNNER.—All my horses stolen—and threats that I'd

have to vamose the ranch myself if I didn't look out! I laughed in my sleeve some when they thought to take me for givin' aid to the South; and thinks I to myself, "Young man, there's a case against you for takin' the horse that carried the man that carried the money to my son in the Confederate army, down in Georgy!"

PLUSH.—Well!—I declare!

STUNNER.—Now, here's a thing I've thought of [*rolling a quid in mouth*], and I've asked a good many and never got any answer—[*taking out greenback*]—how, when you give your note to a man, it isn't worth any thing—is it—if your name is printed on it? You must sign it—mustn't you?

PLUSH.—Of course you must.

STUNNER.—Well, then [*Broadbrim draws near*], here are these notes all over the country, promisin' millions—not one of 'em signed. Who's responsible? Did you ever think of that?

PLUSH.—Well—I declare—that's a puzzler to me!

STUNNER.—It may be one of my old-farmer notions, but I'd like to see any lawyer prove the constitutionality of that! What is perishable is not legal tender—only gold and silver are legal tender. I wouldn't give a picayune for all the government bonds in existence.

BROADBRIM.—Friend, thee'd better stick to thy calling. Politics is less honorable and profitable than farming.

STUNNER.—A man can speak his mind, I reckon, in some parts of this country, yet, sir.

[*Misses Lucelia and Flora, dressed in the extreme of fashion, rush in—look around and talk loudly, with an affected drawl.*]

LUCELIA.—Why, Flor, there isn't no ticket office! [*whirling around to look for her companion.*]

FLORA.—Of course not—only a box to wait in.

LUCELIA.—Well, I'm not going to wait here—that's fixed! [*standing with nose elevated and chewing tip of parasol.*] Come, Flor.

[*Their attention arrested by the appearance of Amelia; they stand staring, till Amelia, overcome by modest sensitiveness, blushes—her eyes drop, and tears fall—they smile contemptuously and pass away.*]

LUCELIA [*as she retires*].—Did you ever, Flor? I thought it would kill me dead!

PARTRIDGE.—Carried consid'ble sail—they are! [*spitting*].

FRANZ [*looking up from paper and surprised to see sister weeping*].—Was ist mit dir, Amelia? Du weinst!

AMELIA.—Ich weiss nicht. Ich habe nichts gethan!

PARTRIDGE.—Them little chits needn't have been quite so sassy as to stare and laugh a body so out of countenance 'cause that body didn't cut just so outlandish a figger as they did! Do 'em good to be taken down a notch or two!

FRANZ [*rising and walking about*].—'Tis but a sample of American politeness! [*warmly*]. Everywhere in dis country one is struck by de vulgarity of its men and women. Gentlemen and ladies, dey do call themselves; but who, except demselves, can recognize dem by dat title? I speak of dem as a class. Dey are so seldom wurdy dat distinction. Dey are destitute of de first element dat goes to make such characters. One dat travels can most easily notice de difference. A woman can claim so much in dis country and presume upon her prerogatives! 'Tis too much, unless she have sense enough to know her place. Pardon me, gentlemen, I did not intend to say so much; but wid de repeated instances I have witnessed, I am doroughly disgusted. When a woman does unsex herself and drow away her dignity, I have just as much right to slap her face as I have to slap a man's—and I would do it, too! Dese American snobs! Pf-st! Dey do excite one now and den almost beyond his reason! [*vehemently*].

PARTRIDGE [*to Plush*].—Pütty plucky little furrinér, anyhow!

FRANZ.—I am republican—I don't say Black Republican to narrow the word—but I speak broadly. I have been an exile dese seventeen years for dat cause—for de boyish dreams. I secure de privilege of visiting my faderland by much trouble. I do despise dese people who make money deir standard—whose only title to nobility is noding but money—who have no past, no brains, no anyding but vulgar airs! I have seen too much equality, even in despotic countries—where all races, ranks, and

colors meet togeder, receiving respect for deir humanity—not to be ashamed of de type of republicanism one sees in cars and omnibuses and on the streets! [*Pauses.*]

PARTRIDGE.—My! ain't his dander riz!

FRANZ [*boot unluckily hit by an ejected quid*].—Ladies! Gentlemen! *Pfui!* Bipedes, that shpit and shpit and shpit demselves all to shpit! Shpit here—[*pointing*].—shpit dere — shpit everywhere! [*Gesticulating.*] In Germany gentlemen shpit nowhere. [*Turns to Amelia, who, not understanding him, looks somewhat frightened and wondering: Ist nichts, Amelia! Ist nichts! Resumes seat and reads. Door opens—Mrs. Bunch, with a bundle, smiling and trotting along, looks for a seat. Franz jumps up and offers his, into which she sinks, smiling still more.*]

MRS. B.—We're a heap of trouble! Ha—ha—ha! [*Plush whistles "Wait for the Wagon!"*]

FRANZ.—Not at all, madam!

MRS. FLYNN [*rushing in, loaded with budgets and bundles, followed by her children*].—Find a sate thare! Find a sate, chilther! Misther, jest give the chilther the tip end of nothing—will yees? [*To Broadbrim, who, near the end of the settee, manages to give a little more room.*] Have you the umberil, Ellie?

ELLEN.—Yas, mither!

BROADBRIM [*interested in boy's appearance*].—What is thy name, my little man?

DANIEL [*bashfully*].—Dân-yel.

BROADBRIM.—Daniel! Thee must prove a good man to merit thy name.

MRS. F. [*looking over budgets, thinks she has lost something*].—Holy mither! Ellie, where iver did the man put the shoes?

ELLIE.—In the baskit, mither—at the bottom.

MRS. F.—Let me look and be shure—or I lose me day's work! [*After rummaging, finds them and composes herself*]

BROADBRIM [*offering seat*].—Thee will find it more comfortable to sit than to stand.

MRS. F. [*accepting*].—Thank ye, sir! Much obleeged to yees, sir! Thank ye, sir—savin' yer prisince, ye's a most lady-like gentleman! Here, darlints! [*Handing*

*each child a ginger-cake.*] Ate, and make yersilves as asy as ye can!

PARTRIDGE [*to Franz, putting away paper*].—What's the news, mister? How's gold?

FRANZ.—140, I believe.

PARTRIDGE.—Goin' up—ain't it? What's the reason, now, I wonder?

FRANZ.—France anticipates war, I believe.

PARTRIDGE.—You don't come from France, I calkerlate?

FRANZ.—No—I am from Hanover.

PARTRIDGE.—Now, where's that? Much of a place? When I've managed to pile away a few rocks I mean to spend 'a day or two lookin' round over there. Never ben to Nyagery—have ye? You oughter go there. You look like one of them as makes picters—ain't ye? [*Awaiting a reply.*]

FRANZ.—I am an artist, sir—and have seen Niagara.

PARTRIDGE.—I thought's much. Wall, as I was goin' to say, when I was there once an old chap was along who didn't seem to know what to say about it. "That's majestic!" says I. "Thank you!" said he, "I was at a loss for a word!" "It's the most beautifullest, majesticest thing I ever seen," says I. I expect he hain't got away yit, the old feller. That's your sister—ain't it?

FRANZ.—Excuse me, sir—I cannot tolerate your impertinence longer! [*Walking away.*]

PARTRIDGE.—'Pears a leetle huffy! [*Drawing towards Mrs Bunch.*] Trav'lin' alone?

MRS. B.—Yes—nigh on to thirty yeer since he went. He was a nice good man—he was! He was a peacemaker—Mr. Bunch was! And I trust he went straight to Beelzebub's bosom—I do!

PARTRIDGE.—You don't say! Was he rich? Any children?

MRS. B.—I didn't quite understand you, sir! Yes—out to my son-in-law's—owns a pretty large farm—seven children—three boys and four girls—all down with the small-pox or suthin' a bit ago—Doctor called it measles gone astray. I don't know what it was.

STUNNER [*to Broadbrim*].—Three and better—ain't it? I'll lay we've waited here more'n two hours.



BROADBRIM [*looking at watch*].—Thee's wrong, friend. It lacks seven minutes of three.

PARTRIDGE [*to Mrs. Flynn*].—Better git your traps together, marm—hadn't ye? Stage'll be along d'rectly!

MRS. F.—Who are ye, sir? I've been over this road many a day, an' niver a bit without payin' me fare, sir! But I niver saw the likes of ye here before!

LUCELIA [*rushing in with Flora*].—Oh dear! I'm just dead! I thought we should miss it, after all!

FLORA.—Aren't we lucky? Just in time!

[*Plush rises and offers seat. Flora seats herself. Lucelia looks as if Mr. Stunner should relinquish his, remarking: "No gentleman! Not to give a seat to a lady!" Horn is heard.*]

PARTRIDGE.—Hooray! The hominy-pot's arriv! [*rushing out to secure a seat.*]

[*Stunner seizes portmanteau and frantically endeavors to get out.*]

PLUSH [*to Lucelia and Flora*].—Shall I secure the back seat for you, ladies?

BOTH.—Please, sir!

[*Plush leaves, followed by them.*]

BROADBRIM [*to Simon awaking from a nap*].—Friend, thee accompanies me, I believe?

SIMON.—As you say, strünger!

[*Mrs. Bunch hobbles out after Mrs. Flynn, children and bundles. Franz follows with Amelia.*]

FRANZ [*to Broadbrim*].—Deliver us from bundles, 'baccy and boxes—the universal accompaniment of American travelling!

[*Curtain falls.*]



## THE TROUBLESOME INVESTMENT.

DRAMATIZED FROM

J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S "COUPON BONDS."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. DUCKLOW, a miserly old farmer.

MRS. DUCKLOW, his wife.

X THADDEUS, adopted son of Mr. Ducklow.

MISS BESWICK, a tall, gaunt spinster, dressing old style.

X REUBEN, a returned soldier, also adopted son of Mr. Ducklow.

SOPHRONIA, his wife.

RUBY, their little son.

FERRING, } neighbors of Reuben.

JEPWORTH, }

JOSIAH, son-in-law of Mr. Ducklow.

LAURA, his wife.

DICK ATKINS, friend of Thaddeus.

FARMER ATKINS, and others.

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SCENE I.—*A kitchen—Mrs. Ducklow sitting knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp—A table set with a single plate, knife and fork, etc., etc.*

TADDY [*behind the stair door, reluctantly kicking off a pair of trousers*].—Say, ma, need I go to bed now [*starting to pull on trousers*]? He'll want me to hold the lantern for him to take care of the hoss.

MRS. DUCKLOW.—No, no, Taddy. You'll only be in the way, if you set up. Besides, I want to mend your pants.

TAD.—You're always wantin' to mend my pants [*whining*]. I wish there wasn't such a thing as pants in the world.

MRS. D.—Don't talk that way, after all the trouble and expense we've been to clothe you! Where would you be now, if it wern't for me and your Pa Ducklow!

TAD. [*muttering.*].—I shouldn't be goin' to bed when I don't want to!

MRS. D.—You ungrateful child! Wouldn't be goin' to bed when you don't want to! You wouldn't be going to bed when you *want* to, more likely; for ten to one you wouldn't have a bed to go to. Think of the sitewation you was in when we adopted ye, and then talk that way!

TAD. [*thrusting his hand into his pants and tearing the hole larger, talking to himself.*].—If she likes to patch so well, let her.

MRS. D.—Taddy, you are tearing them pants.

TAD.—I was pullin' 'em off. I never see such mean cloth. Can't tech it but it has to tear. Say, ma, do you think he'll bring me home a drum?

MRS. D.—You'll know in the morning.

TAD.—I want to know to *night*. He said maybe he would. Say, can't I set up?

MRS. D.—I'll let ye know whether ye can set up after you're been told so many times [*lays down her knitting and seizes a rattan, and Taddy elopes*].

TAD. [*up-stairs.*].—I'm a-bed! Say, ma, I'm a-bed; I'm 'most asleep a'ready!

MRS. D.—It's a good thing for you, you be [*gathering up the pants Taddy dropped.*].—Why, Taddy, how ye did tear them! I've a good notion to give you a trouncing now. [*Taddy snores, Mrs. D takes up the pants and examines them.*] It is mean cloth, as he says. For my part, I consider it a great misfortune that shoddy was ever invented. Ye can't buy any sort of a ready-made garment for boys now-a-days, but it comes to pieces, on the least wear or strain, like so much brown paper [*sits down and shapes the patch—sounds of wheels without—looks out into the darkness*]. That you?

MR. D.—Yes.

MRS. D.—Ye want the lantern?

MR. D.—No, jest set the lamp in the winder, and I guess I can get along. Whoa!

MRS. D. [*in low voice.*].—Had good luck?

MR. D.—I'll tell ye when I come in.

TAD. [*shouting from the bedroom.*].—Has he brought me a drum?

Mrs. D.—Do ye want me to come up there and tend to ye?

TAD.—No, I don't.

Mrs. D.—You be still and go to sleep, then, or you'll get drummed!

[*Mrs. D. busy setting up the meal. Enter Mr. D., with packages of sugar, tea, box of matches, etc., etc.*]

Mrs. D. [*relieving him of his bundles.*].—Did you buy—

Mrs. D.—[*points inquiringly at the stair door.*]

Mrs. D.—Taddy? Oh, he's abed! though I never in my life had such a time to git him off out of the way; for he'd somehow got possessed of the idee that you was to buy something, and he wanted to set up and see what it was.

Mr. D.—Strange how children will ketch things sometimes, best ye can do to prevent!

Mrs. D.—But did ye buy?

Mr. D.—Ye'd better jest take them matches and put 'em out of the way, fust thing, afore ye forgit it; matches are dangerous to have layin' round, and I never feel safe till they're safe [*Mr. D. hangs up his hat, takes his overcoat off and lays it across a chair very cautiously.*].

Mrs. D.—Come, what is the use of keeping me in suspense: did ye buy?

Mr. D. [*taking down the bootjack.*].—Where did ye put 'em?

Mrs. D.—In the little tin pail, where we always keep 'em, of course. Where should I put 'em?

Mr. D.—You needn't be cross! I asked, because I didn't see you put the kiver on. I don't believe ye did put the kiver on, either; and I shan't be easy till ye do.

[*Mrs. D. goes to the pantry, in anger, and puts on the lid. Mr. D. leans over the chair, and hears it.*]

Mr. D. [*pressing the heel of his right boot in the jack, and steadying the toe under the round of a chair.*].—Anybody been here to-day?

Mrs. D. [*crossly.*].—No!

Mr. D.—Ye been anywhere?

Mrs. D.—Yes!

Mr. D. [*mildly.*].—Where?

Mrs. D. [*angrily.*].—No matter.

MR. D. [*sighing deeply.*]—Wal, you be about the most uncomfortable woman ever I see.

MRS. D.—If you can't answer my question, I don't see why I need take the trouble to answer yours. [*Turns with compressed lips to her sewing.*] Yer supper's ready; ye can eat it when ye please.

MR. D. [*in a very mild tone.*]—I was answering your question as fast as I could.

MRS. D. [*sewing away.*]—I haven't seen any signs of yer answering it.

MR. D.—Wal, wal! Ye don't see every thing. [*Drawing gently his second boot, a paper falls out, which he picks up and hands triumphantly to Mrs. Ducklow.*]

MRS. D. [*taking it.*]—Oh, indeed! is this the — [*Examines with satisfaction.*] But what made ye carry 'em in yer boot so?

MR. D. [*in a suppressed voice.*]—To tell the truth, I was afraid o' being robbed. I never was so afraid of being robbed in my life; so jest as I got clear of the town I tucked it down my boot-leg. Then all the way home I was skeer'd when I was riding alone, and still more skeer'd when I heard anybody coming after me. You see it's jest like so much money. [*Closes the window curtain, explains.*] This is the bond, ye see, and all these little things that fill out the sheet are the coupons. You have only to cut off one of these, take it to the bank when it is due, and draw the interest on it in gold.

MRS. D.—But suppose you lose the bonds?

MR. D.—That's what I've been thinking of; that's what made me so narvous. I supposed 'twould be like so much railroad stock, good for nothing to nobody but the owner, and somethin' that could be replaced if I lost it. But the man to the bank said no, 'twas like so much currency, and I must look out for it. That's what filled all the bushes with robbers as I came along the road. And I tell ye 'twas a relief to feel I'd got safe home at last, though I don't see now how we're to keep the plaguy things so we sha'n't feel oneasy about 'em.

MRS. D. [*turning pale.*]—Nor I neither! Suppose the house should take fire or burglars break in? I don't wonder you was so particular about the matches. Dear me, I shall be frightened to death. I'd no idee 'twas to

be such dangerous property! I shall be thinking of fires and burglars. [*Taddy at the stair door.*] O—h—h—h! [*Taddy falls headlong towards the papers. General confusion.*]

MRS. D.—Thaddens! How came you here? Git up! Give an account of yourself! What ye want? What ye here for? [*Snatching him up by one arm and shaking him.*]

TADDY [*rubbing his eyes drowsily.*].—Don't know. Fell.

MR. D. [*savagely.*].—Fell! How did you come to fall? What are you out of bed for?

TAD. [*snivelling and rubbing his eyes.*].—Don't know; didn't know I was.

MRS. D.—Got up without knowing it! That's a likely story! How could that happen you, sir?

TAD.—Don't know, 'thout it was, I got up in my sleep.

MR. D.—In your sleep?

TAD.—I guess so. I was dreamin' you brought me home a new drum—tucked down yer boot-leg.

MR. D. [*glancing at his wife.*].—Strange! But how could I bring a drum in my boot-leg?

TAD.—Don't know, 'thout it's a new kind, one that'll shet up. [*Looking eagerly around. Mrs. D. tucks the bonds into the envelope.*] Say, did ye, pa?

MR. D.—Did I? Of course I didn't. What nonsense! But how came ye down here? Speak the truth.

TAD.—I dreamt you was blowin' it up, and I sprung to ketch it, when fust I know'd I was on the floor like a thousand o' brick. [*Rubbing his knees.*] Mos' broke my knee-pans. [*Whimpering.*] Say, didn't ye bring me home nothing? What's them things?

MR. D.—Nothing little boys know any thing about. Now run back to bed agin. I forgot to buy you a drum to-day, but I'll get you somethin' next time I go to town, if I think on't.

TAD.—So you always say, but you never think on't.

[*A knock at the door.*]

MRS. D.—There! There! Somebody's comin'! What a looking object you are to be seen by visitors. Run.

[*Exit Taddy.*]

[*Mr. D. turns anxiously to his wife, who is hiding the bonds in her palpitating bosom.*]

MR. D.—Who can it be this time o' night?

MRS. D.—Sakes alive! I wish, whoever it is, they'd keep away. [*Resuming her seat and patching.*] Go to the door, why don't you?

MR. D. [*opening the door and looking out.*—Ah! Miss Beswick, walk in!

[*Enter Miss Beswick, with shawl over her head for a bonnet.*]

MRS. D. [*in surprise.*—What? that you? Where on airth did ye come from? Get her a chair, why don't ye, father?

[*Mr. D., slipping his feet into a pair of old slippers, hastens to comply.*]

MR. D. [*apologetically.*—I've only jest got home. Jest had time to kick my boots off, ye see. Take a seat.

MISS B.—Thank ye. I 'spose ye'll think I'm wild—making calls at this hour. [*Sits down and drops her shawl.*]

MRS. D.—Why, no, I don't. Ye'r just in time to set up and take a cup of tea with my husband. Ye better, Miss Beswick, if only to keep him company. Take off yer things, won't ye?

MISS B.—No, I don't go a visitin' to take off my things and drink tea this time of night. I've just run over to tell you the news.

MRS. D. [*laying her hand on her bosom.*—Nothin' bad, I hope? No robbers in the town? For massy sake—

MISS B.—No; good news—good for Sophrony, at any rate.

MRS. D.—Ah! she has heard from Reuben.

MISS B.—No! no!

MRS. D.—What then?

MISS B.—Reuben has come home.

MR. AND MRS. B.—Come home? home?

MISS B.—Yes!

MRS. D.—My! how you talk! I never dreamed of such a—when did he come?

MISS B.—About an hour'n a half ago. I happened to be in Sophrony's. I had jest gone over to set a little while and keep her company—as I've often done. She seemed so lonely livin' there with her two children, alone in the house, with her husband away. Her friends hain't

been none too attentive to her in his absence; so she thinks, and so I think.

MRS. D.—I hope you don't mean that as a hint to us, Miss Beswick.

MISS B.—You can take it as such, or not, jest as you please. I leave it to your own consciences. You know best, whether you have done your duty to Sophrony and her family, whilst her husband has been off to the war, and I shan't set myself up for a judge. You never had any boys of your own, and so you adopted Reuben, just as you have lately adopted Thaddeus, and I suppose you think you've done well by him, just as you think you will do by Thaddeus, if he's a good boy and stays with you till he's twenty-one.

MR. D.—I hope no one thinks or says to the contrary, Miss Beswick.

MISS B. [*with slight toss of head.*].—There may be two opinions on that subject. Reuben came to you when he was just old enough to be of use to you about the house and on the farm, and if I recollect right, you didn't encourage idleness in him long. You didn't give his hands much chance to do "some mischief still." No, indeed! Nobody can accuse you of that weakness. [*Her features tighten with a terrible grin.*]

MRS. D. [*excitedly.*].—Nobody can say we ever overworked the boy or ill-used him in any way.

MISS B.—No, I don't say it. But this I'll say, for I've had it on my mind ever since Sophrony was left alone—I couldn't help seein' and feelin', and now you've set me a talkin', I may as well speak out. Reuben was always a good boy, and a willin' boy, as you yourself, Mr. Ducklow, must allow, and he paid his way from the first.

MR. D. [*taking up his knife and fork and dropping them in agitation.*].—I don't know about that. He was a good and willin' boy, as you say, but the expense of clothin' him and keeping him to school—

MISS B. [*slowly.*]. *He paid his way from the first.* You kept him to school winters, when he did more work 'fore and after school than any other boy in town. He worked all the time summers, and soon he was as good as a hired man to you. He never went to school a day



after he was fifteen, and from that time he was better than any hired man, for he was faithful, and took an interest, and looked after, and took care of things as no hired man ever would or could do, as I've heard you yourself say, Mr. Ducklow.

MR. D.—Reuben was a good, faithful boy. I never denied that! I never denied that!

MISS B.—Well, he stayed with you till he was twenty-one—did ye a man's service for the last five or six years; then you give him what you called a settin'-out—a new suit of clothes, a yoke of oxen, some farmin' tools, and a *hundred* dollars in money. You with your *thousands*, Mr. Ducklow, give him a *hundred dollars in money*.

MR. D.—That was *only a beginnin'*, only a *beginnin'*, I have always said.

MISS B.—I know it; and I s'pose you'll continue to say so till the day of yer death. Then, maybe, you'll remember Reuben in yer will. That's the way! Keep puttin' him off, as long as you can possibly hold on to your property yourself, then when ye see you've got to go and leave it, you give him what you ought to have given him years afore. There ain't no merit in that kind of justice, did ye know it, Mr. Ducklow. I tell you what belongs to Reuben, belongs to him *now*—not ten or twenty years hence, when you've done with it, and he most likely won't need it. A few hundred dollars now 'll be more useful to him, than all your thousands will be by-and-by.

After he left you, he took the Mosely farm; everybody trusted him, everybody respected him, he was doin' well everybody said. Then he married Sophrony, and a good and faithful wife she's been to him; and finally he concluded to buy the farm, which you yourself said was a good idee, and encouraged him in it.

MR. D.—So it was. Reuben used judgment in that, and he'd a got along well enough if it hadn't been for the war——

MISS B.—Jest so! if it hadn't been for the war. He had made his first payments, and would have met the rest, as they came due, no doubt of it. But the war broke out and he left all to sarve his country. Says he, "I'm an able-bodied man, and I ought to go," says he. His

business was as important, and his wife and children were as dear to him as anybody's, but he felt it his duty to go, and he went. They didn't give no such big bounties to volunteers then, as they do now, and it was a sacrifice to him every way, when he enlisted. But says he, "I'll jist do my duty," says he, "and trust to Providence for the rest." You didn't discourage his goin', and you didn't encourage him neither, the way you'd ought to.

MR. D. [*pouring his tea into his plate, and buttering his bread with a teaspoon.*—My! what on airth, Miss Beswick! Seems to me you've taken it upon yourself to say things that are uncalled for, to say the least. I can't understand what should have sent you here to tell me what's my business and what ain't in this fashion, as if I didn't know my own duty and intentions.

MRS. D. [*sewing nervously.*—I s'pose she's been talking with Sophrony, and she has sent her here to interfere.

MISS B. [*with a withering look of scorn.*—Mrs. Ducklow, you don't s'pose no such thing. You know Sophrony wouldn't send anybody on such an arrant, and you know I ain't a person to do such arrants, or be made a cat's-paw of by anybody. I ain't hansum, not partic'larly, and I ain't worth my *thousands*, like some folks I know, and I never got married for the best reason in the world—they that offered themselves I wouldn't have, and them I would've had didn't offer themselves—and I ain't so good a Christian as I might be I'm aware. I know my lacks, as well as anybody, but bein' a spy and a cat's-paw ain't one of them. I don't do things sly or underhand. If I've any thing to say to anybody, I go right to 'em, and say it to their faces, sometimes perty blunt, I allow; but I don't wait to be sent by other folks. I've a mind of my own, and my own way of doin' things, that you know as well as anybody. So when you say you s'pose Sophrony, or anybody else, sent me here to interfere, I say you s'pose what ain't true, and what you know ain't true, Mrs. Ducklow. As for you, Mr. Ducklow, I haven't said you don't know your own duties and intentions. I have no doubt you think you do at any rate.

MR. D. Very well, then, why can't you leave me to do

what I think's my duty—everybody ought to have that privilege.

Miss B.—You think so?

7 Mr. D.—Sartain! Miss Beswick, don't you?

Miss B.—Why, then, I ought to have the same.

Mr. D.—Of course nobody in this house 'll prevent you from doin' what you're satisfied is your duty.

Miss B.—Thank ye, much obleeged! That's all I ask. Now I'm satisfied it's my duty to tell ye what I've been tellin' ye, and what I'm goin' to tell ye. That's my duty, and then it'll be your duty to do what you think's right. That's plain, ain't it?

Mr. D.—Wall! wall! I can't hender yer talkin', I s'pose, though it seems, a man ought to have a right to peace and quiet in his own house.

Miss B.—Yes! and in his own conscience, too! And if you'll hearken me now, I'll promise you'll have peace and quiet in your conscience, and in your house too, sich as you never had yit. I s'pose you know your great fault, don't ye? *Graspin'*—that's yer fault—that's yer besettin' sin, Mr. Ducklow. You used to give it as an excuse for not helpin' Reuben more, that you had your daughter to provide for. Well—your daughter has got married; she married a rich man—you looked out for that—and she's provided for, fur as property can provide for any one. Now, without a child in the world to feel anxious about, you keep layin' up, and layin' up, and 'll continue to lay up. I s'pose, till ye die, and leave a great fortin' to your daughter, that already has enough, and just a pittance to Reuben and Thaddeus.

Mr. D. [*excitedly*].—No, no! Miss Beswick! You're wrong, Miss Beswick! I mean to do the handsum thing by both on 'em!

Miss B. [*smiting her lap with her hands*].—*Mean to!* Ye mean to! That's the way ye flatter yer conscience and cheat yer own soul. Why don't you do what you mean to at once, and make sure on 't? That's the way to git the good of your property! I tell ye the time's comin', when the recollection of havin' done a good action will be a greater comfort to ye than all the property in the world! Then you'll look back and say: "Why didn't I do this, and do that, with my money, when 'twas in my

power, 'stead of hoardin' up, and hoardin' up, for others to spend after me?" Now, as I was goin' to say, you didn't discourage Reuben's enlistin', and ye didn't discourage him the way ye might. You ought to have said to him: "Go, Reuben, if ye see it to be yer duty, and, as far as money goes, ye sha'n't suffer for it; I've got enough for all on us, and I'll pay your debts if need be, and see 't yer fam'ly's kep comf'table while yer away." But that's jest what ye didn't say, and that's jest what ye didn't do. All the time Reuben's been saving his country, he's had his debts and family expenses to worry him; and you know it's been all Sophrony could do, by puttin' forth all her energies and strainin' every narve, to keep herself and children from going hungry and ragged. You've helped 'em a little, now and then, in driblets, it's true; but—dear me!

[*Mrs. D., biting her lips with anger, sews the pants to her apron. Silence broken by Mr. D. picking up his knife and fork and letting them drop again.*]

MR. D.—Wal! wal! you've read us a perty smart lectur', Miss Beswick, I must say. I can't consaive what should make ye take such an interest in our affairs; but it's *very kind, very kind* in ye, to be sure!

MISS B.—Take an interest! Haven't I seen Sophrony's struggles with them children! and haven't I seen Reuben come home, this very night, a sick man, with a broken constitution, and no prospect before him but to give up his farm, lose all he has paid, and be thrown upon the cold charities of the world with his wife and children? And if the charities of his friends are so cold, what can he expect of the charities of the world? Take an interest! I wish you took half as much! Here I've sot half an hour, and you haven't thought to ask how Reuben looked, or any thing about him!

MR. D.—Maybe there's a good reason for that, Miss Beswick. 'Twas on my lips to ask a half-a-dozen times; but you talked so fast, ye wouldn't give me a chance to git a word in edgeways.

MISS B.—Well, I'm glad you've got some excuse, though a very poor one.

MRS. D. [*meekly*].—How is Reuben?

MISS B.—All broken to pieces—a mere shadow of what

he was. He's had his old wound troublin' him agin. Then he's had the fever; that came within one of taking him out of the world. He was in the hospital, ye know, for two months or more; but finally the doctors seed his only chance was to be sent home, weak as he was. Oh, if you could have seen him and Sophrony meetin' as I did, then you wouldn't sneer at my takin' an interest [*puts her handkerchief to her eyes*]. I didn't stop—only to put him to bed, and to fix things a little; then I left 'em alone, and ran over to tell ye. It's a pity you didn't know he was in town when you was there to-day, so as to bring him home with ye; but I s'pose ye had yer investments to look after. Come, Mr. Ducklow—how many thousand dollars have you invested since Reuben's been off to the war, and his folks have been sufferin' to home? You may have been layin' up hundreds, or even thousands that way this very day, for aught I know; but let me tell ye, ye won't git no good of sich property. It 'll only be a cuss to ye, till ye do the right thing by Reuben—mark my word! [*Long silence—Miss B. rises to go.*]

MRS. D.—Ye ain't goin', be ye, Miss Beswick? What's yer hurry?

MISS D. [*pulling her shawl over her head.*—No hurry at all; but I've done my arrant and said my say, and may as well be goin'. Good-night. Good-night, Mr. Ducklow.

[*Exit Miss Beswick.*]

MRS. D.—Did you ever?

MR. D.—She's got a tongue.

MRS. D.—Strange she should speak of your investin' money to-day. D'ye 'spose she knows?

MR. D. [*rising from the table and pacing the floor in trouble.*—I don't see how she *can* know. I've been careful not to give a hint on't to anybody; for I knew jest what folks would say: "If Ducklow's got so much money to dispose of, he'd better give Reuben a little." I know how folks talk.

MRS. D. [*indignantly.*—Coming here to browbeat us! I wonder ye didn't be a little more plain with her, father. I wouldn't have sot and been dictated to as tamely as you did.

MR. D.—You wouldn't? Then why *did ye*? She

dictated to you as much as she did to me; and you scarce opened yer mouth. Yer didn't dare to say yer soul was yer own.

Mrs. D.—Yes, I did! I——

Mr. D.—You ventured to speak once, and she shet you up quicker'n light'nin'. Now tell about yer wouldn't have sot and been dictated to like a tame noodle, as I did!

Mrs. D.—I didn't say a tame noodle.

Mr. D.—Yes, ye did! I might have answered back sharp enough, but I was expectin' you to speak. Men don't like to dispute with women.

Mrs. D. [*veezed.*].—That's your git off. You was jest as much afraid of her as I was. I never seed ye so cowed in all my life.

Mr. D. [*scowling, and taking his boots from the corner.*].—Cowed! I wasn't cowed, neither. How onreasonable now for ye to cast all the blame onto me——

Mrs. D.—Ye han't got to go out, have ye? I shouldn't think ye'd put on yer boots just to step to the barn, and see to the hoss.

Mr. D.—I'm going over to Reuben's.

Mrs. D.—To Reuben's! Not to-night, father.

Mr. D.—Yes, I think I'd better. He and Sophrony'll know that we heard of his gettin' home, and they're enough inclined already to feel we neglect 'em. Haven't ye got somethin' ye can send 'em?

Mrs. D. [*curtly.*].—I don't know. I've scarce ever been over to Sophrony's but I've carried her a pie, or cake, or somethin', and mighty little thanks I've got fur it, as it turns out.

Mr. D.—Why didn't ye say that to Miss Beswick when she was runnin' us so hard about our never doin' any thing for 'em?

Mrs. D.—It wouldn't have done no good. I knew jest what she'd say. "What's a pie or a cake now and then?" That's jest the reply she'd have made. [*Rises and finds the garment fast to her apron.*] Dear me! what have I been doin'? So much for Miss Beswick. [*Unties her apron and throws the united garments on the floor.*] I do wish such folks would mind their own business and stay to home.

MR. D. [*putting on his coat.*—You've got the bonds safe?

MRS. D.—Yes; but I won't engage to keep 'em safe. They make me as nervous as can be. I'm afraid to be left alone in the house with 'em. Here, you take 'em.

MR. D.—Don't be foolish! What harm can happen to them or you while I'm away? You don't s'pose I want to lug 'em around with me wherever I go, do you?

MRS. D.—I'm sure it's no great *lug*. I s'pose you're afraid'd to go across the fields with 'em in your pocket. What in the world we're goin' to do with them I don't see. If we go out we can't take 'em with us for fear of losin' 'em or bein' robbed, and we sha'n't dare to leave 'em to home for fear the house'll burn up or git broke into.

MR. D.—We can hide 'em where no burglars can find 'em.

MRS. D.—Yes, and where nobody else can find 'em neither, provided the house burns down, and neighbors come in to save things. I don't know but it'll be about as Miss Beswick said: we sha'n't take no comfort in property we ought to make over to Reuben.

MR. D.—Do you think it ought to be made over to Reuben? If ye do it's new to me.

MRS. D.—No, I don't. I guess we'd better put 'em in the clock-case for to-night, hadn't we?

MR. D.—Jest where they'd be discovered if the house was robbed. No, I've an idee. Slip 'em under the sittin'-room carpet. Let me take 'em. [*Puts the bonds under the carpet, and sets a chair over them.*]

[*Thaddeus at the door.*]

MRS. D.—What noise is that?

MR. D. [*springing to the door.*—Thaddeus, is that you? What do you want now?

TAD.—I want you to scratch my back.

MRS. D. [*seizes her rattan and strikes him on the back.*]  
—I'll scratch yer back for yer. There, sir; that's a scratchin' that'll last ye for one while. [*Exit Ducklow.*]  
Away to bed, and don't show yer mug agin to night!

[*Taddy obeys, crying, and sobs himself to sleep.*]

MRS. D. [*going to the door.*—Father! you know what time it is? It's nine o'clock. I wouldn't think of going

over there to-night. They'll be all locked up, and a-bed and like enough, asleep.

MR. D. [*entering.*—Wal, I suppose I must do as ye say.

MRS. D. [*lighting a candle and preparing for bed.*—Father, hadn't ye better put a few tacks in the carpet where ye put the bonds? If robbers should break in, they'd be sure to knock over the chair and turn up the carpet.

MR. D.—Don't see much use, but I can do it. [*Gets hammer and tacks.*] Keep the light away; a spark might do the mischief.

MRS. D. [*retires with the candle.*—Father, don't ye smell somethin' burnin'?

MR. D.—No; I can't say I do. Do you?

MRS. D.—Jest as plain as ever I smelt any thing in my life. [*Snuff, snuff.*]

MR. D. [*snuffing.*—Seems to me I do smell something. It can't be them matches, can it?

MRS. D.—I thought of the matches, but I certainly covered 'em up tight.

[*Mr. and Mrs. D. snuff, first one and then the other.*]

MR. D.—Oh, it was nothing but your imagination. Let me see if I can get this tacked. Good gracious!

MRS. D.—What now? They're not gone, are they? You don't say they're gone?

MR. D.—Sure as the world—No, here they be—I didn't feel in the right place.

MRS. D.—How you did frighten me! My heart almost hopped into my mouth. Come now, let's get to bed some time. Done?

MR. D.—Yes.

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE II.—*Ducklow's house in the morning—Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow just rising from their frugal breakfast—Taddy sitting on the floor, putting on his shoes.*

MR. D.—Now, mother, I'll run over and see Reuben.

MRS. D.—Why not harness up and let me ride over with ye?

MR. D.—Very well; maybe that'll be the best way.



Come, Taddy [*looking round*], get those shoes on—fly round—you'll have lots o' chores to do this morn'ing.

TADDY [*provoked*].—What's the matter with my breeches? Some plaguy thing's stuck to them. [*Runs round and round.*]

MR. D. [*laughing heartily*].—Wal, wal, mother! you've done it. You're dressed for meetin' now, Taddy.

MRS. D.—I do declare, I can't for the life of me see what there is so funny about it. [*Takes the scissors and cuts the apron loose. Mr. and Mrs. D. prepare to go.*]

MRS. D.—Taddy, Taddy, now mind, don't you leave the house, and don't you touch the matches, nor the fire, nor don't go ransacking the rooms, neither; ye won't, will ye?

TADDY.—No, ma'am.

[*Exit Ducklows.*]

TADDY [*watches till they are gone, slyly gets the hammer, pulls out the tacks, turns up the carpet, and takes out the bonds. He examines them with curiosity. Soliloquizes.*]  
—Whew! won't they make me a nice kite? They're nothing but paper anyhow. [*Folds up a newspaper and puts it in the envelope under the carpet.*]

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE III.—*At Reuben's house—Reuben lying on a couch, propped up with pillows—Sophrony sitting by him, with little Ruby on her knee—Miss Beswick moving about the room—Neighbors Jepworth and Ferring talking to Reuben—Enter Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow.*

MR. D.—Wal, Reuben, glad to see ye! This is a joyful day I scarce ever expected to see. Why, you don't look so sick as I thought you would—does he, mother?

MRS. D.—Dear me! I'd no idea he could be so very, so very pale and thin—had you, Sophrony?

SOPHRONY.—I don't know what I thought. I only know I have him now. He has come home. He shall never leave me again—never!

MRS. D. [*in a whisper*].—Wasn't it terrible to see him brought home so?

SOPHRO.—Yes, it was; but, oh, I was so thankful, I felt the worst was over, and I had him again. I can nurse him now. He is no longer hundreds of miles away, among strangers, where I cannot go to him, though I should have gone long ago, as you know, if I could have raised the means, and if it hadn't been for the children.

MRS. D.—I—I—Mr. Ducklow would have tried to help you to the means, and I would have taken the children, if we had thought it best for you to go. But ye see it wasn't best, don't ye?

SOPHRO.—Whether it was or not, I don't complain. I am too happy to-day to complain of any thing, to see him home again; but I have dreamt so often that he came home, and woke up to find that it was only a dream, I am half afraid now to be as happy as I might be.

REUBEN [*in a weak voice*].—Be as happy as you please, Sophrony; I'm just where I want to be, of all places in this world or the next world either, I may say, for I can't conceive of any greater heaven than I'm in now. I'm going to get well too, spite of the doctors. Coming home is the best medicine for a fellow in my condition. Not bad to take either. Stand here, Ruby, my boy, and let your daddy look at you again! To think that's my Ruby, Pa Ducklow. Why he was a mere baby when I went away.

SOPHRO. [*leaning over Reuben.*].—Reuben! Reuben! you're talking too much! You promised me you wouldn't, you know.

REUBEN.—Well, well, I won't. But when a fellow's heart is chock full it's hard to shut down on it sometimes. Don't look so, friends, as if you pitied me: I ain't to be pitied. I'll bet there isn't one of ye half as happy as I am at this minute.

SOPHRO. [*Miss Beswick approaching.*].—Here's Miss Beswick, Mother Ducklow: haven't you noticed her?

MRS. D. [*surprised.*].—How do you do, Miss Beswick?

MISS B.—Tryin' to keep out of the way and make myself useful. [*Exit Miss Beswick.*]

SOPHRO.—I don't know what I should do without her. She took right hold and helped me last night. Then she came in, the first thing this morning. "Go to your

husband," says she to me; "don't leave him a minute; I know he don't want ye out of his sight, and you don't want to be out of his sight either. So you tend right to him, and I'll do the work. There'll be enough folks comin' in to hender, but I've come in to help," say she. And here she's been ever since, hard at work, for when Miss Beswick says a thing there's no use opposing her, that you know, Mother Ducklow.

MRS. D. [*with a peculiar pucker.*].—Yes, she likes to have her own way.

SOPHRO.—It seems she called at the door last night, to tell you Reuben had come.

MRS. D.—Called at the door! Didn't she tell you she came in and made us a visit?

SOPHRO.—No, indeed! Did she?

MRS. D.—Oh, yes; a visit for her. She ain't no hand to make long stops, you know.

SOPHRO.—Only when she's needed; then she never thinks of going, as long as she sees any thing to do. [*Turning towards Reuben, who is conversing with Jepworth.*] Reuben, you mustn't talk, Reuben.

JEPWORTH.—I was saying it will be too bad now, if you have to give up this place, but he —

SOPHRO. [*interrupting.*].—We are not going to worry about that after we have been favored by Providence so far, and in such extraordinary ways. We think we can afford to trust still further. We have all we can think of and attend to to-day, and the future will take care of itself.

MR. D.—That's right, that's the way to talk. Providence will take care of ye, ye may be sure.

FERRING.—I should think you might git Ditson to renew the mortgage. He can't be hard on you under such circumstances, and he can't be so foolish as to want the money. There's no security like real estate. If I had money to invest I wouldn't put it into any thing else.

MR. D.—Nor I. Nothing like real estate.

JEP.—What do you think of gov'ment bonds?

MR. D.—I don't know. I haven't given much attention to the subject. It may be a patriotic duty to lend to gov'ment if one has the funds to spare.

JEP.—When we consider that every dollar we lend to

gov'ment, goes to carry on the war and put down this cursed rebellion.

MR. D.—I believe if I had any funds to spare I shouldn't hesitate a minute, but go right off and invest in gov'ment bonds.

FERRING.—That might be well enough, if ye did it from a sense of duty, but as an investment 'twould be the wust ye could make.

MR. D. [*quickly*].—Ye think so?

FERRING.—Certainly, gov'ment will repudiate. It'll have to. This enormous debt never can be paid. Your interest in gold is a temptation just now, but that won't be paid much longer, and then your bonds won't be worth any more than so much brown paper.

MR. D. [*alarmed*].—I—I don't think so. I don't b'lieve I should be frightened, even if I had gov'ment securities in my hands. I wish I had. I really wish I had a good lot of them bonds. Don't you, Jepworth?

JEP.—They're mighty resky things to have in the house. That's one objection to 'em.

FERRING.—That's so! I read in the papers almost every day 'bout somebody having his *coupon* bonds stole.

JEP.—I should be more afraid of fires.

REUBEN.—But there's this to be considered in case of fires. If the bonds burn up, they won't have to be paid, so what's your loss is the country's gain.

MR. D.—But isn't there any remedy?

REUBEN.—There's no risk at all, if a man subscribes for registered bonds. They're like railroad stock. But if you have the coupons you must look out for them.

MR. D. [*rises hurriedly*].—Wal, Reuben, I must be drivin' home I s'pose. Left every thing at loose ends. I was in such a hurry to see ye, and find out if there's any thing I can do for you.

REUBEN.—As for that I've got a trunk over in town which couldn't be brought last night. If you will have that sent for, I'll be obliged to you.

MR. D.—Sartin, sartin.

[*Exit Mr. D.*]

FERRING.—One would think that Ducklow had some of them bonds on his hands, and got scared—he took such a sudden start. He has, hasn't he, Mrs. Ducklow?

MRS. D. [*engrossed with her knitting.*].—Has what?

FERRING.—Some of them coupon bonds. I rather think he's got some.

MRS. D.—You mean government bonds? Ducklow got some! 'Taint at all likely he'd spec'late in 'em without saying something to me about it. No! he couldn't have any without my knowing it, I'm sure.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE IV.—*Taddy in sitting-room playing marbles. Mr. Ducklow on the road—Alarm of fire without.*

MR. D. [*heard shouting*].—Git up! git up! fire! fire! O them bonds! them bonds! Why didn't I give the money to Reuben! Fire! fire! fire! Why don't ye go long! [*Slap, slap. His hat falls off.*] Whoa! whoa! whoa— [*Fire! fire! fire! by many voices in the distance. A false alarm! a false alarm!*]

[*One fellow says, "Seems to me ye ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with yer yells."*]

[*Another hallooing, "Ye look like the flying Dutchman. This your hat? I thought it was a dead cat in the road."*]

ATKINS —No fire! no fire! only one of Ducklow's jokes.

[*Boys still shout "Fire!" Thaddeus puts on his hat to go out, but meets his Pa Ducklow.*]

MR. D.—Thaddeus! Thaddeus! Where are you going, Thaddeus?

TAD.—Goin' to the fire!

MR. D.—There isn't any fire, boy!

TAD.—Yes, there is! Didn't ye hear 'em? They've been yelling like fury!

MR. D.—It's nothing but Atkins' brush.

TAD.—That's all! I thought there was goin' to be some fun! I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire jest for a darned old brush-heap.

MR. D.—I've got to drive over to town and get Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat. [*Hastens to look after bonds.*] Heavens and airth!

[*Ducklow gropes under the carpet and finds his package, discovers Taddy looking in at the door.*]

MR. D.—Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare?

TAD. [*shrinking back.*].—She won't stir!

MR. D.—Come here! [*Grasps him by the collar.*]  
What have you been doing? Look at that!

TAD. [*whimpering and putting his fists in his eyes.*].—  
'Twarn't me!

MR. D. [*shaking him.*].—Don't tell me "'twarn't you"! What was you pullin' up the carpet for?

TAD. [*snivelling.*].—Lost a marble.

MR. D.—Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out! [*Shakes him again.*]

TAD.—Didn't know but what it might a got under the carpet—marbles roll so!

MR. D.—Wal, sir! [*Boxes him on the ears.*] Don't you do such a thing again if you lose a million marbles.

TAD.—Hain't got a million! [*Weeping.*] Hain't got but four! Won't you buy me some to-day?

MR. D.—Go to that mare and don't leave her again till I come, or I'll marble ye in a way ye won't like. [*In deep trouble, pacing the floor.*] Why ain't she to home! These women are forever a-gaddin'. I wish Reuben's trunk — was in—Jericho. Where shall I put 'em! A—h! now I know; I'll slip 'em down in that trunk of worthless old rubbish where no one would ever think of lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE V.—*Ducklow's sitting-room. Taddy sitting on the floor, making his kite.*

[*Enter Mr. Ducklow.*]

MR. D.—Did that pedler stop here?

TAD.—I hain't seen no pedler.

MR. D.—And hain't yer Ma Ducklow been home neither?

TAD. [*hiding the kite frames.*].—No!

MR. D.—Wal, come here and mind the mare! [*Taddy obeys. Mr. D. soliloquizes.*].—I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me. [*Takes the bonds out of the old trunk and fastens them in his breast-pocket with six large pins.*] There, now, they're safe!

[*Going out, Taddy appears.*]

TAD.—There's suthin' losin' out o' yer pocket! [*Mr. D. puts his hand, quick as lightning, to his breast, and stumbles.*] Yer side pocket! It's one of yer mittens.

MR. D.—You rascal! how you skeer'd me! [*Skins his shin and pulls up his pant-leg.*]

TAD.—Got any thing in yer boot-leg, to-day, Pa Ducklow?

MR. D.—Yes, a barked shin, and all on yer account too. Go and put that straw back and fix the carpet, and don't let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again, or I'll boot-leg ye.

[*Exit Mr. Ducklow.*]

[*Taddy gets his kite and goes out. Enter Mrs. Ducklow out of breath.*]

MRS. D.—Thaddeus! Thaddeus! The house deserted! Carpet torn up! Straw pulled out, and bonds gone. Mr. Ducklow never could have done it getting the bonds! Somebody must have taken them! [*She rushes frantically from the house calling "Taddy! Taddy! Taddy!" and, after a few minutes, enters, breathless, pulling Taddy.*] Look here, boy! how came the carpet up? O—

TAD.—I pulled it up hunting for a marble.

MRS. D.—And the—the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper—

TAD.—Pa Ducklow took it.

MRS. D.—Ye sure?

TAD.—Yes, I seen him!

[*Exit Taddy.*]

MRS. D.—Oh, dear! I never was so beat! Oh, dear! I'm half dead! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

[*Enter Mr. Ducklow.*]

MRS. D.—Did ye take the bonds?

MR. D.—Of course I did. Ye don't suppose I'd go away and leave them in the house, not knowin' when you'd be comin' home!

MRS. D.—Wal, I didn't know—I didn't know whether to believe Taddy or not. Oh, I've had sich a fright! Oh, dear!

MR. D.—What frightened ye?

MRS. D.—Wal, I came home and found the carpet all torn up, and bonds gone. Just as I came in I see'd an old chaise goin' up the road, and as Taddy was not about

I very naterally thought the house had been robbed, and bonds and Taddy both taken. So I run fast as I could through the mud, hollering loud as I could, "Stop thief!" "Stop thief!" but he paid no attention. After a while I got round the hoss and cried, "Stop, sir, you've robbed my house!" I didn't look at all, till I said it, and who should it be but Mr. Grantley, the minister! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MR. D. — Massy on us! How could you make such a fool of yourself! It'll git all over town, and I shall be mortified to death. Jest like a woman, to git frightened.

MRS. D. — If you hadn't got frightened at Atkins' brush-heap, and made a fool of yourself yelling fire, 'twouldn't have happened.

MR. D. — Wal! Wal! Say no more about it. The bonds is safe!

MRS. D. — Where?

MR. D. — I went to the bank, and asked 'em if they'd lock 'em up in their safe, and they said they would, but wouldn't give no receipt for 'em, or hold 'emselves responsible for 'em. I didn't know what else to do, so I handed 'em the bonds to keep.

MRS. D. — I want to know if you did now?

MR. D. [*unfolding his weekly paper.*] — Why not? What else could I do? I can't lug 'em about with me, and as for keepin' 'em in the house we've tried that. [*He reads.*]

MRS. D. — I wouldn't have left the bonds in the bank! My judgment would have been better than that. If they are lost I shan't be to blame. [*Mr. Ducklow starts with surprise.*] Why, what have ye found?

MR. D. [*turning pale.*] — Bank robbery!

MRS. D. — Not yer bank? Not the bank where yer bonds are?

MR. D. — Of course not! but in the very next town. The safe blown open with gunpowder. Five thousand gov'tment bonds stole.

MRS. D. — How strange! Now what did I tell ye?

MR. D. — I believe ye'r right. They'll be safer in my own house, or even in my own pocket.



Mrs. D.—If you was going to put 'em in any safe,  
— why not put 'em in Josiah's? He's got a safe, ye know.

Mr. D.—So he has! We might drive over there and  
— make a visit Monday, and ask him to lock 'em up Yes,  
— we might tell him and Laury all about it, and leave 'em  
in their charge.

Mrs. D.—So we might!

— Mr. D. [*pacing the floor.*].—Let me see! To-morrow's  
Sunday. If we leave the bonds in the bank over night  
they must stay there till Monday.

Mrs. D.—And Sunday is jest the day for burglars.

Mr. D.—I've a good notion—let me see—[*looking at the  
clock*].—twenty minutes after twelve—bank closes at two  
—an hour and a-half—I believe I could make it—I'll go  
immediately.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE VI.—*Josiah's house. Josiah, Laura, Mr. and  
Mrs. Ducklow present.*

Mr. D. [*turning to Laura.*].—Josiah's got a nice place  
here. That's about as slick a little barn as ever I see'd  
Always does me good to come over here and see you  
gettin' along so nicely, Laury.

LAURA.—I wish you'd come oftener, then.

Mr. D.—Wal, it's hard leavin' home, ye know. Have  
to git one of Atkins' boys to come and sleep with Taddy  
the night we're away.

Mrs. D.—We shouldn't have come to day, if it hadn't  
been for me. Says I to your father, says I, "I feel as if  
I wanted to go over and see Laury; it seems an age since  
I've seen her," says I. "Wal," says he, "s'pos'n we go,"  
says he. That was only last Saturday, and this morning  
we started.

Mr. D.—And it's no fool of a job to make the journey  
with the old mare.

LAURA.—Why don't you drive a better horse?

Mr. D.—Oh, she answers my purpose. Hoss-flesh is  
high, Laury. Have to economize these times.

LAURA.—I'm sure there's no need of your economizing.  
Why don't you use your money and have the good of it.

Mrs. D.—So I tell him.

MR. D. [*accidentally.*].—What do you think of gov'tment bonds, Josiah?

JOSIAH.—First-rate.

MR. D. [*encouraged.*].—About as safe as any thing, ain't they?

JOSIAH.—Safe! Just look at the resources of this country. Nobody has begun yet to appreciate the power and undeveloped wealth of these United States. It's a big rebellion I know, but we're going to put it down. It'll leave us a big debt, very sure; but we'll handle it easily. It makes us stagger a little, not because we are not strong enough for it, but because we don't understand our own strength, or how to use it. It makes me laugh to hear folks talk about repudiation and bankruptcy.

MR. D.—But s'pos'n we do put down the rebellion, and the States come back, then what's to hender the South and secesh sympathizers in the North, from jinin' together and voting that the debt sha'n't be paid?

JOSIAH.—Don't you worry about that. Do you suppose we're going to be such fools as to give the rebels, after we've whipped 'em, the same political privileges they had before the war? Not by a long chalk! Sooner than that we'll put the ballot into the hands of the freedmen. They're our friends. They've fought on the right side. I tell ye, in spite of all the prejudice there is against black skins, we a'n't such a nation of ninnies as to give up all we're fighting for and leave our best friends and allies, not to speak of our own interests, in the hands of our enemies.

MR. D. [*growing radiant.*].—You consider gov'ments a good investment then, do ye?

JOSIAH.—I do, decidedly,—the very best. Besides you help the government, and that's no small consideration.

MR. D.—So I thought. But how is it about the *cow-pen* bonds? A'n't they rather ticklish property to have in the house?

JOSIAH.—Well, I don't know. Think how many years you'll keep old bills and documents and never dream of such a thing as losing them! There's not a bit more danger with the bonds. I shouldn't want to carry them around with me to any great amount, though I did once

carry three thousand dollar bonds in my pocket for a week. I didn't mind it.

MR. D.—Curious! I've got three thousand dollar bonds in my pocket this minute.

JOSIAH.—Well, it's so much good property.

MR. D.—Seems to me, though, if I had a safe as you have, I'd lock 'em up in it.

JOSIAH.—I was travelling that week. I did lock them up pretty soon after I got home.

MR. D. [*as if the thought had just struck him.*—Suppose you put my bonds into your safe, I shall feel easier.

JOSIAH.—Of course! I'll keep them for you, if you like.

MR. D.—It will be an accommodation. They'll be safe, will they?

JOSIAH.—Safe as mine are. Safe as anybody's. I'll insure them for twenty-five cents.

[*Ducklow is very happy. Mrs. D. goes to her husband, and with a pair of scissors cuts the stitching, they having been previously stitched in for safety.*]

JOSIAH.—Have you torn off the May coupons?

MR. D.—No.

JOSIAH.—Well, you'd better. They'll be payable now soon, and if you take them you won't have to touch the bonds again till the interest on the November coupons is due.

MR. D.—A good idee! [*Takes the envelope, unties the tape, and removes the contents. The glow of comfort on his face changes to consternation. There are no bonds, but three Sunday-school Visitors instead.*]

JOSIAH.—Hallo! What ye got there?

MRS. D.—Why, father! Massy sakes!

LAURA.—What does it mean, father?

[*Mr. Ducklow cannot speak. He opens the envelope again, turns it inside out, and shakes it with a trembling hand. They are gone. Looks for his hat.*]

MR. D.—Wal! Wal! Mother, hadn't we better go right home? Those rascals must have stolen them at the bank.

JOSIAH.—There'll be not the least use in going to-night. If they were stolen at the bank, you can't do any thing about it till to-morrow; and even if they were taken

from your own house, I don't see what's to be gained now by hurrying back. It isn't probable you'll ever see them again; and you may just as well take it easy, go to bed and sleep on it, and take a fresh start in the morning. The best way will be to advertise.

[*Laura passes out.*]

JOSIAH [*taking his hat*].—Excuse me; I'll be back in a few minutes.

[*Exit Josiah.*]

MR. D.—If we had only given the three thousan' dollars to Reuben! 'Twould have jest set him up, and been some compensation for his sufferin's and losses goin' to the war.

MRS. D.—Wal, I had no objections. I always thought he ought to have the money eventooally; and as Miss Beswick said, no doubt it would a' been ten times the comfort to him now it would be a number of years from now. But you didn't seem willin'.

MR. D.—I don't know! 'Twas you that wasn't willin'. But it's no use talkin' [*holding the envelope in his hand, and giving it an occasional shake*]. I've not the least idee we shall ever see the color of them bonds again. If they was stole at the bank, I can't prove any thing.

MRS. D.—It does seem strange to me that you should have had no more gumption than to trust the bonds with strangers, when they told you, in so many words, they wouldn't be responsible.

MR. D.—If you have flung that in my teeth once, you have done it fifty times!

MRS. D.—Wal, I don't see how we're going to work to find 'em, now they're lost, without making inquiries; and we can't make inquiries, without letting it be known that we have bought.

MR. D.—I been thinking about that. Oh, dear! [*with a groan*] I wish the pesky *coupon* bonds had never been invented! Very like, somebody got into the house that morning, when the little scamp run out, before you got to home from Reuben's; and then I don't see any way left but to advertise, as Josiah said. [*Sighing.*]

MRS. D.—And that 'll bring it all out! Oh, dear! if you only hadn't been so imprudent!

MR. D.—Wal! wal!

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE VII.—*Reuben's house—Reuben, Sophronia, and Ruby, present—Reuben watching Sophronia. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow looking as mournful as the grave.*

MRS. D. [*solemnly.*].—Good-morning.

MR. D. [*soberly.*].—How are you gettin' along, Reuben?

REUBEN.—I am doing well enough. Don't be at all concerned about me. It ain't pleasant to lie here, and feel it may be months—months—before I'm able to be about my business! but I wouldn't mind it—I could stand it first-rate—I could stand any thing—any thing, but to see her working her life out for me and the children! To no purpose, either! That's the worst of it! We shall have to lose this place, spite of fate!

SOPHRO. [*hastening to him and laying her hand upon his forehead.*].—Oh, Reuben! why won't you stop thinking about that? Do try to have more faith! We shall be taken care of, I'm sure!

REUBEN.—If I had three thousand dollars—yes, or even two—then I'd have faith! Miss Beswick has proposed to send a subscription-paper around town for us; but I'd rather die than have it done! Besides, nothing near that amount could be raised, I'm confident. [*Mr. D. utters a groan.*] You need't groan so, Pa Ducklow; for I ain't hinting at you. I don't expect you to help me out of my trouble. If you had felt called upon to do it, you'd have done it before now; and I don't ask—I don't beg—of any man! [*proudly.*]

MR. D.—That's right! I like yer spirit! But I was sighin' to think of something—something you haven't known any thing about, Reuben.

MRS. D.—Yes, Reuben, we should have helped you, and did take steps towards it—

MR. D.—In fact, you've met with a great misfortin, Reuben, unbeknown to yourself. You've met with a great misfortin! Yer Ma Ducklow knows.

MRS. D.—Yes, Reuben, the very day you came home your Pa Ducklow made an investment for yer benefit. We didn't mention it, you know—I wouldn't own up to it, though I didn't exactly say the contrary, the morning we was over here.

MR. D.—Because we wanted to surprise you! We was

keepin' it a secret till the right time; then we was goin' to make it a pleasant surprise to ye.

REUBEN [*in bewilderment, looking from one to the other*].—What, in the name of common-sense, are you talking about?

MR. D. [*groaning*].—Cowpon bonds! Three thousan' dollar cowpon bonds! [*another groan*]. The money had been lent, but I wanted to make a good investment for you, and I thought there was nothing so good as gov'-ments.

REUBEN.—That's all right! Only, if you had money to invest for my benefit, I should have preferred to pay off the mortgage the first thing.

MR. D.—Sartin! sartin! and you could have turned the bonds right in if you had so chosen, like so much cash, or you could have drawed yer interest on the bonds in gold, and paid the interest on your mortgage in currency, and made so much; as I rather thought you would.

REUBEN [*eagerly raising on his elbow*].—But the bonds?

[*Enter Miss B., with shawl over her head.*]

MRS. D. [*with anxiety*].—We was just telling about our loss—*Reuben's loss!*

MISS BESWICK [*slipping the shawl from her head and sitting down*].—Very well, don't let me interrupt you. [*Listens, in a prim, sarcastic manner.*]

REUBEN.—I see—I see. You had kinder intentions towards me than I gave you credit for. Forgive me if I wronged you.

MR. D.—Wal, wal, if we only had them. They were all invested for your benefit.

REUBEN.—But don't feel so bad about it. You did what you thought best. I can only say the fates are against me.

MISS B. [*stretching up her neck and clearing her throat*].—Hem! hem! So them bonds you had bought for Reuben was in the house the very night I called.

MRS. D.—Yes, Miss Beswick; and that's what made it so uncomfortable to us, to have you talk the way you did.

MISS B. [*stretching her neck still further and clearing her throat*].—Hem! 'Twas too bad. Ye ought to have

told me. You'd actually bought the bonds—bought 'em for Reuben, had ye?

MR. D.—Sartin! sartin!

MRS. D.—To be sure; we designed 'em for his benefit—a surprise, when the right time come.

MISS B.—Hem! well! When the right time come? Yes. That *right time* wasn't somethin' indefinite, in the fur futur, of course? Yer losin' the bonds didn't hurry up yer benevolence the least grain, I s'pose? Hem! Let in them boys, Sophrony.

[*Sophronia opens the door. Enter Dick Atkins, followed reluctantly by Taddy, who begins to whimper.*]

MR. AND MRS. D.—Thaddeus! what are you here for?

MISS B. [*arbitrarily.*].—*Because I said so!* Step along, boys! step along! Hold up yer head, Taddy, for ye ain't goin' to be hurt while I'm 'round. Take yer fists out of yer eyes, and stóp blubberin'. Mr. Ducklow, that boy knows somethin' about *Reuben's coupon bonds!*

MR. AND MRS. D. [*angrily.*].—Thaddeus! did you tech them bonds?

TADDY [*whimpering.*].—Didn't know what they was.

MRS. D. [*grasps Taddy by the shoulder.*].—Did you take them?

MISS B. [*sternly.*].—Hands off, if you please! I told him if he'd be a good boy, and come along with Richard, and tell the truth, he shouldn't be hurt [*raising her hand with a majestic nod*]. If you please! [*Mrs. D. takes her hand off of Taddy.*]

MR. D.—Where are they now? Where are they?

TADDY—Don't know.

MR. D.—Don't know? You villian! [*approaches Taddy angrily.*]

MISS B. [*raising her hand.*].—If you please!

[*Mr. D. sinks back.*]

MRS. D.—What did ye do with 'em? What did you want of 'em?

TADDY.—To cover my kite.

MR. D.—*Cover your kite? your kite?* Didn't you know no better?

TADDY.—Didn't think you'd care. I had some newspapers. Dick gave me to cover it, but I thought them

things would be puttier, so I took 'em, and put the newspapers in the wrapper.

MR. D.—Did ye cover yer kite?

TADDY.—No. When I found out you cared so much about 'em, I darsent. I was afeard you'd see 'em.

MRS. D.—Then what did you do with 'em?

TADDY.—When you was away, Dick came over to sleep with me, and I—I—sold 'em to him.

MR. D.—Sold 'em to Dick!

DICK [*stoutly*].—Yes; for six marbles, and one was a bull's eye, and one an agate, and two alleys. Then when you come home, and made such a fuss, he wanted 'em agin, but he wouldn't give me back but four, and I wa'n't goin' to agree to no sich nonsense as that.

TADDY.—I'd lost the bull's eye and one common.

MR. D.—But the bonds—did you destroy 'em?

DICK.—Likely I'd destroy 'em after I'd paid six marbles for 'em. I wanted 'em to cover my kite with.

MR. D.—Cover your—Oh! Then you've made a kite of 'em?

DICK.—Well, I was goin' to, when Aunt Beswick ketched me at it. She made me tell where I got 'em and took me over to your house jest now, and Taddy said you was over here, and so she put a-head and made us follow her.

MR. D. [*impatiently*].—But where are the bonds?

DICK.—If Taddy'll give me back the marbles—

MISS B.—That'll do! Reuben will give you twenty marbles, for I believe you said they was Reuben's bonds, Mr. Ducklow.

MR. D.—Yes; that is—

MRS. D.—Event-oo-ally.

MISS B.—Now look here! what am I to understand—be they Reuben's bonds, or be they not? "That's the question."

MR. D. [*slowly*].—Of course they're Reuben's.

MRS. D.—We intended all the while—

MR. D.—To do jest what he pleases with 'em.

MISS B.—Well, now, it's understood. Here, Reuben, are your coupon bonds. [*Draws them from her bosom and lays them in Reuben's hands.*]

REUBEN [*opening them*].—Glory! Sophrony! Ruby—



you've got a home! Miss Beswick, you angel from the skies, go order a bushel and a half of marbles for Dick, and have the bill sent to me. Oh, Pa Ducklow, you never did a nobler, or more generous thing in your life. These will lift the mortgage and leave me a nest-egg besides. Then, when I get my back pay and my pension, and my health again, we shall be independent.

[*Exit scene.*]

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## THE PURITAN'S DILEMMA.

### CHARACTERS.

CAPT. MILES STANDISH. JOHN ALDEN. PRISCILLA.

### SCENE I. *By the sea-side.*

MILES STANDISH [*walking, soliloquizes*].

Aye! Plymouth is fair—no goodlier spot  
Could gladden the heart out of England,  
Standing so like the Angel of Vision—  
Her one foot on sea, the other on land,  
While the hem of her garment touches low  
On the beach and the woodland.

Dear, dear to the pilgrim is rest—the hope  
That his labors in measure are ended.

How snug seem those huts our own hands have builded,  
Gleaming like palaces in October's sun;

And, to eke out the fancy, yon tower,  
Our fort, lifting up its rude cannon, seems  
Fearful enough in the glorious autumn

—To frighten a host of dusky invaders.

Ah! what would betide to the colony

Should the fury of winter set early in?

I fear that nought would be left—none to tell

Of the fate of companions, should this year,

Like the last, shroud our hopes in despair.

God forbid that our foes and the weather—

The wild blasts and the savages wilder—  
 Should count on our weakness to conquer—should hope  
 To bury beyond resurrection this seed  
 His right hand has sifted. Bible and home!  
 These unmolested we longed for. We find  
 Them in prospect for children, perhaps, while  
 Our hearts must be rent through manifold woes,  
 —Oh, Rose of my heart! Your grave on the hill,  
 Now bristling with corn-blades and displaying full ears,  
 Seems a Providence speaking directly to me!

ALDEN [*approaching*].  
 Captain Standish! [*Capt. does not hear.*]  
 Standish, Captain of Plymouth!

STANDISH [*recognizing*].  
 Ah, Alden, my friend! From the Governor now?

ALDEN.  
 Yes, with message for you.—Your pardon, I trust,  
 For breaking the thought that held you intent;  
 But 'tis danger foreboding that brings me in haste.  
 The Indians, they say, are prowling in sight.  
 Your good word as ever, your right arm as well  
 We count on for safety.

STANDISH.

I'll with you at once.

ALDEN.  
 Go to the Governor—other mission is mine.  
 —When behests are all given and action complete  
 We'll meet and converse according to wont—  
 Discuss doctrines, books, and talk of the village.

STANDISH.  
 As you say, my young friend. I always find strength  
 In counsels with you. Good-bye, then. [*Exit.*]

ALDEN.

Farewell! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Room in a house.

STANDISH [*striding impatiently*].  
 This parleying with savages never has done—  
 Never will do! So I've settled the matter—  
 Accepted their challenge—stand ready for fight.  
 Snake-skin and arrows after treaties of peace!

Powder and shot pressed down in good measure—  
They'll understand that, I warrant—yes, feel  
Its significance early to-morrow.

ALDEN.

We discuss retribution then, I surmise.

STANDISH.

We'll not stop to discuss it, but deal it—  
Deal to the death—to the cowardly tribes  
That sneak on our borders to ravage and kill;  
That promise good faith, but only to lull  
Our wary suspicion, more surely to kill.  
Depravity total what man can doubt  
Who has treated with red men—a doctrine  
We hold by strongly as saints' perseverance!  
—Hear me, John Alden! Faith in humanity  
Doesn't mean faith in Indians, I verily think!

ALDEN.

So the army of Plymouth goes out with the dawn!

STANDISH.

Yes—few, tried men, and staunch—their lives in their  
hands

And death for those treacherous redskins! Oh, man,  
A saint might swear at their villanous tricks!

ALDEN.

But, Captain, my friend, may we not here perceive  
How God, in his mercy, bears long with us all?  
Should his wrath be extended and justice done—

STANDISH [*interrupting*].

True, true, John—we soldiers forget. You scholars  
And peace men have time to reflect, to order  
Your lives right seemly indeed. We war men, howbeit,  
Grow rough—I fear wicked—and oftentimes need  
Your kind admonitions and breathings of heaven.  
—Oh, how a man pines for the blessing of home!  
The light of mine quenched, I oft seem to myself  
Adrift without compass; and e'en the Good Book  
Seems less full of comfort than when Rose and I  
Together betimes sought its teaching with prayer.  
You remember her well, and the heavenly grace  
That shone on her brow from her nearness to God—  
You know how her spirit passed hence when he called.  
—But, friend, who can know of the void in my heart?

ALDEN.

As the Psalmist hath said—"We go unto them,  
"But they cannot come back unto us"—"Truly  
"A gift from the Lord is a wife good and true."

STANDISH.

When I tarry in camp or in combat strive,  
"What boots me my life," I frequently ask,  
"Since no hearthstone is mine to which to return—  
"No tie here on earth but my duty to do?"

ALDEN.

Yet that is well done; and a father to all  
You prove by your valor, since you are our hope  
In such times of distress.

STANDISH.

That all may be true;

Yet that is such light as the traveller sees  
In the cot from afar, when out on the moor.  
It warms not, scarce cheers with its bright slanting ray—  
Only gives him a hope such bliss to attain.

ALDEN.

Is friendship no boon?

STANDISH.

Aye, certainly, Alden—

Such as ours well may call for gratitude deep;  
But nought passing love of a woman I've found.  
Since talk has turned thus, I will venture to tax  
Your friendship for once with a thought that has lain  
Smouldering for weeks till this call gives it vent,  
When it bursts into flames, and will not be quenched,  
But free air it craves. You know fair Priscilla:  
Think you she would share a roof with a warrior—  
Give her heart unto me—her hand into mine?

ALDEN.

None fairer, none worthier, than she could one name  
To stand where Rose stood, as first in your heart!  
But ask her, my friend, and put to the proof  
Your skill in heart-weapons—your valor in love.

STANDISH.

Just there, my friend, I falter. I long, but can't speak;  
And would beg for your service. Ere I go,  
I ask you to tell her how lone is my plight—  
I love her, albeit my manner is rude.

I trust to your words and your most courtly ways  
To win her approval and her heart for me.

ALDEN.

A strange errand this for a young man like me,  
Who ne'er yet addressed a woman himself;  
While you, urged by memory, might enter a claim  
No womanly heart could withstand, and secure  
A prize for yourself worth the winning. Indeed,  
If time fails ere you must buckle on steel,  
Write out your petition—its bearer I'll be.

STANDISH.

No, John, I've no words, though a full heart is mine.  
Break it, I pray, in most elegant phrases,  
In which you're reputed by all to excel.  
You're a friend in my need; and when I return,  
Let me hear from your lips your success, which is mine.  
Yes, early to-morrow I marshal my band—  
God guide us and you, John! Your hand—and good-bye!

[*Exit.*]

ALDEN.

He would not take nay.—My friend and companion,  
How, telling your wishes, you pictured my own!  
I could not say nay, he so leaned on my friendship—  
Nor could I reveal my depths of emotion. No—  
The elder, needier by reason of loss—  
My hope must give way, "preferring another,"  
As well saith the Scriptures, "unto myself!"  
Why have I been tardy? How could I suspect  
Another would covet the jewel I saw?  
Why not? Fair as the sun she shines unto all!  
Why falter? A friend I can prove, though to love  
Be denied me. By waiting, I'm tempted  
To be false to my friend and myself—my suit  
To prefer—his to—I'll straight to Priscilla!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in house—Priscilla at work.*

PRISCILLA [*to Alden entering*].  
Good-morrow, John Alden—good-morrow!

ALDEN.

The same

I bid you.

PRISCILLA.

Good wishes are well when the place  
Is well nigh deserted—a guard but for women  
And children remains. Indeed, 'tis very gloomy  
The prospect—with war and with winter at hand!  
You saw, then, our army depart?

ALDEN.

Yes, saw them,  
And bade them God-speed!—an army terrible too,  
With banners and weapons and courage to strike  
The foe dumb.

PRISCILLA.

The flower of our Plymouth has gone—  
The pride of the Mayflower. Oh, pity if they  
Should fail!

ALDEN.

Doubtless we die, if they do. Surely  
You give not up to misgivings like these! Why  
The Lord's on our side, and Miles Standish—Standish,  
Who knows not defeat in matters of warfare—Standish,  
Whose fame every household in England  
Was proud to repeat! Quicker work he will make  
With these tribes than with phalanx on phalanx  
Of men for years trained in battles in Europe.

PRISCILLA.

Yes, Standish is notable and one to trust  
In emergency. But vain is the help of man  
If God be not on our side.

ALDEN.

Now we're speaking  
Of Standish, I'll state my purpose in main  
In calling this morning so early. A charge  
He has given me as his friend, and as friend  
I will faithfully try to discharge it. Deep,  
Deep are the wounds that love makes—deeper, I trow,  
Than sabre-cuts that bring high renown. Standish  
Boasting honorable scars yet confesses  
A vulnerable spot in his heart. The smart  
That was left when Rose died still unabated,

He deems but one remedy sure—thinks that you  
Perhaps——

PRISCILLA [*in astonishment*].

I marry Miles Standish, the Captain!

ALDEN.

If you knew that he loves and desires it—might——

PRISCILLA.

Pray, what knows the Captain of love—a fighter?  
Of tender regard for a woman?

ALDEN.

——forget

His calling and possible roughness of manner,  
And share home with him who fireside has none——

PRISCILLA.

Forget all a woman feels and discovers  
By her God-given instincts alone? Well, a love  
One can't show, nor yet speak, must, I ween, a queer  
Sort of malady prove! Did Standish suppose  
That such wounds could be healed by proxy alone,  
Or through negotiations? [*Laughing derisively.*]

ALDEN.

He, doubtless, himself

Had pleaded his cause, had not duty called hence.

PRISCILLA.

What duty can call one away to prevent  
His settling himself his affairs with his God?  
Or, if need is so great, with the woman he thinks  
A helpmeet to journey with him to that God?

ALDEN.

His friend, he desired me to open the case,  
Which most likely he intends when returned  
Himself to prosecute.

PRISCILLA.

What friend, pray, is that  
Whom any man needs to interpret himself  
To his wife? What marriage were that where a man  
Might be at such loss every day, I suspect,  
Translating himself?

ALDEN.

But what saith the Lord, pray,  
Of living alone? Saith he not, "'Tis not good?"  
And a man like Miles Standish has surely most need

Of companion, of comfort, caresses—all,  
In short, to preserve a fair balance in life.  
What were the lone dove without mate? All nature  
Shows types blessing union of heart and of life—  
And, indeed—

PRISCILLA.

With such views you have never—?

*John Alden, why do you not speak for yourself?*

[*Curtain falls.*]





## A SCENE IN COURT.

## CHARACTERS.

JUDGE SOBER, presiding.

COUNSELLOR SHARP, prosecuting attorney.

BLUSTER SNAP, counsel for prisoner.

PHELIM O'SHAUGHNESSY, prisoner.

HANS PUMPERNICKEL, }  
FRAU PUMPERNICKEL, } witnesses for prosecution.  
CONSTABLE FERRET, }

TERRENCE BRADY, }  
BRIDGET SPALPEEN, } witnesses for prisoner.

MRS. MCJERK,

CLERK, JURORS, CRIER and BAILIFFS.

SPECTATORS, *ad lib.*

*Court-room with usual accompaniments. Loud conversation suspended on the entrance of Judge, who takes his seat.*

JUDGE.—Mr. Crier, you may open the Court.

CRUER.—O yes! O yes! O yes! All persons having any business before this Honorable Court, which stood adjourned to this time and place, draw near and give their attendance, and they shall be heard!

JUDGE.—Any thing ready this morning, Mr. Sharp?

SHARP.—Yes, your Honor! State against O'Shaughnessy, for larceny, was assigned, and the witnesses for the prosecution are all here, I believe.

JUDGE.—Call the prisoner, Mr. Clerk.

CLERK.—Phelim O'Shaughnessy!

PHELIM [*sitting near his counsel*].—Here, your worship! [*rising and pulling his forelock*].

JUDGE.—Let him be arraigned.

BLUSTER.—I appear, if your Honor pleases, for Mr. O'Shaughnessy. We waive the arraignment and plead "Not Guilty." [*Phelim sits*].

JUDGE.—Has the jury been sworn?

CLERK.—Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE.—Proceed, Mr. Sharp.

BLUSTER.—Before going any further, if your Honor pleases, I have here a motion [*holding paper in hand*] to quash the indictment. The prisoner is indicted for the larceny of one *hog*, the property of Hans Pumpernickel. My point is, that the description of the animal alleged to have been stolen is too vague and indefinite—and that the indictment, therefore, is fatally defective in not stating whether the animal laid is a hog, or a sow, or a boar, or a barrow, or a shoat, or a pig. Such an indictment, your Honor, can never be sustained for a fraction of a moment in a court of law. I would refer your Honor—if indeed your Honor has any doubt upon so clear a point—to the case of *Regina v. Tims*, Vol. 989, English Common Law Reports, page 3001. I have the case here, your Honor [*producing book*], and will read it to you. This was a case—

JUDGE [*interrupting*].—Have you any thing to say, Mr. Sharp?

SHARP [*smiling*].—Nothing, your Honor.

JUDGE.—The Court will not trouble you, Mr. Snap. I overrule the motion to quash.

BLUSTER.—Your Honor will note an exception, then [*seating himself*].

JUDGE.—Certainly [*making memorandum*]. Proceed, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP.—Gentlemen of the jury, this is an indictment against Phelim O'Shaughnessy, the prisoner at the bar, for the larceny, on the twenty-fourth of last December, of one hog, the property of Hans Pumpernickel. The facts in the case you will learn from the witnesses who will be produced before you. Call Hans Pumpernickel.

CRIER.—What name?

CLERK.—Hans Pumpernickel.

CRIER [*calling*].—Hans Pumpernickel!

HANS [*coming forward*].—Yah—yah—he ish here.

SHARP.—Take the stand, Hans: [*Clerk swears witness*]. Now, Hans, tell these gentlemen here [*pointing to jury*] and the judge all you know about losing your hog last winter.

BLUSTER.—If your Honor please, in a case of so much importance to my client I must ask that all the witnesses in the case except the one testifying shall be excluded.

JUDGE.—Certainly, if you wish. Mr. Clerk, call the names of the witnesses. [*Clerk calls names of witnesses, Bluster having handed him a list of prisoner's.*] All the witnesses whose names have been called, except the one now on the stand, will leave the court-room and remain outside till they are called.

[*Witnesses withdraw, the opposing witnesses scowling defiance at each other.*]

SHARP.—Now, Hans, speak up loud, so that all these gentlemen can hear you.

HANS.—Yah—yah. Don't nobody boddens me, and I dells you der troot and nodin' but zhoost der troot. You sees I says to mine frow, says I, "Katareen"—

BLUSTER [*loudly*].—You needn't tell what you said to your wife, sir.

SHARP.—Never mind that, Hans.

HANS.—Den Katareen, she says, "Vat you vants, Hans?" Den——

BLUSTER.—Don't tell us what your wife said, sir.

SHARP.—No, Hans. Go on and tell us about your losing your hog.

HANS.—Yah—yah. Dat ish zhoost vat I vas dryin' to dell you. Zhoost all lets me be and I dells you all about mine hog and dat Irishman's shtealing him.

BLUSTER.—This, certainly, is not evidence, your Honor.

SHARP.—Hans, hark to me now, and answer the questions which I ask you.

HANS.—Yah—yah.

SHARP.—Did you lose a hog last winter, Hans?

HANS.—Yah—I loses one goot hog—so goot as never vas mit me before.

SHARP.—What time in the winter was it?

HANS.—Grismas vas der neksht day.

SHARP.—The day before Christmas—the twenty-fourth of December then. What kind of a hog was it?

HANS.—I dells you he vas one goot hog. Oh, so goot! So pig—so——

BLUSTER [*interrupting*].—A pig? I thought you just now swore it was a hog. [*Looking meaningly at jury.*]

SHARP.—So he did, Mr. Bluster. He was going to say how big it was.

HANS.—Yah—yah—dat ish so. He vas so pig as das. [*Touching fingers of both hands and describing a circle with his arms.*] Me and mine frow, we never takes round him eder of us. And so fett! [*Smacking lips.*] So fett as bütter never vas!

BLUSTER.—So what?

SHARP.—*Fat*, he means.

HANS.—Yah—yah. Das ish so. Oh, so fett!

SHARP.—You lost him, you say, on the 24th of December last?

HANS.—Grismas was der neksht day

SHARP.—When did you see him again after you lost him?

HANS.—Ven I sees him more? Oh, dree, four week. Den der gonstable he brings mine hog pack.

SHARP.—That's all, Mr. Snap. He is your witness.

BLUSTER [*squaring himself off for cross-examination*]. What is your name, sir?

HANS.—Hans Pumpernickel.

BLUSTER.—How long have you lived in this country, sir?

HANS.—How long in dis guntree? Sieben year.

BLUSTER.—What do you say?

SHARP.—Seven years.

BLUSTER [*turning to Sharp*].—I'll attend to the witness in my own way, if you please, sir. [*To Hans.*] Now, sir, upon your oath, how long have you been in this country?

HANS.—I zhoost dells you—*sieben year*.

BLUSTER.—That doesn't answer my question, sir.

JUDGE.—Really, Mr. Snap, the witness has answered the question twice already; and, moreover, it is an entirely irrelevant question. The time of the Court cannot be frittered away in such trifling. If you are unable to understand the witness, and will not avail yourself of Mr. Sharp's suggestions, the interpreter of the Court must be called.

BLUSTER [*somewhat subdued*].—Yes, your Honor. [*To Hans.*] Seven years, you say? What kind of a hog did you lose? Had he any marks about him?

HANS.—I dells you he be a goot fett hog—goot pig large hog. Nobody could not mark him—the fett runs out of him if dey do.

BLUSTER.—Then he had no marks on him? How did you know him, then, sir?

HANS.—How I knows him? I did know him when he vas a little so pig hog [*making a small circle with his thumbs and forefingers*], ven he vas nodin but one baby hog—yah. Den I cuts one ear and der oder ear—once twice—den I knows he vill all der dime be mine own hog.

BLUSTER.—Oh! Then you did mark him after all? [*looking to jury.*]

HANS.—I dells you I cuts his both ear.

BLUSTER.—What time in the day did you miss him on the 24th of December?

HANS.—I mish him not, I loses him ven der Irishman he steals him.

BLUSTER [*loudly*].—Take care what you say, sir, about stealing. Answer my question: when did you lose him that day?

HANS.—I eats mine dinner—I goes to mine hog's pen—and he vas dare no more ash ever vas.

BLUSTER.—You missed him directly after dinner? You said the constable brought him back to you—what constable?

HANS.—Der gonstable ash ish here zhoost now—Misdere Ferret.

BLUSTER.—And you swear it was your hog that the constable brought you? Upon your oath—your solemn oath—remember?

HANS.—I dells you, and I dells you now, I shwears it.

BLUSTER.—That's all, sir.

SHARP.—That's all, Hans. You may sit down. [*To bailiff.*] Call Frau Pumpernickel. [*Bailiff returns with Frau, who is sworn.*] Frau, did Hans lose a hog last winter? If so, when?

FRAU.—Der day before Grismas vas me and Hans loses our fett hog.

SHARP.—When did you see him again?

FRAU.—He ish gone bigger dan tree week ven der gonstable he dells me and Hans dat der Irishman—

BLUSTER.—Never mind that, ma'am.

SHARP.—What constable are you speaking of?

FRAU.—Misder Ferrett, he brings me and Hans' hog pack wid him.

SHARP.—You are sure that the hog the constable brought was your hog?

FRAU [*raising both hands and looking around the room*].—I knows dat hog—dat hog Peter—so vell I knows mine own child.

SHARP.—Cross-examine, Mr. Snap.

BLUSTER.—How did you know the hog was yours? You say the hog belonged to you and Hans? Are you his wife?

FRAU.—Yah, I be his frow.

BLUSTER.—How did you know the hog?

FRAU.—How I knows der hog? How I knows mine child? I knows him so well I knows him.

BLUSTER.—What marks had he on him?

FRAU.—Marks! [*holding up hands*]. Himmel! You dinks me and Hans marks dat hog? Nein, nein! [*emphatically*]. Dere vas no marks on him He vas so fett no marks could stay dere. I sees Hans shlit his ears mineself.

BLUSTER.—Both ears?

FRAU.—Now one, and den der oder—so—[*making motion as if drawing a knife across her hand*].

BLUSTER.—You swear positively that the hog which Constable Ferret brought back was yours, do you?

FRAU [*looking at him with the utmost contempt*].—I dells you nodin' more; you be too doom for me.

BLUSTER.—That's all, then.

FRAU.—So I dinks [*leaving the stand in disgust, before Sharp has given her permission, which is done as she leaves*].

[*Sharp directs Ferret to be called and sworn.*]

SHARP.—Mr. Ferret, state to the Court and jury what you know relative to a hog lost by Hans Pumpernickel last winter.

FERRET.—I learned from Hans on Christmas last, that his hog had been missing since the day before. I knew the hog well, and some time afterwards—on the 11th of last January—I saw the animal in O'Shaughnessy's pen. I told a woman there, who I understood to be the prison-

er's wife, that that hog had been stolen from Hans, and she flew at me with curses and an iron spoon which she had in her hand, when the prisoner came in, and wanted to know what it was all about. I told him who the hog belonged to, and he abused me with every thing he could lay his tongue to. He said, "No Dutchman ever owned a pig like that." I said he did—and so on. At last he got summat peacified, when I told him that I should restore the hog to his rightful owner. Then he fell to again—and I don't know what more wouldn't have happened, if some of his friends hadn't over-persuaded him, and I drove the hog home to Hans.

SHARP.—Your witness, Mr. Snap.

BLUSTER.—You knew the hog to be what's-his-name's, did you?

FERRET.—I knew he was Hans Pumpnickel's hog.

BLUSTER.—How did you know it, sir?

FERRET.—I live near Hans and had seen it almost every day, off and on, since it was a little pig.

BLUSTER.—Oh, you lived near the hog, did you? [*No answer—witness looks contemptuously at B.*] Any marks about the animal by which you could recognize him?

FERRET.—One slit in his right ear and two in his left.

BLUSTER.—Sure of that, sir?

FERRET.—Yes, sir.

BLUSTER.—'Twasn't one in his left ear and two in his right, was it? Be cautious, now; you are on your oath, remember, Mr. Constable.

FERRET.—I have told you already—one slit in his right ear and two in his left.

BLUSTER.—You removed that hog from Mr. O'Shaughnessy's pen without any warrant—didn't you, sir?

FERRET.—I knew it was Hans' hog, and I took him home.

BLUSTER.—You may stand down, sir. [*As Ferret steps away Bluster remarks in an audible tone, "You'll hear from me shortly, sir!" Ferret replies, "Thank you, sir, happy to hear from you at any time!"*]

SHARP [*to Court*].—The case for the prosecution is closed.

JUDGE.—Any witnesses for the defence, Mr. Snap?

BLUSTER.—Yes, your honor. But before I call any, I

ask your Honor's decision upon a point of law. To my mind, there is an essential variance between the indictment and the proof—essential and fatal. This hog is laid in the indictment as the property of one Hans Pumpernickel; the proof is that he belonged jointly to Hans and his wife.

JUDGE.—There is nothing in that point, sir. Mrs. Pumpernickel, I presume, like some others of her sex, proceeds upon the theory that what is her own is her own, and what is her husband's is her own also. [*Smiles in court at this judicial witicism.*] Proceed with your defence, Mr. Snap.

BLUSTER.—Yes, your Honor—an exception will be noted? [*Judge nods affirmatively.*] Gentlemen of the jury, our defence is that this hog was our hog—and I shall prove it. [*Takes his seat with a pompous flourish.*] Call Terrence Brady! [*to bailiff, who returns with the witness, and the latter is sworn.*] Mr. Brady, are you acquainted with Mr. O'Shaughnessy?

BRADY.—Is it that ye say? Do I know Phalim? Faix, and do I know mysilf thin, if I haven't known Phalim O'Shaughnessy since he was ivir that high, your worship! [*Lowering his hand to the level of his knee, to indicate the height.*]

BLUSTER.—You live near him—don't you?

BRADY.—Right forninst his house.

BLUSTER.—Did Mr. O'Shaughnessy have any hogs last fall?

BRADY.—And didn't he have two of the swatest crathers the blissed saints ivir set eyes on?

BLUSTER.—What became of them, Mr. Brady?

BRADY.—What wint wid them, do ye say? Didn't Phalim and mysilf kill the one of them in Christmas wake for us and the childer—for didn't mysilf buy the half of him and pay for him like a man, too—didn't I, Phalim? [*To prisoner.*]

PHELIM.—Troth and ye did, my boy!

CRIER.—Silence in court! [*Bailiff approaches Phelim, and Bluster is seen enjoining silence upon his client.*]

BLUSTER.—Mr. Brady, you'll talk to the Court and jury.

BRADY.—Yis—and that I will.



BLUSTER.—He killed one in Christmas week, you say. What became of the other?

BRADY.—Of the other is it ye say? Och! and didn't that murtherin' baste of a dirty constable stale him away from Phalim's own pen? And didn't I see him and hear him with my own eyes? And the childer and Biddy cryin' too! The thaving spalpeen that he is! [*Shaking fist at Ferret.*]

CRIER.—Silence in court!

JUDGE.—Witness, you will be committed to jail if you don't conduct yourself as a witness should.

BRADY [*bowing profoundly to Judge*].—Beg your worship's pardon—but ivery hair on my head stiffens into a shillala whin I think of the likes of it.

BLUSTER.—How do you know that that hog which the constable took from Mr. O'Shaughnessy was his own—I mean Mr. O'Shaughnessy's?

BRADY.—Wasn't he the last of a litter of sivin? And wouldn't he have been three years ould if the Blessed Virgin had spared him till the nixt Saint Pathrick's? And didn't this knife of my own [*taking one from his pocket*] slit the ear on the right of him once [*making appropriate motions*], and the ear on the left of him twice the very day he was in his six-wakes' birthday? Know him, is it ye say? Does Terrence Brady know himself? Thin does he know Phalim's swate pig?

BLUSTER.—The witness is yours, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP.—You are positive that that hog was Phelim's?

BRADY.—As certain as that I'm here before yer Honor. Can a man say more? And that man an Irishman?

SHARP [*smiling*].—I should think not. You may take your seat. [*Brady steps off the stand.*]

BLUSTER.—One question I forgot to ask you, Mr. Brady.

BRADY [*resuming stand*].—Any question ye likes, and Terrence Brady's yer boy, if he was there.

BLUSTER.—Was anybody present when you slit the hog's ears?

SHARP.—It is not strictly legal—but, to save time, go on.

BRADY.—Was anybody prisint? Wasn't Biddy Spalpeen and Misthress McJerk? And didn't Biddy say,

"Now, Terrence, be as aisy as iver ye can and don't hurt the swate crathur?"

BLUSTER.—That's all, Mr. Brady. You may stand down. [*Brady leaves; and bailiff, at Bluster's direction, calls Bridget Spalpeen, who is sworn.*] Miss Spalpeen, do you remember any thing about Mr. Brady's marking a pig at any time for Mr. O'Shaughnessy?

BRIDGET.—It's Terrence and Phalim and the six-wakes' pig ye mane. Terrence's knife wasn't what it should have bin for the likes of that—and didn't I plade with him not to hurt the poor dumb baste?

BLUSTER.—How old was the pig?

BRIDGET.—Just six wakes to a day.

BLUSTER.—When did you see that pig last?

BRIDGET.—When he stole him away from Phalim's pin. [*Pointing to Ferret.*] Bad 'cess to him! [*shaking head.*]

BLUSTER.—You are sure it was the same animal?

BRIDGET.—Shure—is it? If it were the last breath that iver I breathed, I would kiss the book a thousand times to the truth of it! [*earnestly.*]

BLUSTER [*to Sharp*].—Any questions? [*Sharp shakes head in negative.*] You may be seated. [*To bailiff.*] Call Mrs. McJerk.

SHARP.—I suppose she is to corroborate the slitting?

BLUSTER.—Yes—and to identify the hog. [*Bailiff enters with Mrs. McJerk.*]

SHARP.—I'll admit that she'll testify to the same as the last witness.

BLUSTER.—Never mind, Mrs. McJerk. You may be seated. I shall not want you.

MRS. MCJ.—And don't I know it all—bad luck to yees? [*throwing her head towards Hans and company.*]

CRIER.—Silence in court!

JUDGE.—Well, gentlemen, is this to be argued?

SHARP.—I have no desire to take up more time, your Honor.

BLUSTER.—My duty to my client, your Honor, renders it obligatory upon me to say a few words.

JUDGE.—Proceed, sir.

BLUSTER [*During his speech witnesses for prisoner exchange nods and glances of approval and scowl defiantly at witnesses for prosecution.*].—May it please the

Court and you, gentlemen of the jury! Precious as your time is, gentlemen, and valuable as my own time is, gentlemen, I should not address you at the present time, gentlemen, did I not feel it incumbent upon me, as one in whose hands my client has placed what is dearer to him than life itself—his reputation—to call your attention to some points which it is quite possible, considering the hurry of this trial, may have escaped your attention.

My client, it is true, is but a common laboring man—having, however, the proud distinction of belonging to a race which, however some may affect to sneer at, contains—I say unhesitatingly—some of the most pre-eminent names upon the roll of fame, in this or any other land. And I declare to you, gentlemen of the jury, that, whatever others may say, the wheels of time will yet—and at no distant point of time—roll round the day when for a man to be able to say “I am an Irishman” will place him in a more enviable position than that once occupied by him who could say “I am a Roman citizen!”

My client, gentlemen of the jury, is charged with stealing a hog. Let not what may, perchance, be your estimate of an animal of that species—as of but comparative slight money value—shut from your minds the fact, that to my client as a laboring Irishman such an animal is, next to the wife of his bosom, the most valuable possession which a benignant Providence can bestow upon him. I forget not his children. Far be it from me to overlook those sweet solacers of the day’s toils, those refreshing companions of the night. No, gentlemen of the jury, I do not forget the children; but I except them not. Without the pig the children could not live—and what boon were they then?

The evidence, gentlemen of the jury, upon which the State seeks to convict my client, an Irishman, of having stolen a pig, an Irishman’s second great earthly blessing, is before you.

The law in the case his Honor [*turning to Judge and bowing profoundly*] will give you. The facts, you, gentlemen, are to deal with in the light of the law.

With these remarks, gentlemen—without which I could not have laid my head upon my pillow this night, feeling that I had discharged my duty to my client—I leave the

case with you, confident that you will never in your deliberations upon it forget that great maxim, without which the life of each were a weary burden to be borne as best we might through this Sahara of a world—that transcendent maxim, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*" Gentlemen, I have done!

JUDGE.—Gentlemen of the jury: This is a case of conflicting testimony. You have the evidence upon both sides, and its decision I leave with you.

*[Bailiff is sworn by clerk to take charge of jury, when the foreman announces that they have agreed upon a verdict—the jury have consulted together in their seats during the swearing of the bailiff.]*

JUDGE.—Take the verdict. *[To Clerk.]*

CLERK.—How say you, Mr. Foreman, is Phelim O'Shaughnessy, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN.—Not guilty.

CLERK.—Hearken to your verdict as the Court shall record. You say that Phelim O'Shaughnessy, the prisoner at the bar, is not guilty. So say you, Mr. Foreman—so say you all. *[Each juror nods affirmatively.]*

*[Amid expressions of intense satisfaction on the part of Phelim and friends and corresponding indignation and surprise on the part of Hans and friends, the curtain falls.]*



## THE MUTUAL DEVELOPMENT SOCIETY;

OR, CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HON. EZEKIEL TYRANNUS.

MRS. EZEKIEL TYRANNUS.

HON. OBEDIAH CRINGEY, a lawyer.

MRS. FAIRPLAY,

MISS MANSFIELD,

MISS OLIVE BRANCH,

MISS GRACE ROBINSON,

MISS LOU ATHERTON,

MISS ELLA EDGAR,

BILLY, an errand boy.

} factory women.

*In one Act, three scenes.*

SCENE I.—*Parlor in the house of Tyrannus—Mr. and Mrs. T. seen sitting—she sewing—he reading the paper.*

MR. TYRANNUS [*throwing down the paper, jumps to his feet, and paces up and down the room*].—Just as I expected, Mrs. T! I told you that it would be so! I knew it would—and now, for the fortieth time, have my predictions again been verified—

MRS. T. [*interrupting*].—What in the world has come over you again, Mr. T.?

MR. T.—Come over *me*? Nothing, madam, nothing! [*excitedly*] do you understand me? absolutely nothing! But did I not emphatically declare that if 'Squire Jones allowed those factory girls to hold their [*sneeringly*] Mutual Development Society meetings in his hall, that they would run mad, and we should all be compelled to stop our factories until sane persons could be procured.

MRS. T.—Is that all, Mr. T.? Then why get into such a terrible rage about it? your girls have not left you, nor have those from any other mill that I have heard of. I don't see that the least harm in the world can come out of such a society among those working girls; but it

seems to *me*, Mr. T., as if the universal failing of your sex is to deny women the privilege of exercising the powers which God has given them, and any act or effort on their part which would tend to elevate them in the scale of humanity, *you*, and such like you, immediately set about to cry them down, and would, no doubt, lose no chance to make their lives more miserable than even now [*rising*]. Mr. Tyrannus, I am ashamed of you! [*leaves the room.*]

MR. T. [*looking towards the door.*—There's a model of love, honor, and obey, for you, Ezekiel! [*folding his arms, looks to the floor.*] Well, I guess women have some rights [*shakes his head*]; but it would never do to give them a chance—they're too tyrannical—man could not endure it! Now, if I don't knock that Mutual Development Society so far into the middle of next week that it will never again be heard from, then my name is not Ezekiel Tyrannus, the honorable ex-member of the New Jersey Legislature! I'll go and see Deacon Smythe [*starting to the door, meets Cringey*]. Good-morning, Mr. Cringey [*shake hands*].

MR. C. [*shakes Tyrannus' hand violently.*—Good-morning, my dear Tyrant—Tyrannus—excuse me—I am delighted to see you looking so well this morning! May I venture to ask how is Mrs. T. this morning?

MR. T.—In an ill-humor, Cringey—in an ill-humor! Do you know that ever since those factory women took it into their heads—the nonsensical idea!—that there was a higher and nobler station for every one of them than at their places doing their work, the very deuce has been to pay! My wife indorses every word and act of the [*contemptuously*] “Mutual Development Society”—and there is war brewing [*handing Cringey a chair*]. Take a seat [*both sit down*].

MR. C.—What society did you say?

MR. T.—Mutual Development Society.

MR. C.—Oh, I understand—a James' nasium!

MR. T.—No, no! nor a *Jim*-nasium; but a society where they meet together to debate, read, sing, and undoubtedly lay plans whereby they may render man their slaves and very humble servants.

MR. C.—But, my dear boy—excuse the familiarity!—

but—it is the custom of all lawyers—you're married, are you not?

MR. T. [*interrupting.*].—Of course I am!

MR. C.—Then you have nothing to fear! Look at me—an old bachelor—I'm one of those who should tremble and fear such a formidable combination as you complain of; but I tell you, Tyrannus, I am glad to see those hard-worked women initiate these steps to raise themselves out of the serfdom which capital has imposed upon their labor.

MR. T.—But, Mr. Cringey, did you never reflect, and compare the superiority of the minds of men over that of women? Have you forgotten that man was created *first*, and woman *gave* to him, *afterwards*, as a helpmeet? Had it not been the wisdom of the Great Creator to bestow upon man the honor of being his first great work, he would have created——

MR. C. [*interrupting.*].—Well, I admit that man was created first.

MR. T. [*interrupting.*].—That's what I said!

MR. C.—I mean *before* woman!

MR. T.—That's what I mean!

MR. C.—The beast was created before man, was it not?

MR. T.—Certainly.

MR. C.—Then, since the lowest order of animal nature was created *first*, then man, then woman, it stands to reason that woman must be superior to man, if man is to the brute, on the simple idea of progression—the glorious theme you used to harp upon so much. How now?

MR. T.—I don't see it in that light, Cringey.

MR. C.—No—but in a far less just one! Now, let me turn prophet for once, Tyrannus, and prophesy that the day will come when you capitalists will be brought up the round turn, and that, too, by the brains of women [*rising*].

MR. T.—Nonsense! I don't believe there are as much brains in the whole thirteen hundred of my factory girls as in the head of your cane!

MR. C.—We'll see. Good-morning.

[*Exit Cringey.*]

MR. T.—Old Cringey has labored hard to move me in my ideas. I'll not give in, though all the world shall decide against me! I know I'm right; but why others cannot see the evil of these combinations of women, as

tending to demoralize the community, as I do, is a mystery [*puts on his hat and leaves the room*].

[*Curtain drops.*]

SCENE II.—*Society-room. Rows of girls dressed in factory suits on either side of room. Mrs. Fairplay, chairwoman, in the centre. Miss Mansfield, secretary, at her right.*

MRS. FAIRPLAY. — Does any member of our little Spartan band know of any person who is in sorrow or distress?

MISS OLIVE BRANCH [*rising*]. — There is one in my district—the girl who lost her hand in the machinery one week since—her mother is also very ill, and want is evident from their surroundings. I called upon Mr. Tyrannus, of the mill where she worked, but he refused to aid them. His excuse was that her injury had spoiled over ten dollars' worth of muslins for him and she deserved the punishment for her carelessness. I gave her one-half of my week's wages—only one dollar and a-half it is true—and they were very thankful and blessed our Society. [*Sits down.*]

MRS. F.—Noble girl! While it is not in our power to reimburse you now, you may rest assured that you shall never want while there is a member of this organization to assist you. Sisters [*to all*], here is a worthy example set us—let it prompt us to follow it, and go about doing good. Has any member aught to say in behalf of our Society?

MISS ROBINSON [*rising*].—As chairwoman of the committee appointed at our last meeting to prepare an address to our much oppressed sisters in the factories of this country, I have the pleasure to offer the following for the consideration of the Society. [*Reads from a paper.*] "To the oppressed and down-trodden women of the whole world: We, your sisters and co-workers, employed by capitalists in the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ (*using the name of any place desired*), in order to more effectually promote our social, moral and intellectual worth to such a degree as our individual talents may admit, to promote the well-being of our co-laborers, relieve their necessities



in sickness and distress, do most sincerely and earnestly offer for your consideration the subject-matter of this circular.

"We believe that the creation of man by the All-Wise Intelligence was for protection and not oppression. We do most emphatically believe that in women may be found all the accomplishments—moral and intellectual—that were ever attributed to man as an individual.

"We do, in the grossness of our scourging by the capitalists, offer up our prayers for the speedy deliverance from the imposed servitude of our oppressed sisters in factories and shops throughout the entire world; condemning, as inhuman, the unlicensed course pursued in taking us while helpless children from the care and protection of our parents, and placing us in the workshops of capitalists to weary fully three-fourths of the hours twenty-four over our labors, thus preventing us from realizing an education, alike beneficial to posterity as ourselves.

"We cry aloud against all nations who thus permit their moneyed men to pervert the creatures of circumstances to their pecuniary aggrandizement, to the detriment of hundreds of lives annually, and a peopling of the community with thousands of semi-illiterate women.

"We appeal, therefore, to you to lend us your aid in our high and laudable efforts to suppress this growing and unholy evil. Organize bodies for reading and mutual culture; take under your charge the friendless orphans, teach them, watch over them, and to your best means relieve their wants in sickness and distress, and from the indication of our own young band we predict that the future will give to the world many bright minds, from out even the dusky factory. We are for raising the standard of individual worth up! up!! promising to you, as we mutually do to each other, to 'weary not in well-doing.'

"Even now the importance and influence of our little Spartan band is being felt by those who, at the expense of life and limb, have become millionaires.

"In closing this appeal, we disclaim any intentions or aspirations to assume a station with man politically.

We have aimed higher, and in so doing we ask your hearty co-operation."

Signed by the Committee.

[*Sits down.*]

MRS. F.—What will you do with your Committee's report?

MISS ATHERSON [*rising*].—For one, I heartily indorse it, and move that the report be received and adopted. [*Sits down.*]

MRS. F.—In the absence of objection, it is so ordered. [*Pausing.*] So ordered, Miss Mansfield.

MISS MANSFIELD [*rising*].—I have a communication addressed to our Society.

MRS. F.—Let it be read.

MISS M. [*reads.*].—"To whom it may concern :—This is to give notice that any and all employees of my factory belonging to, or sympathizing with, the so-called 'Mutual Development Society' are hereby discharged, and will call upon the Cashier for settlement. Signed Ezekiel Tyrannus" [*sits down*].

MRS. F.—Place it in the waste-paper basket [*pausing*]. No—I have a better plan—we will all stop work! You all know what a flurry he has been in for the last ten days? He is compelled to fill his government contract by day after to-morrow. We'll stop, girls, and he will be forced to accede to our terms. Shall that be our mutual plan?

ALL.—Yes.

MRS. F.—In the absence of further business, we will now adjourn—Miss Edgar first singing one of her songs.

[*Miss E. sings, the whole company joining in a chorus.*]

[*Curtain drops.*]

SCENE III.—*Curtain rises*—*Mr. Tyrannus seated at a table reading letters*—*Dress, morning-wrapper.*

MR. T.—Well, that's a respectable order! [*reads from letter :*] "If you will furnish us seventy thousand yards of sheeting, in six weeks from the first proximo, we will pay two cents a yard extra for the accommodation" [*counting his fingers*].—Why, I'll make twelve thousand dollars out of that. [*Opens another letter — reads :*] "Sir :—We shall hold you to your agreement—the Gov-

ernment officers hold us to ours. The balance of those goods *must*" [*looking up*].—M-U-S-T, in great capitals—[*reads*] "*must* be delivered this week, or you forfeit forty thousand dollars" [*rising*]. Pshaw! they need not be afraid—they'll be done! [*Enter small boy.*] Well, Billy, what's wanting?

BILLY.—Please, sir, the Cashier says that all the girls have quit, and they want their money, because——

MR. T. [*interrupting.*].—Quit? What for? They sha'n't do any thing of the kind! I won't let them! I'll show them that they can't trifle with me! Go! send the forewoman to me! [*exit Billy.*] Quit! I can buy every one of them, body and soul! I'll show them that they can't balk Ezekiel Tyrannus before they are twenty-four hours older! I'll starve every one of them! [*Enter Billy.*] Where's Miss Edgar?

BILLY.—There she comes.

[*Enter Miss Edgar.*]

MR. T. [*to Miss Edgar.*].—What's all this hubbub about? Are all the girls mad, or are they going to throw themselves away on some worthless young men, and get married?

MISS E.—No, sir! They have thrown the best part of their lives away already, and you, sir, have gathered together their sorrow and turned it into riches [*producing a letter*]. Did you write that letter? [*hands it to him.*]

MR. T. [*looking at the letter.*].—Yes, I did. What right have you to question it? [*hands it back.*]

MISS E.—The right, as one of the members of that Society.

MR. T.—Do all the girls belong to it? I thought it was made up of a few crack-brained old maids.

MISS E.—Every factory girl in the county is a member of the Mutual Development Society—thousands throughout the land are joining in the movement—and let me respectfully inform you, Mr. Tyrannus, *our* time has come! We have been like the bundle of fagots—separated, you crush us singly! joined together in unity, fraternity, and equality, as we are to-day, there is no power, save high Heaven, which can break our bonds of united strength! Now, sir, what will you?

MR. T. [*holding the two letters, one in each hand, aside.*]

—Forty thousand dollars forfeit, twelve thousand four hundred dollars profit—[*to Miss E.*] Tell the girls to go to work. I will make it all right.

Miss E.—You have been paying from one dollar and fifty cents to four dollars per week.

Mr. T.—Well, that's enough; it is as much as any one else pays.

Miss E.—Enough for you to give, but not enough for us to receive. We ask that the one dollar and fifty cents be made four dollars and fifty cents, the four dollars be made twelve.

Mr. T. [*in a rage.*].—Won't stand such extortion! [*Looks at his letters again.*] I'll give it this week.

Miss E.—We want it for one year, sir.

Mr. T. [*aside.*].—I'll promise, but I'll never pay them at all! not a cent! I'll learn them a lesson. [*To Miss E.*] Very well, go to work; I'll engage you all for a year at those rates.

Miss E. [*producing a paper.*].—Then sign this agreement which the girls have drawn up.

Mr. T. [*smilingly.*].—Certainly. [*Aside.*] It will not do to back out now, and knowing, as I do, that there is not one girl in my factory who has had one-quarter's schooling, they haven't got brains enough to bind me very close. I'll sign it without reading it, this will make them think I am overly sincere, but my retribution will come. I'll make them sue for bread on their bended knees yet. [*To Miss E.*] Give me the paper.

Miss E.—Shall I read it to you? It is written quite poorly, but I done the best I knew how.

Mr. T. [*takes the paper.*].—No! don't you think that I have confidence enough in you girls to sign your paper without reading it? You all thought that I was a hard-hearted employer, but you find that I am not, am I? [*Aside.*] A little soft sodder will make them feel good, but revenge is mine. [*Goes to the table, sits down and writes his name, while Mrs. T., Cringey, Billy, and all the factory girls enter unobserved by him.*] You will want this witnessed, forewoman. [*Hands it back of him.*] You should have brought a witness with you.

Mr. C. [*takes the paper.*].—I'll witness your signature [*aside*] to the death-warrant of capital monopoly.

MR. T. [*rising, turns round, surprised.*—What, you here, Lawyer Cringey? and these girls, too! [*Cringey sits down and writes his name.*] What does all this mean?

MR. C.—L-e-t m-e s-e-e [*putting on his spectacles reads, slowly*]. "Articles of agreement made and entered into this — day of — 18—, by and between the Honorable Ezekiel Tyrannus of the one part, and Miss Ella Edgar, forewoman, of the other part, both of the town of —, in the county of —, and State of—, Witnesseth:

"The said party of the first part hereby agrees to retain his entire force of factory operatives for the term of fifty-two weeks from this date, and agrees to pay the said party of the second part four dollars and fifty cents per week for each operative who has heretofore received one dollar and fifty cents, and twelve dollars per week for all those who have heretofore received but four dollars weekly, and for the faithful performance of this agreement he, the said Ezekiel Tyrannus, pledges all his property, both personal and real estate. Witness my hand and seal the day and date first above written. Signed, Ezekiel Tyrannus. Witness, Obadiah Cringey." This wants an internal revenue stamp to make it complete.

ALL [*closing around Cringey, offering a stamp*].—Here's one.

MR. C. [*takes one from Billy, reads.*—Internal revenue proprietary, Brandreth's pills [*handing it back*], that won't do, Billy, it wouldn't do to increase the dose just now; your boss has got a very bitter pill on hand already. [*Billy retires—Cringey takes one from his pocket and puts it on.*] Signed, stamped [*handing it to Miss Edgar*], and delivered.

MR. T.—What does this mean, I say?

MR. C.—Why, simply that there is more legal ability in your factory than justice in your heart. They have got you handsomely—the law will now protect and defend them in their rights [*turning to the audience*], and I dare say that there is not a man, woman or child who learns of this fact but will rejoice, and give three rousing cheers for this, the first triumph of labor over the tyrant, Capital Monopoly.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## PATENT MEDICINE.

## CHARACTERS.

NATHAN WORRY, a dyspeptic farmer.

DR. OLDSCHOOL, physician.

MRS. WORRY, wife of Nathan.

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SCENE I.—*Room in private house.*

MR. WORRY [*seated in easy chair, looking generally miserable*].—If I've got to call this misery life [*groaning*] the sooner I am out of it the better! Not a single hour of comfort have I had for more'n a year now. I've tried ev'ry thin', and ev'ry thin' fails. Somehow or 'nother nothin' 'pears to agree with me—ev'ry thin' goes agin the grain!

MRS. W [*converses in a dismal, cheerless tone*].—You don't feel a bit better to-day—do you, Nathan? [*Sitting.*] You're lookin' mis'rable—mis'rabler than I've see'd you yit, I reely b'lieve! Stick out your tongue! [*He complies—she leaves chair to inspect.*] I declare to you, it's furred thicker'n pie-crust! [*Resuming seat.*] It's my actil 'pinion, Nathan, that none of them doctors knows any thin' what's the matter with you.

MR. W. [*groaning*].—No more do I. I grow worser and worser ev'ry day I live. I'm goin' fast—and, the way I feel 'most all the time, now-a-days, I'm 'bout glad on't!

MRS. W.—Nathan, you've no business as a professin' man to talk in that way. You know you're sinnin' when you do it. What if you are goin' fast—and it's püttty plain to me you are—you've no call to be glad on't, you know well's as I do! You must git resigned, Nathan—that's what you want and oughter have!

MR. W.—I am resigned. I feel as if I could put up with any thin' after what I've gone through.

MRS. W.—'Tain't the right kind, and you know it. Your head don't feel any comfortabler, I s'pose?

MR. W.—Not a mite—feels jest as if I had forty camp-meetin's in it in full blast.

MRS. W.—And your food don't set well on your stomach any more—does it?

MR. W.—No—I don't relish any thin', and if I did, 'twould nearly kill me to eat any thin'.

MRS. W. [*looking wise*.]—I'm jest as certain it's your liver, Nathan, as I'm certain that I'm a livin' woman. You know I've stuck to it from the very fust that it's your liver and nothin' else. I stick to it yit, and I shall till you're dead and gone. I do wish you'd a-heered to me a long while ago and did as I wanted to have you. You might have ben a great 'eal better this very minit. Who knows?

MR. W.—Didn't I go to see that doctor you told me of? What's his name?

MRS. W.—Doctor Lobely?

MR. W.—Didn't I go to see him—and didn't I take more'n fifty bottles of his blood-root bitters? And they didn't do me a bit of good! I only wish I'd kep' on with Dr. Oldschool!

MRS. W.—Well you didn't, I can tell you, Nathan! You'd a-ben carrid out feet foremost long afore this if I hadn't a-got you out o' the notion o' list'nin' to him! I hope I may be forgiven for't, but I actilly think he'd be properer named if he's called old fool! Didn't he say he wouldn't give you a hooter of med'sin?

MR. W.—More'n he didn't—I b'lieve now I was on the mend fast.

MRS. W.—On the mend, Nathan! Lawful sakes! You're goin' out o' your head, Nathan! Didn't 'Zuby Pepper say over and over agin—day in and day out—and you know she seed you's often 's three or four times a day—that you were failin', failin', all the time? Now, didn't she?

MR. W.—So you said, I b'lieve. But it 'pears to me like I oughter know as much 'bout myself as 'Zuby Pepper or anybody else.

MRS. W.—But you can't, Nathan! Sickness's mighty deceivin'. You think you're goin' to git up and about right away, and the fust thing you know you're stone-dead—go off jest like that [*snapping finger*]. I reely

don't think—you know I never didn't—that you treated Doctor Lobely fair. I don't think—as a Christian woman I don't think—you gin his med'cin a fair try.

MR. W. [*getting somewhat animated.*].—What would you have a man do, woman alive? Isn't more'n fifty bottle enough, I'd like to know? You wouldn't drown a man clean out—would you?

MRS. W.—Now don't take on so, Nathan! Jest keep yourself's easy 's you can! You're bad enough off, goodness knows—and you 'll only git worse if you git so excited. As I was sayin', I don't actilly think you took bitters enough. No more does 'Zuby Pepper—that I know—for I heerd her say jest them very words with my own ears, Nathan. And if anybody knows any thin' 'bout any kind o' sickness in these parts I should think 'Zuby oughter! She's laid out more'n twenty folks, old and young—some on 'em sick one way and some 'nother—and she's been 'round the country nussing upwards of a dozen year! Plaguey few doctors she can't teach a few things to, I tell you! Dida't 'Zekiel Harlow have the matter with his liver—and didn't Dr. Lobely 'tend him—and didn't 'Zuby nuss him, night an' day, all the living time he 's sick?

MR. W.—He died, didn't he?

MRS. W.—What do you ask sech a question as that for, Nathan? You know he did. Didn't we go to hear his fun'ral preached—and don't you mind my sayin' to you as we was a-cómin' home, what an improvin' 'casion we'd hed? 'Zekil Harlow's dead and buried, certain—and it's a mighty mean stone his widder's gin him. I'll do better for you'n that, Nathan, if you're called fust—you may depend on't. Wal—'Zuby studied into 'Zekil's liver, and studied, and studied till she got to know all about it—all about it—'cept them doctor names, which don't amount to shucks, anyhow; and says she to me the very day I told her how that you had gin over takin' any more of Doctor Lobely's med'cin—and I didn't tell her right off quick's you stopped, 'cause I wasn't willin' to let on what you'd ben and done—howsomever, says 'Zuby, says she, soon's I'd told her, says she, "Axy, Nathan hasn't took enough of that med'cin by a great sight," says she. "Zekil Harlow," says she, "took a hundred and forty-



two on 'em to my certin knowledge," says she. "Arter the d'sease's sot and took root," says she, "in the systim, it takes a power of bitters to clean it out." That's what she said to me—did 'Zuby Pepper that very day. And then she went on and explained all about this liver sickness jest for all the world as if she was a born doctor. I seed right through it all in a minnit. You see, Nathan, the liver's—I'll show you so you'll know all 'bout it plain as preachin'. [*Going towards Nathan.*]

MR. W.—Now, Axy, don't worry me! I feel mis'r'ble enough now.

MRS. W.—I won't hurt you, Nathan—it's all for your own good. [*Drawing chair by his side, and seating.*] I was goin' to tell you jest 'zactly as 'Zuby explained it all to me. You see the liver's here. [*Touching his left side on the chest.*]

MR. W. [*wincing.*].—Oh, don't, Axy, I say!

MRS. W.—Didn't I say 'twas your liver that ailed you? And that jest proves it. The liver's right down under the borax—jest touches it like—ain't fastened fast to it, but moves back'ards and forreds kinder towards it. Wal, all the blood's in the liver, you see—and when you take a long breath—so—[*expanding her chest and inhaling*] it brings the liver up agin the borax—and when you let your breath out agin—so—[*illustrating*] the liver goes back agin where 'twas afore—kinder slump!—jest as if you'd throwed some cold mush agin the wall. Now, you see, [*growing oracular and bringing forefinger of her right hand forcibly down into the palm of her left as she makes a point,*] if you breathe quick much—jest as you allers do when you're a-movin' or a-workin' hard—the liver keeps a-goin' forred and back—thumpity-thump—thumpity-thump agin the borax—and if it's kep' at it long, the outside of the liver—the bag-like, you know—gits worn through with, and the good blood that's in the liver—comes in, you see, from your vittles that you eat—runs out o' the holes, and the bad blood—that's stickin' to the inside of the borax all round the liver—jest as the water does to the puddin'-bag when I put it in to bile—the bad blood gits in—keeps a-gittin' in 'till the liver matterates, and matterates, and keeps on matteratin' 'till the matter gits to the heart—and then this matter-stuff

clogs and chokes up the heart and it can't beat any more—and then we're dead!

MR. W.—That's what's the matter—is it?

MRS. W.—Nathan, you oughter be ashamed of yourself! Jokin' 'bout sech ser'ous subjicks! You understand—don't you—what I jest explained?

MR. W.—I guess I do—I was 'most asleep, some of the time—'bout the borax and liver—wa'n't it? [*Yawning.*]

MRS. W.—Now, Nathan, that ain't a-treatin' on me right. Sick a man as you are—and I a-takin' pains to explain to you somethin' for your good—and you a-tryin' to go to sleep! What good is it to do me, I'd like to know? And I think it very ungrateful in you—mebbe a dyin' man soon—not to hear me out.

MR. W. [*yawning again.*].—I am so sleepy, Axy. Go on, if you want to; I'll do my best to keep awake.

MRS. W.—Where was I? Le'me see. Oh, 'bout them bloodroot bitters of Doctor Lobely's. 'Zuby didn't explain this out to me, but the Doctor he did. This blood-root, you see, 's'most all the same kind of stuff as the good blood—that is, the juice on't, and that's steeped out so it comes e'enamost reel pure blood—what's put in along it's only somethin' to keep it from spilin'—some essence of some 'arb or t'other—

MR. W.—Guess it's liquor, ain't it?

MRS. W.—You know better, Nathan Worry; you know better'n that. Ain't Doctor Lobely the president of the teetotle? What do you mean?

MR. W.—Nothin'; go on, if you want to; only I b'lieve it's liquor.

MRS. W. [*earnestly.*].—'Taint, and you know 'taint. Don't take on so, Nathan. You must save yourself long as you can. This bitters, you see, goes into the liver—and bein' as it's thicker'n the blood, it crowds into the holes that are worn out, as I jest explained to you, and filis 'em up by'n by—up chuck—and there can't no more blood git out, and you git well, you see. But you have to keep a-takin' and keep a-takin' on't till all the holes is stopped up—sometimes sooner and sometimes later. Nathan Worry, you're asleep, as I'm livin'! Nathan! [*loudly.*]

MR. W. [*waking and rubbing eyes.*—Go on, if you want to.

MRS. W.—You've ben and gone asleep jest at the important pint.

MR. W.—I heerd you, Axy, about the bitters filling up chuck.

MRS. W.—Wal, do for massy's sake, keep awake now! When you've took bloodroot bitters enough to stop all the holes up, then arter that you only jest want to take some catnip tea to keep the pores open so's to let the air into the liver to venterlate the blood—and you'll never die unless you die of some other disease. Now do you understand?

MR. W.—I understand. How happened 'Zekil Harlow to die, then?

MRS. W.—Jest his own tomfoolery. Might a-ben alive and hearty now, fur's aught I know, if he'd a-done's the Doctor told him. But no! he wouldn't do it—he allers was one of your so smart men that knows a precious deal more'n anybody else—he wouldn't tend to takin' the catnip—and so he died—died along o' want o' venterlation of the borax—so Doctor Lobely told me himself—and not o' liver. I reely b'lieve this bloodroot's a nateral medicine—provided for us by God himself! Many and many's the time I've seen the dumb critters—the hens and the lambs and the pigs—a-nippin' and a-nippin' at it 'round in the paster—and that's what's keepin' them so healthy, I reely b'lieve! You never knowed any of sech to die of the liver—now did you?

MR. W.—Never examined, and can't tell. Let's talk 'bout somethin' else. I b'lieve it makes me sicker to hear you talk about that stuff than I'd be if you'd only let me alone.

MRS. W.—How can you expect ever to be any better, Nathan, if you don't do somethin' for yourself? You know you've got the liver bad—you couldn't help a-hollerin' when I jest kinder touched you softly-like—

MR. W.—I called it a pûtty good punch, Axy.

MRS. W.—You know better, Nathan! You've got it on you, I say; and you're a-lettin' it run on and run on—a-doin nothin' for it in the way of docterin'.

MR. W.—And I don't want to, unless I can git hold of some sound doctrine.

MRS. W.—Don't bother me with your nonsense, when I'm advisin' with you—poorly off as you be, too—and a-jokin' like as if you'd a right to. You're a-lettin' it run on till it'll run away with you pütty quick, if you don't look out sharp. You haint took no med'cin no kind for more'n three days now—have yer?

MR. W.—No; and what's more, ain't goin' to neither, unless Dr. Oldschool tells me to. I'm a-goin' to have him come and see me this very day.

MRS. W.—You act like as if you were persessed, Nathan. Didn't you say you wouldn't never hev him set foot inside your door again?

MR. W.—You said that, Axy; I didn't.

MRS. W.—Did you say a lisp agin it?

MR. W.—No—and more fool I. Fact is, Axy, I've ben thinkin' a little 'bout some things some days now, as I've ben sittin' and mopin' round here, and I've come to the conclusion that it's 'bout time for me to strike out for myself now. You've had your say, Axy, a good bit now—and you see what's come of it. I'm goin' to have my say for's long, and if I don't git any better, I'm tol'ibly certain nobody's say won't mar or make me.

MRS. W.—Nathan, do you reely mean that you're a-goin' to call in Dr. Oldschool?

MR. W.—I shall do it, Axy—shall send for him to come around this afternoon.

MRS. W.—Your blood will be upon your own head, then, Nathan Worry! [*raising her hands.*] I won't have nothin' to do with it! You've got to run your own resk.

MR. W.—So I've ben thinkin'! Set down, Axy, and hear me out. I listened to you, a bit ago, you know.

MRS. W. [*seating herself resolutely.*]—I won't git asleep, Nathan. But you can't talk me 'round, and you needn't waste your breath a-tryin'.

MR. W.—I shouldn't try any thin' like that, Axy, you know. [*Faint attempt at a smile.*] 'Cute as you are, you forgit some things well's other folks; and I want to tell you a little, which, like's not, you disremember.

When I fust begun to ail, you know I wanted to do as Dr. Oldschool said. You said "No," and I let you have your way. You was so scary about my takin' great lumps of pisin stuff that you got me to try Dr. Pellet. He gin me 'bout's much sugar as'd stay on the pint of a needle in a damp day, and made me hold my breath if any of the smell from the lalocks was 'round.

Mrs. W.—Dear knows his med'cin couldn't hurt you, if it didn't do you any good! And that's more'n ycu can say of some others!

Mr. W.—I knew he wasn't doin' me any good, and arter a while you find it out and pester me to try Dr. Baden.

Mrs. W.—Pester you! How can you say that, Nathan? Wasn't I a-workin' and a-conjurin' all for your good?

Mr. W.—In your way, Axy. Dr. Baden he puts me to soak in the mornin'—takes me out at noon—sets me under the dam through the afternoon—and makes a water-tank out of me durin' the night. You found I was gittin' to hate water so that you was afraid I'd break the pledge, and you wanted I should try Dr. Ninny.

Mrs. W.—Cold water never did hurt anybody yit in this born world.

Mr. W.—They say drownin's the easiest death—them who've tried it. Dr. Ninny he kep' me hold of them nibs with the wires hitched to 'em while he turned the crank of the machine till I cut such a figure a-jumpin', a-hoppin', and a-dancin'—feelin' all the time jest as a feller might who'd eaten hearty of herrin'-bones—that you was glad enough to call him off and git me home agin.

Mrs. W.—You know's well as I do, Nathan, that 'lectricity's good for folks!

Mr. W.—A feller gets too much on't sometimes, Ach-sah—'specially in thunder-gusts. Then you got me to see Dr. Fumbler, who rubbed me, and pulled me, and stretched me, and twisted me, and jerked me about so that you were mortal 'feurd you'd have to take me home in pieces—and as you wasn't certain you could put me together agin right, you made him let me alone.

Mrs. W.—Now, Nathan, what is there that's better in this cold, onfeelin' world than symperthy? And you

know that was the symperthetic treatment. If you hadn't a-ben so onresliss-like I expect 'twould a-taken all the kinks out of you.

MR. W.—That's what I was thinkin' at the time—and laid me out straight enough. Then comes Dr. Hum—the feller that teched you where your dinner hurts you and rolled up his eyes and jabbered somethin', and said you were healed of every disease.

MRS. W.—So you would a-ben, if you'd only had faith and b'lieved him.

MR. W.—I had faith enough to b'lieve him a thorough-bred, full-blooded humbug—but it didn't cure me for all that. Then that female doctor—but I won't say any thin' 'bout that, 'cause you got riled when she was goin' to have you killed off fust and begun to talk about my secon' wife.

MRS. W.—I allers b'lieved she was nothin' but a man dressed up in woman's clothes.

MR. W.—You giv her an extra dressin' with your tongue, I remember. Then, when I had a good right to think I'd a-done my duty by you and might be allowed to do somethin' like I wanted to, nothin' would do but I must have Dr. Lobely and his bloodhound biters.

MRS. W.—Blood-root bitters—and the patentest medicine in the whole country—that you may depend upon!

MR. W.—It's patent to me—that's certain! Howsomer we've talked that stuff enough, and we won't wrangle any more 'bout it. That's 'bout what I've ben goin' through with—statin' it fairly and not stretchin' on't a whit. I've a sorter notion how that I've got to the eend of that woosted. I'll try Dr. Oldschool, as I told you, and we'll see what comes of that.

MRS. W.—'Tain't no kind of use tryin' to argufy with you, Nathan, when you once git your back up, and I ain't a-goin' to. But—just you mark my words—[*raising her hand and pointing her forefinger solemnly*—I never yit knowed a human bein' speak disrespectful of them blood-root bitters who didn't die within a year! Remember that, Nathan, and don't say I didn't give you fair warnin'. [*Exit.*]

MR. W.—I guess the time it took him to die'd depend 'bout's much on how long Lobely 'tended him as any thin'

else. Now my mind's made up on that point 'bout which I've had so much fuss with Axy, I declare I begin to feel better'n I have for a long time.

SCENE II.—*Room as before.*

[*Mr. W. in easy chair. Mrs. W.'s voice outside:* "Now, Doctor, don't you dare give Nathan any of your pisen drugs! If you do, I'll throw 'em away, unbeknowledgs to either of you!"]

DR. OLDSCHOOL [*in the act of opening door*].—Mrs. Worry, attend to your baking! When I require a consultation, I'll let you know—provided I want you! [*Entering.*] Nathan, good-evening! What are you huddled up in that old woman's chair for? Why aren't you out and stirring 'round?

MR. W.—Fact is, Doctor [*extending hand, which Doctor shakes*], I'm pütty nigh used up. Set down—set down. I'm glad to see you and hev ben wantin' a long time to have a chat with you.

DR. [*seating.*].—You must understand, Nathan, that I can have but very little patience with you.

MR. W.—Doctor, if you only knew what I've been through with sence you were here last——

DR.—I know all about it; and that's why I am so out of patience with you. A man of good sense who will suffer himself to be nosed around as you have, don't deserve any sympathy; and precious little he will get from me! Both of us remember what happened when I was last here, and I shan't mince matters at all. Understand, I come to see you—to take charge of you—and no one, in the house or out of it, must interfere. If it is done in a single instance, I am done with you, Nathan.

MR. W.—I can't blame you, Doctor. I've been makin' a simpleton of myself.

DR.—“A man's foes shall be they of his own household.” We start, then, with a distinct understanding, Nathan?

MR. W.—You may do with me jest what you like. I haven't a word to say agin it.

DR. [*examining chest—feeling pulse—looking at eyes and tongue.*].—Let me see how much they've left of you.

Upon my soul, there's more of you than I expected to find. It's well for you that you've such a constitution—or you'd been running on your by-laws by this time.

MR. W.—Can I ever git well agin, Doctor?

DR.—Nonsense; man! You might have been in prime order and condition months ago, if you'd followed my directions. You have been tampering with yourself since, and you'll need a longer time to pick up. What do you eat?

MR. W.—I don't relish nothin'—I hanker arter things which I know I hadn't oughter to have—and what I oughter have don't stay on my stomick.

DR.—What do you hanker after now, Nathan?

MR. W.—Seems as if some beefsteak would go good—but I know 'tain't best for me to have it.

DR.—Oh, you know—do you? Then I don't know what I'm here for. Have you such a thing as a gridiron about the house, Nathan?

MR. W.—I declare I don't know. [*Calling.*] Axy!

MRS. W. [*who has been standing at door, pushed ajar, entering, with indications of bread-making about her.*—Don't ask me to git any thin' for your pisens, Nathan, for I will hev nothin' to do with nothin' of the kind!

DR.—Mrs. Worry, attend to what I tell you! [*sternly.*] Have you a gridiron in the kitchen?

MRS. W. [*rather cowed.*—I don't know for certin, Doctor, whether there's any gridiron about. But I'll go look. [*Exit.*]

DR.—A tender beefsteak—quickly broiled—rare done—will be just the thing for you.

MR. W.—You know best, in course—but won't it disagree with my liver?

DR. [*jumping from chair.*—Liver, Nathan! You haven't any liver! There isn't any sensible man of my acquaintance who has a liver—unless he's sick—and the sickness brings it.

MRS. W. [*entering.*—I've found one, Doctor—but it's powerful rusty.

DR.—Have it well cleaned, then; and [*looking at watch*] one hour from this have the table set for Nathan, with a tender beefsteak, broiled quick, rare done—some of your good bread and butter, too!



Mrs. W. [*hesitating.*].—But, Doctor, won't bran bread be better for him?

Dr. [*loudly.*].—Do as you're told [*Mrs. Worry leaving, somewhat startled.*]. One moment, Mrs. Worry—add a cup of green and black tea mixed, pretty strong. [*Mrs. Worry exit—her voice heard outside:* “Might as well git his shroud made fust as last!”] Talk about your liver, Nathan! Why, a short time hence, the way you've been going on, you'd either be under the sod or as big a fool as that he-Pepper, 'Zuby—pepper-sass, some call her! Do you want to know what's the matter with you, Nathan? I would have told you a year ago, if I'd been permitted. Now I know that I can say what I please, and that you'll do as I say. You wouldn't have been so ready, then; but you have learned somewhat since. You've called me in at last, because you have become disgusted with your attempts, and you think you can't be any worse off, whatever I may do. I believe, moreover, you have a lingering half-notion that I can do something for you. I can, Nathan—but you must first understand your disease. You are dying, Nathan—dying of *want of a gridiron!*

Mr. W. [*smiling.*].—Never heerd tell of that disease afore, Doctor!

Dr.—I know that—pity you hadn't, though. If you farmers, as a class, don't hear of it soon and apply the proper remedies, there'll be farms enough hereabouts in administrators' hands before long. Nathan, did you ever hear of any animal's being used for food besides the hog?

Mr. W.—'Casionly a beef critter, or so, I b'lieve, Doctor.

Dr.—That's well said—occasionally—and *semi* at that, in this bailiwick. Upon my soul, I believe no greater blessing could be conferred upon our farmers than to have the hog-cholera sweep off all the swine in the country!

Mr. W.—Why, Doctor, bacon allers agreed with me, when I was able to work hard.

Dr.—Pish! You aren't able to work hard now, simply because eating so much bacon never did agree with you, I tell you. Pork in its place, Nathan—and that place isn't the human stomach all the time, I assure you. You've gone the whole hog—and now you're paying the penalty. That's why you farmers bristle up so when any-

body talks against your pet notions. You grow a few bushels of wheat—don't you, Nathan?

MR. W.—A thousand, last year! [*faintly smiling.*]

DR.—Don't forget, Nathan, that very excellent bread can be made of wheat.

MR. W. [*rising from chair, growing earnest, infected by the Doctor's manner.*].—A man can work so much better on good, solid corn-bread, Doctor.

DR.—Pish! You might as well dump the stones from the pike down into your stomach, and make your stomach break them! Nathan, remember you're not going to leave us yet awhile!

MR. W. [*walking around cheerful.*].—I b'lieve you, Doctor. I feel better than I have for months.

DR.—You have improved fifty per cent. since I've been in the room. I've a great mind to charge you for two visits to-day. You will get well, I say—not because I shall cure you—but because you'll let your good sense guide you. Listen! You are troubled with indigestion. That's what we moderns call it. In old times it was known as original sin. Here's my prescription: Eat whatever your stomach craves at regular hours. If animal food, broiled or boiled or stewed—never fried. Abjure pork. Enjoy your meals. Eat a light supper. Tea in preference to coffee. Discard milk for the present. Feed your corn-meal to your stock. I don't say to your hogs, for, I take it for granted, you'll kill them and put their carcasses in the compost heap. Eat cold wheat bread, never hot. Take active exercise in the open air in all weathers, with proper precautions against exposure. This last for a few weeks—after that your farm work will give you exercise enough. When you go to work again, don't over-do. Better enjoy a hundred dollars while you have it, than make a thousand dollars which you can never enjoy. Two points more: Be sure that, living as I tell you, nothing will hurt you. That is the first. Be cheerful. That is the second. And, to secure it [*lowering voice*], don't keep too close at home for some time to come [*laughing*]. It's a delicate matter, Nathan, but I must speak out. Have you attended to the prescription?

MR. W.—Every word on't.

DR.—And you'll observe it in all respects?

MR. W.—Faithfully.

DR.—Then [*slapping him on the shoulder*] I'll warrant you, Nathan,—accidents excepted,—for as long as you'll care about living. You begin to look somewhat like yourself, man—at least around the edges.

MR. W.—It does me good to see you and hear you talk, Doctor.

DR.—It ought to. Nathan, do you know my objections to a stone-house?

MR. W.—Because it's so often a jail or a penitentiary?

DR. [*laughing.*].—No; because it keeps you cold in winter, hot in summer, and damp all the time. I've seen humans very like stone houses, Nathan. Do you know what I would have done if they had made out to kill you off by keeping us apart?

MR. W.—What, Doctor?

DR.—Why, Nathan, after they'd put the slab up, I would have stolen in some night—they say we people do that, you know, but it's a vile slander—taken down the lying thing, "Sacred to the memory of," &c.—you know the stereotyped stuff—and put up a neat affair which wouldn't blush to see sunlight, for it would have told the truth—"Died of hog and hominy."

MR. W.—You think that would have pleased survivors?

DR.—It would have gladdened every honest man, Nathan. But I must be going.

MR. W.—Oh, Doctor, don't hurry. You do me more good than medicine.

DR.—Little I'd do you if I didn't. When you get quite yourself again, Nathan, cheerful and joking as you were before you straddled your hypo, I'll drop in often and see you. By-the-by, I heard the worst conundrum this morning I ever heard in my life.

MR. W.—That's sayin' a good 'eal, Doctor. What was it?

DR.—I was at Jim Stokes's—baby sick—and the chimney smoked frightfully. I'd said something or other, trying to be funny—don't remember now what it was—when Jim said to me, "Doctor, why is that chimney like a bird with a crippled wing?" I knew the

rascal's tricks, and wasn't going to bother my head with trying to get the resemblance, so I said, of course, that I didn't know. "Because there's a defect in the flue! (flew,)" said Jim, looking as innocent as if he hadn't done any thing worthy of a beating—which I certainly would have given him if his wife hadn't been there!

MR. W. [*laughing almost heartily.*]—That was bad enough, certin, Doctor.

DR.—You have had time to read the papers. I've been so busy that I haven't. Any thing new?

MR. W.—You know we've bought Russian Ameriky, don't you? What do you think about it?

DR.—Yes, I knew that. I think the best thing that'll come to us from that purchase is the conundrum I concocted about it.

MR. W.—As bad as Jim's?

DR.—You shall judge. They call the territory Sitka, you know. Hark to the conundrum. What is the most distant portion of the United States?

MR. W.—I s'pose, in course, yer mean Sitky, but I don't see why.

DR.—You've travelled in the Middle States and in the South, and you'll see the point. Because it is the *fur* corner!

MR. W. [*laughing heartily.*]—I must think on't a bit afore I decide which is the worst—Jim Stokes's or yours!

DR. [*joining laugh.*]—I'll give you till my next call, which will be this time three days hence. Have you any moral reflection, Nathan, suggested by the late Rebellion? Almost everybody has.

MR. W.—Nothin' partickler. What do you mean?

DR.—I have. The moral I draw from it is, Never secede unless you're sure you will *suc*-ceed! Good-bye, Nathan! [*going.*]

MR. W. [*accompanying him to door.*]—But you've left me no medicine!

DR.—Yes, I have. *No pork!* That's my PATENT MEDICINE!

[*Curtain falls.*]

## THE PREMATURE PROPOSAL.

## CHARACTERS.

PETER DOUGHTY.

PATIENCE, his wife, a hypochondriac.

MRS. HASTINGS.

BETSEY ANN HASTINGS, her daughter.

SCENE I.—*A potato-patch—Peter hoeing potatoes.*

PETER [*soliloquizing*].—If our two children had lived perhaps she wouldn't have got so bad. What can ail the woman, I'd be glad to know?

[*Enter Betsey Ann.*]

BETSEY.—Good-morning, Mr. Doughty.

PETER.—Why, Betsey Ann, how d'ye do? How's all at home?

BETSEY.—All's well; and how's Mrs. Doughty? [*with a tinkling laugh.*] We heard she was dying last night, and I thought it no more than neighborly to inquire if you're digging her grave.

PETER [*with an attempt at indignation*].—Betsey Ann! these things ain't to be laughed at, and made light of! I'm getting to be afraid she may acitilly die one of these days.

BETSEY [*drawing down her mouth*].—It's barely possible—folks do, now and then. Grandpa says, he never heard of anybody's sticking by the way. And there's one consolation, Mr. Doughty, if she should die you'll certainly be prepared for it. [*Peter smiles.*]

PETER.—Betsey Ann [*confidentially*], I'm dreadfullput to it, to know what ails that woman—the pains shift so, there's no calculating on 'em. I've been reading lately some of these advertisements and things in the papers, and it sounds to me like a snake.

BETSEY.—Like a what?

PETER [*lowering his voice*].—A snake. You know

there is such a thing as drinkin' 'em in water, and they are said to affect the mind very bad.

BETSEY.—Oh, don't think of such dreadful horrors, Mr. Doughty! You really make me shudder. It's the *hypo* that ails your wife, and not a snake. I don't wonder you get fidgety—anybody would, to live such a life as you do, poor man! Good-bye!

[*Exit Betsey Ann.*]

PETER.—I wonder what does make such odds in women folks? Some as chirk as posies, and some as down at the heel as a frizzled-out potato ball.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE II.—*Doughty's kitchen. Patience lying bolstered up on a lounge.*

[*Peter appears at the door.*]

PATIENCE [*gasping*].—Come in here, Peter, for I'm dying—but don't you make tracks on my nice floor. I can't live two minutes, husband! Oh! oh! [*in a louder key.*] Rub your feet on the mat.

PETER.—I'm rubbin' 'em, dear! [*Enters and proceeds without dismay to mix a pitcher of molasses and water, vinegar and ginger—tasting the mixture to get the right proportions—then takes a twisted dough-nut from the cupboard and eats it—takes off his boots and steals like a cat to the couch.*]

PATIENCE [*raising herself on her elbow and looking at him.*].—My dear! [*reproachfully as she sees a crumb on his coat-sleeve*] would I help myself to doughnuts if you hadn't five minutes to live? [*Peter wipes his mouth on his blue checked handkerchief and looks humble.*] It's reasonable to suppose [*snuffing at the camphor-bottle*] that I can't hold out long. Take a towel, Peter, and tie up my head in a hard knot. [*He obeys.*] Pull tight, for it's going to split. Now take the camphire in one hand and hold it to my right nostril, and the hartshorn in the other hand, and hold it to my left nostril. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [*Peter obeys, putting the stoppers of the two bottles in his mouth.*] And while you're doing that, if you could only soak my feet it would be a great relief. The fact is, I need somebody to wait upon me, that

knows how better than a man. You do the best you can, but I need—oh, oh such a spasm. 'Tis worse than death. Ah, Peter, little you know what it is to have one foot in the grave. I wish you could know! [*Pause. Peter sighs.*] I was perfectly speechless before you came in, and now I'm sure my voice doesn't sound at all natural. Don't it have a hollow sound, dear, as if it came from a distance?

PETER [*unstopping his mouth*].—Yes, I don't know but what it does. I didn't think of it till you spoke, but now it strikes me your voice has a kind of a crack in it, like broken crockery-ware.

PATIENCE.—Did it ever sound so before, Peter? Think quick!

PETER.—Well, I can't say certain. It was always rather ha'ash; but now it's so uncommon loud, you know, and that makes it haa'sher yet.

PATIENCE.—Oh, yes! oh, yes! My right lung is 'most gone, Peter; and that's what I've been afraid of for some time. I felt a singular numbness in it—no feeling at all—that was the way I was taken speechless. The left one adheres to my side—you always knew that; and now the right one is collapsed, and I might as well bid you good-bye. Husband, feel in my pocket, and take out my handkerchief. Yes, husband (*with dirge-like voice*), the time has come, when you will see my face no more! We've jogged along together for fifteen years—

PETER.—And a half.

PATIENCE.—And what kind of a wife can you conscientiously say I've been to you, Peter?

PETER.—As good as the common run [*wiping his eyes where the tears ought to be*].

PATIENCE.—I've worn you about out with my ailments [*taking a whiff of hartshorn*].—I know I have.

PETER [*kindly*].—No, you haven't—there's a good deal left of me yet. You've died so much nights, that it's made it rather bad sometimes in harvesting; but, take it by the year together, I've generally got my sleep made up.

PATIENCE.—I shouldn't so much mind dying—for this is a miserable world—if it wasn't for leaving you, Peter.

PETER [*soothingly*].—Oh, don't you worry about that! I shall get along first-rate.

PATIENCE [*groaning*].—You don't know what you're talking about, dear—you're so numb, about some things, so half awake like, Peter. Did ever I see such a man? [*Peter looks condemned.*] You've always had me to do for you, and see to you're mending, ungrateful as you are. A pretty sight you'll be, with your stockings down at the heel, and holes in your elbows! But 't will be the same to you—you'll never think of the difference, but the neighbors will. [*Patience groans.*] Besides, you'll make a poor, drozzling housekeeper, Peter. My best dishes will go to destruction; and you'll stuff the broken windows with rags! [*groans again.*] You'll cook horrid messes; for you've had little experience in cooking, considering the sickness I've been subject to. And my floors—my nice floors, that the whole village says are such a beautiful sight—and my carpets, without speck or grease—where 'll they be, in a year from this day? Dirt here, dirt there, and the corners full of it.

PETER [*brightening and speaking in a cheery voice*].—Oh, well, I'll take the goose-wing, and dig into the cracks—so don't fret about that! And if you're not going to die for some hours, I might as well have my dinner going on, for 'twill soon be noon. I see there's cold potatoes and fish in the pantry, and I can chop a hash—so you turn over, dear, and try to go to sleep.

PATIENCE [*screaming with rage*].—To sleep! To sleep! Just as if I could sleep in such distress as this! Heat a piece of brown paper wet in vinegar, and clap it to my forehead! And if I did feel the least disposition to even wink, do you think, Peter Doughty, I'd let you leave me, when it would certainly be my last sleep. [*Peter brings the brown paper, and applies it with awkward fingers.*] Now I'll finish what I was going to say [*drops of vinegar course their way down her cheeks*]. You'll certainly leave to marry again, Peter; but I know you'll never think of it, unless somebody puts the idea into your head.

PETER [*astonished*].—Oh, don't be foolish! You've got on to a new tack, Patience. I've heard all the rest of your talk a hundred times over; but you never said any thing before about another wife.

PATIENCE [*weeping*].—It's because I never got wrought up to such a pitch before. But I seem to have had a vision



of the state you 'll be in, and the ruinous condition of this house and furniture; and it's been made clear to my mind that I ought to see you provided for before I go. It isn't as if I went without warning, Peter. And now I ask you, if it would be right for me to die, with my eyes open, as it were, and not know of somebody that is going to take my place?

PETER.—It's a curious way you have of joking. Come, don't take on so! Keep talking—for you cry harder when you don't talk.

PATIENCE.—Answer me candidly, Peter. When you've seen me *just alive* so many times, have you ever, even for a moment, thought of anybody you'd like for a second wife?

PETER.—No, I never! What an idea!

PATIENCE [*pleased*].—That's just like you, Peter, you never was any kind of a hand to look out for the future [*groaning*]; you've the poorest calculation in the world about preparing for a rainy day.

PETER [*in a deprecatory tone*].—I didn't know it was customary.

PATIENCE.—Well, it isn't generally, my dear. I'll admit that it isn't considered just the thing for a married man to be having his eye out for a second wife. But circumstances alters cases, Peter; and as I said before, I'm astonished that you never went so far as to make a selection in your own mind.

PETER [*twirling his thumbs and looking very foolish*].—If you'd only given me a hint, you know, but you never said any thing about it.

PATIENCE [*removing the brown paper from one eye, and peeping out at Peter*].—I've been more thoughtful for you than you've been for yourself; I've picked out Phebe Skillings.

PETER [*alarmed*].—You don't say so! Well, I'll tell you what it is, Patience Doughty, folks say I'm hen-pecked, and I suppose I *am* henpecked; but you won't make me marry that old Phebe Skillings if you stand over me with a horsewhip!

PATIENCE. Why, Peter, you needn't look so fierce. Who ever saw you look so crusty? When I'm only supposing a case! I haven't set my heart on Phebe, not by

any manner of means. Only she does know how to wash floors like a queen, and makes as good pie-crust with as little lard as ever I tasted; I should feel safe to leave my dishes and furniture in her hands. And she'd dose you up beautifully, Peter; she understands all kinds of cough mixtures and plasters.

PETER.—Well, I'll do any thing in reason to please you, but I don't want to marry Phebe if there's any way of getting round it.

PATIENCE [*considerately*].—I shan't insist upon it, dear; hand me the comb and brush, Peter; I suppose I shall have to see about getting dinner; though I know I'm too weak to stand, and can't walk a step without fainting away. But, with regard to your marrying, I only insist upon one thing, and that is, that you look around and make your choice of some smart, capable girl; and when the matter is decided let me know, for I shall die easier if it's all cut and dried; I've lived through this spasm, it's true, but it's no sign I shall live through the next one. I shan't be with you long, Peter. [*Exit Scene.*]

### SCENE III.—*Peter cutting potatoes alone.*

PETER [*to himself*].—What a curious woman Patience Smith Doughty is! But I positively declare there's some sense in what she says. I should be the poorest hand in the world to get along alone. I shall miss her desperately that's a fact. I haven't known what it was to be in the house five minutes, without hearing her groan. It comes about as natural as the ticking of the clock. Poor Patience! But she's got to die, I suppose there's no doubt of that, sooner or later: and as these spasms keep growing worse and worse, I've no doubt she's nearer her end than she was a month ago. Says "I shan't be with you long, Peter." That sounds to me kind of prophetic. "I only insist upon one thing," says she, "and that is, that you look around and make your own choice of a smart, sensible girl," etc., etc. Now what would you do [*looking at the potato he is cutting*], if you was in my place? would you look 'round, or wouldn't you? I never supposed it was customary; but then, as Patience says, and Patience is a woman of judgment,

"circumstances does alter cases." One thing is sure now, she's got the notion in her head, and I shan't hear the last of it for some time. Now there's Betsey Ann, but then she's so smart and perty, has been to boarding-school, can play on the piano, and all that sort of thing, I wonder if she would look at a plain fellow like me? hardly think she would [*sighs*]; but then I might try. Yes, I might just speak to her on the subject, so I might. It couldn't do any harm, and as Patience is so anxious about it I'll try.

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Hastings' parlor—Peter, in Sunday best, knocks at the door—Mrs. Hastings goes to the door.*

PETER [*timidly*].—Can I see your daughter Betsey Ann a few minutes, alone?

MRS. H.—Certainly, Mr. Doughty. Walk into the back parlor; I'll send her in.

[*Peter passes to opposite side of the stage. Mrs. H. calls "Betsey Ann," who enters.*]

MRS. H.—Betsey, Mr. Doughty wishes to speak with you in private a few minutes.

BETSEY.—With me, mother? That is strange!

MRS. H.—I must confess I have some curiosity to know what the man is after, in his new coat with the brass buttons. He looks so mysterious and so bashful too. His face is as pink as a sweet William.

BETSEY [*gayly shaking her curls*].—Poor soul! most likely he has been reading some more quack advertisements, and would like to know my opinion in regard to snakes. Where's my fan? I shall need it to screen my face when I laugh. [*Miss Betsey approaches Peter. Mrs. H. retires.*] Good-evening, Mr. Doughty! How are you this fine evening and how is Mrs. Doughty?

PETER.—Poorly, very poorly! I mean never was better, that is to say I am—Miss Betsey Ann—that is to say, she isn't—in other words, failing fast, worse and worse, and more frequent—

BETSEY [*with a twinkle in her eye*].—I am very sorry, and very glad, that is to say distressed, that is I mean for her, and in other words rejoiced for you.

PETER.—Yes, ma'am. I don't know about that [*blushes*].

BETSEY.—Lovely weather, Mr. Doughty.

PETER [*examining the buttons on his coat*].—Yes, ma'am!

BETSEY.—But we need rain!

PETER.—Yes, ma'am, rain.

BETSEY.—The river is very low.

PETER.—The river is. Yes, ma'am.

BETSEY.—Quite dusty!

PETER.—What did you observe, ma'am?

BETSEY.—Dusty, I said, quite dusty, Mr. Doughty!

PETER.—I don't exactly understand you, ma'am, that is, I don't so much as I ought to, perhaps.

BETSEY [*laughing and screening her face with her fan*].

—Fine weather, no rain, and too much dust.

PETER [*looks at the ceiling—turns and looks out the window*].—A very pretty evening out doors. [*Balances himself on his heels and turns round with a jerk.*] I thought whether or no, Miss Betsey—

BETSEY.—Well, sir!

PETER.—I thought whether or no, Miss Betsey—

BETSEY.—Very well, Mr. Doughty [*Aside.*] What can he want! He'll keep me here two hours. I think my mother said you wished to see me, Mr. Doughty.

PETER [*with still redder cheeks, inserting the index finger between necktie and throat*].—Nothing, oh, nothing in particular, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY.—Ah, then it was a mistake of her's—so you'll please excuse me if I leave you now, for I was intending to go out.

PETER.—Stop, Miss Betsey! won't you please to stop! Does your father wish to buy a cow?

BETSEY.—Not that I know of. Shall I call him?

PETER.—Oh, no, not for the world! I've got one to sell, one of the best kind, and I've been calculatin' to turn her into another cow, and then beef her. Didn't know but your folks might like to trade. Dreadful rainy weather, Miss Betsey; never needed dust so much. And is your mother at home? And how's her health this summer? Give her my respects! Is Tommy pretty well, and how is his health? Is Johnny pretty well, and how is his health?

BETSEY.—Take a seat, Mr. Doughty, and pray tell me what in the world you have on your mind. I'm ready to befriend you—indeed I am. Why are you so afraid of me? Is there any thing I can do for you, or your wife? You would like me to go and watch with Mrs. Doughty?

PETER.—Oh, no, no, not for the world! She's past hope! You're very kind, Miss Betsey, very kind, that's the general opinion, or I wouldn't have had the heart to come here to-night, for it's something that isn't customary, it certainly isn't, but I'm in hopes you'll understand that circumstances alters cases in all cases, that is, in my case, and won't take offence, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY.—No offence at all, Mr. Doughty. Indeed I can imagine what your errand is before you give it.

PETER.—Can you though, Miss Betsey? Well, that's clever.

BETSEY.—It concerns some of your poor wife's fancies.

PETER.—Well, you are the quickest-witted girl I ever did see, considering I never said a word to a living soul, and you couldn't have guessed it from my actions. I'm very glad you understand my business, for I confess it's very unpleasant to me, and if it wasn't for the peculiar circumstances, I should certainly wait till she was *dead*.

BETSEY.—You take a very circuitous method of expressing yourself, Mr. Doughty, but no doubt you wish to tell me that you have heard something new about snakes.

PETER [*crestfallen*].—I haven't the least idea, Miss Betsey, what snakes you refer to, and that is certainly not my object in coming, though I hope you'll give me time to collect my thoughts, for I am not good at speaking off-hand, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY.—So I perceive, Mr. Doughty.

[*Profound silence.*]

PETER.—Since I've been a-sittin' here I've been a-thinkin'—[*silence again, save the tap of Betsey's foot upon the carpet.*] Since I've been a-sittin' here I've been a-thinkin'. [*Silence.*] Since I've been a-sittin' here, Miss Betsey, I've been a-thinkin'.

BETSEY.—So I should judge.

PETER.—I've been a-thinkin' what I should do for a *second wife*.

BETSEY [*rising and facing him*].—Sir!

PETER [*hurriedly*].—Patience won't be with me long. It's her dyin' wish that I should look 'round and make my own choice of some smart, capable girl, and when the matter is decided let her know, fur she'll die easier when it's all cut and dried.

BETSEY.—Peter—Doughty!

PETER.—She wanted me to look 'round, she didn't hamper me, and I did look 'round, and my choice fell on you. Now I want you to take time to think, for there ain't any hurry—none at all.

BETSEY.—Stop this minute, sir! I'm going to call my mother.

PETER.—Wait a minute, for pity's sakes, Miss Betsey. I don't mean any harm, I don't expect you to marry me now, I'm only looking out for a rainy day. Think, Miss Betsey, there will be only myself and a neat little cottage free of all incumbrances, for I'm well to do in the world, if I say it myself.

BETSEY [*laughing and crying hysterically*].—Peter Doughty, do you know you are an unprincipled, audacious scamp, a wicked Mormon, and an outrageous, unmitigated idiot! Sir, do you walk out of this house as fast as you can go, and never darken our doors again.

PETER.—But, Miss Betsey —

BETSEY.—(Go this minute, and do you never offer yourself to any other woman till your wife is dead and buried in a Christian manner, which won't be in your day or mine, Peter Doughty.

PETER [*in a faltering voice*].—I guess you don't look at in the right light. I wish I had stayed at home. 'Twill get into the papers—'twill be spread all over town.

BETSEY.—No, sir; do you think Elizabeth Ann Hastings hasn't pride enough to keep such a disgraceful proposal to herself? Why, you little simpleton, I've too much self-respect to tell it to my own mother!

PETER.—Say that again, Betsey Ann!

BETSEY.—Here's my hand on it, Peter Doughty. And do you hold your feeble, stammering tongue as well. For if you ever tell a living soul what you've said to me to-night I'll never forgive you as long as I live.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## THE MISFORTUNE OF CIVIL WAR.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. KAYSER, a blustering old gent.

MRS. KAYSER.

MISS THEODORA KAYSER.

BIDDY, a servant girl.

Soldiers.

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SCENE I.—*Family circle—Mr. Kayser reading paper—  
Ladies engaged in sewing.*

MR. K.—Indeed, wife, it is a matter of hourly congratulation to me that my inclination did not turn to public life. The public man is not permitted to make the least turn, without one of those prickly-pears of society clinging with bombastic vigor to his intentions.

MRS. K.—To whom do you have reference, my love?

MR. K.—To whom could I refer, if not to that abominable class of persons, the reporters? Your good sense should have discerned that, without any explanation. You are aware, my dear, that I am a man possessed of a remarkably easy disposition; but even my temper could not withstand [*Theodora smiles*].—What are you laughing at, girl?

THEO.—Nothing, papa—only my thoughts.

MR. K.—Very well. I say even I could not withstand the impudence of having my wife, or private property, discussed in such a style of ownership, as it were. Listen, wife, to this [*reads*]: “We are happy to announce the arrival of the able, noble and labor-loving General Slim-jack, of the Army of the Potomac. Our readers are well aware how nobly this gentleman has sacrificed health, home-comforts, and the society of his beautiful and amiable wife, to his country’s cause, until his rapidly-failing strength has made it necessary to leave his laborious position for a time. We hope the tender nursing of his loving spouse will soon give him back a convalescent. The

General's well-known abilities are such that his presence can ill be dispensed with at the present time. We wish him all the rest and enjoyment this short respite from duty can give—then welcome back to the field of glory!" [*casting the paper aside.*] Such wordy palaver—it disgusts me! I wonder how many baskets of champagne they expect for this! Oh, I thank my good sense that I am not a public man!

MRS. K.—Such indelicate publicity is not enviable, certainly, however one may enjoy popularity.

MR. K.—Can a man not be popular without becoming the helpless carcass in the claws of hankering buzzards? Please to answer, madam!

MRS. K.—If any one aspire to mount the ladder of celebrity, and the public tolerate them, why of course they belong, in a measure at least, to the grounds on which they trespass, and thus must expect to be subjected to the peculiarities of the birds that are at liberty to flap their wings in the field of the aspirer's labors, be it hawk or dove.

MR. K.—I do not accept the allegory, and still more, I do not choose to give them any such honorable name as *birds*. I will give you a figure that suits them better. The public is a mosquito, and the reporter is the blood-sucker, to be depended on to the same extent. They prepare to excoriate while they serenade you. Then, having gratified their momentary enthusiasm or desire, you may sink into silent oblivion, for all they care. They smell fresher game on the same road. They do not halt to *bury* the fame of the "old love," before they are on to the new; they merely sting you to death, and leave the vultures finish the bad job. Such is public life. Away with the name—I'll none of it!

THEO.—But, papa, think of the glory!

MR. K.—Glory, indeed! You know nothing about the thing! It is a fraud—a pit for youthful blood! Glory is like sweetmeats. For instance, you over-dose yourself at the table of some good-natured grandmother—the result would be an unpleasant sensation about the region of the stomach—nausea, or something of the kind, would follow.

THEO.—But, papa, I would be discreet, and not be greedy.



MR. K.—Glory has no medium state—once get a taste of it and the craving leads you to the other extreme. Now mark the result of the sweetmeats—'tis the same.

THEO.—I think, however, I would risk the nausea rather than go through life a nobody.

MR. K.—Do you mean to tell me I am a *nobody*, Miss?

THEO. [*rising and going to his side, taps him lovingly on the cheek.* ]—I mean no such thing, you dear, good, bilious *somebody*. I intended to imply that I should like to become famous by achieving some great feat, conquer some army, risk life or death in the performance of a duty that required unusual ability or courage—something more difficult than devouring sweetmeats!

MR. K.—And then be lauded by the steam of human approbation to the seventh sphere of acknowledged merit, eh?

THEO.—Why, yes; I think I should like to be appreciated, else I should have no encouragement for still higher attempts.

MR. K.—Human nature *will* peep out. Well, I suppose it is natural for us to think more of the noise we make in the world than of the worthiness of the act itself. Praise is very sweet; but, remember, child, honey is excellent—still, it is gathered by the insect that has a vicious sting.

THEO.—Do you think, papa, your simile is exactly applicable? I don't think my greatness ever would bite any one. [*Resumes her seat, laughing.*]

MR. K.—Miss Impudence presumes to question *me*! Really, wife, this is a fearful age, and this detestable war has not bettered matters. I rejoice I have no son, or he would be advising me how to cast my vote, since my daughter would put ideas into her father's head. I thought it was quite enough, when, a few days since, she suggested to you a *superior* mode of making army shirts. Why, when we were children we would have hidden our brazen faces had we so far forgotten ourselves as to address our elders thus.

MRS. K.—I truly hope Theodora intended no disrespect; however, we should remember, we progress with our years, and every year is more progressive than the last, and our children step in where we leave off; therefore we

must not expect them to be what we were in our young days. Education is more liberal now than in those days of pay-schools and private tutors. Education is the bed of ideas, and ideas make forward brains.

MR. K.—Upon my soul, madam, has this war affected the women too? Strange development of audacity! Wives would lecture their husbands, and children would play the wise tyrant. [*Rising and pacing the floor indignantly.*] I demand the respect that is my due as the head of the house. I do not choose to be reprimanded in the hearing of my child. Really, I do believe the dissenting fever is contagious. [*Sits down, and drums impatiently on the table as Biddy enters.*]

BIDDY.—Plase mum, there's a soger out here as wants to spake wid the misthress.

MRS. K.—Is he begging? Give him something to eat.

BIDDY.—Sure, mum, it's a dainty beggur he is, then. I offered him a bit o' the chicken and a bit o' the purtata, and a bit of all that was left of the dinner, but the crathure is played to ax for the misthress herself—the *Jarsey cannibal*!

MR. K.—Bring him in here. I will see the man.

BIDDY.—It's afeared he is o' the masther. He tould me to see the misthress; her good heart would do better nor him. [*Aside.*] An' that's a fact, troth!

MR. K. [*stamping angrily.*].—Bring him to me, I say. No more of your words!

BIDDY [*on leaving the room, aside.*].—Oh, ye scolding baste! [*Re-enter with soldier.*]

MR. K.—Well, sir, am I a wild animal that you should fear me, or are you some prowling rascal, in soldier's clothes, trying to bamboozle the credulous hearts of women? Speak; don't stand there like a numskull.

BIDDY [*aside.*].—Ah, the brute to spake the liké o' that to the poor young man.

SOL.—I am neither a coward nor a rogue, sir; but having heard of your lady's goodness, and being in need of rather peculiar advice and immediate aid, I ventured to call on her for assistance.

MR. K.—And who are you that presumes to ask aid of a strange lady? Why not go to your kind? Any gentleman would help you, if your distress is not associated with

dishonor. Prove that first, and I will then listen to your story.

SOL.—I can *prove* nothing at present, unless you are pleased to take my word on the honor of a gentleman.

MR. K. [*laughing*].—Hear you that, wife? A "*gentleman!*" and begging!

SOL.—Sir, although the would-be recipient of favors, I am still free enough in manhood to ignore an uncalled-for insult. Even a *gentleman* may be placed in my position in these times of warfare and change, and especially a soldier should be free to ask a reasonable favor, and not be termed a *beggar*! *Time*, in this instance, is life or death, sir. Good-day. [*Turns to leave.*]

MR. R.—Stay, stranger. One of "Uncle Sam's boys" shall never say he turned from my door unaided. Indeed, I was jesting. My intention was not to wound your self-respect. Biddy, you gaping mortal, do you not see the gentleman standing?

BIDDY [*handing chair, aside*].—The auld sinner cotched it that time, sure!

MR. K.—Now be seated and tell me how we can be of service to you.

SOL.—Not to accept your apology would speak ill for my gentility. So, since I have your permission, I will speak direct to the point. There is in my company a little fellow of sixteen, who ran away from his home in the South, about a year ago; he has been my messmate and bedfellow during this time, besides fighting at my side in two battles. We became so much attached to each other, owing to the lack of other companionship. There are few among our fellow-privates that have enjoyed educational advantages, or can recall genial home associations as we can; thus, you see, we feel better to ourselves. I love him as a younger brother, and would sacrifice much to spare him trouble. Now, sir, being beyond communication with my own home, I would ask of you to take and protect this boy for a few days.

MRS. K.—Is he sick, poor child?

SOL.—I could almost wish he were. No, madam. We have, a short time since, received marching orders for the battle-field—to-morrow we engage with the enemy. But, through information gained this morning, he discovered

that his father and two brothers are in the advance-guard of the opposing army. Unfortunately for him, our regiment is also ordered to the front. You see the predicament. The poor boy is nearly heart-broken. Our officers are too busy to pay attention to him, and say it is an excuse to skulk. You will, indeed, be doing a humane act to protect him until after the excitement of the battle is over; then, by properly representing the matter to the military authorities, he will be honorably discharged.

THEO.—Oh, papa, how terrible, if he must go!—perhaps be the death of one of them, or they may meet face to face in the fearful struggle.

MR. K.—Hasten, young man: he is welcome. I will keep him safe as if he were my own boy. But how will you get him here without being discovered?

SOL.—That advice I would ask of your wife—ladies always are quick in such matters. None are permitted to leave camp without an order—he will be suspected, were he to ask for one now.

MRS. K.—I have a plan. Have you a tent to yourself?

SOL.—Yes, madam—fortunately, we have not yet received orders to “strike tents.”

MRS. K.—There is no time to be lost. Biddy shall go with you. A basket, containing fruit on the top, will conceal some female apparel—a sun-bonnet to cover his face. You must manage to dress him unseen—let him take the basket and walk away.

MR. K.—I have even a better plan. Biddy must take a friend with her, who will manage to disappear until the boy gets outside the camp. The guard will not know but the two coming out are the same that entered. The girl is safe enough. And thus there is no danger of discovery.

THEO.—I will go in Biddy's place. It will save time, and also be known only to ourselves. While the boy and I walk out, she can be entertaining the soldiers in the vicinity. May I go?

MR. K.—Yes—only hurry, before it is too late to effect the change.

SCENE II.—*Discovering the family, in seeming composure, interrogating a sergeant and soldier.*

MR. K.—Gentlemen, what means this intrusion?

SERG.—We have orders to search this house—we beg permission to proceed with our duty. A soldier lad has deserted from our regiment, and our superior officers have reason to believe him secreted here.

MR. K.—Tell your officers, my house is not a harbor for skulkers or cowards! Wife, call your servants that these men may continue their search unmolested. [*Mrs. K. leaves room—returns, followed by Biddy and colored girl.*] Now, men, do your duty. To my best knowledge, the persons in this room are the only living creatures in my house—unless, indeed, you capture the cat or a mouse.

[*Men bow, and leave room.*]

THEO.—Dinah, do you feel *queerish*?

COLORÉD GIRL.—Very chicken-hearted just now, Miss Kayser.

MRS. K.—Hush! listeners may be near.

MR. K.—Yes, this is a time of terror. This civil war—this breeder of strategy and deceit, poverty, and vice—nothing is sacred from its polluting influence. Why cannot nations leave this bickering? It seems as if one generation demanded revenge for the blood<sup>shed</sup> in that gone by; and ere the swords have lost their traces of human gore, a new generation rises up, with its inheritance of strife, to dabble its hands in deadly conquest. [*Enter sergeant.*] Well, did you find your man?

SERG.—We have found nothing, sir; but we have done our duty. [*Bows himself out. Colored girl is suddenly inspired—dances about the room—drops hoop-skirts and dress, discovers soldier-pants beneath—tears cloth from head, then steps in front of table, addressing Mr. and Mrs. Kayser solemnly.*]

BOY.—How can I thank you, sir, for thus befriending the boy, who would, otherwise, have been compelled to take up arms against his own blood—a loved father and dear brother. I know it is the duty of all to defend the nation's flag; but, sir, I could not raise my gun against the man who gave me birth. I will think over the question when wiser years are added to my understanding. As yet, my heart says—first, God; then the life that gave me life; and then my country's flag!

## "ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME."

## CHARACTERS.

MISS CAROLINE PALAVER, æt. forty years.

MRS. PALAVER, somewhat decrepit—virago and monomaniac.

MRS. JINKS, in search of board.

HATTIE JINKS, } children of foregoing—nine and seven  
WILLIE JINKS, } years old respectively.

MR. LIGHTFOOT, collector.

MRS. PLEASANT, neighbor of the Palavers.

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SCENE I.—*A small room, plainly furnished—every thing old-fashioned and musty—Mrs. P., broom in one hand and duster in the other, "setting things to rights."*

MRS. P. [*adjusting ancient spectacles, and giving the snuff-stick in her mouth another rub.*—Here I keep a-workin' and a-dustin'—a-workin' and a-dustin'—day in and day out—day in and day out—and I'm scarce able to do it—scarce able to do it [*reaches up to straighten an old cloth stretched over a high-backed rocker to keep off dust*]. Ugh! my shoulder! my shoulder! That rumatiz in my shoulder! I can't last long—I can't last long—and then she'll be alone—and who knows who'll have her money, the little she's got—always givin' away and givin' away to them Proud St. Church beggars! And here I am a-workin' and a-workin', old as I am! I'll tell 'em—I'll tell 'em—how she uses me. I'll bring 'em here to see the bed I lie in—not fit for the dogs—the hussy, with all her pious, imperdent airs! [*dusting a covered table, the legs tied up in papers.*] No such tables now-a-days! Mr. Palaver paid seventy-five dollars for that table—couldn't get it for that money these times. What do I get now? The hypocrite! She hides every thing from me. I'll know what she gets. Gives me nothing to eat but crusts. She shan't have these things of mine in the chest. I'll—I'll—[*shaking head ominously*—I'll be the

death of her yet! Bah! here I scrub and scrub [*detecting a spot on the oil-cloth*] and who cares but to—[*listening—steps and a voice at the door—a rap—opens door and peers through—opens wider*].—Come in! Come in! Just come in! [*quite genial.*] Take a seat—take a seat now! [*to Mrs. J. and children entering.*]

MRS. J.—Is this Miss Palaver?

MRS. P.—You mean Cal'line—she's in—she's in! [*going to another door and calling*] Cal'line! Cal'line! Come down! Oh, take a seat, children. Such pûtty black eyes [*looking admiringly at Willie's eyes, with a smile and movement of the head*]. Black as coals! H—m—m! [*seats herself, and folding her arms, surveys the visitors.*]

MRS. J.—Your daughter, I suppose, takes pupils?

MRS. P.—Sometimes she does—since the death of him—twelve years ago, she does a great deal—does Cal'line—teaches in Proud St. Sunday-school [*going to the door and calling*]. Cal'line! Cal'line! do make a hurry!

MRS. J. [*going to wall to examine an ancient bead-worked sampler.*].—Beautiful! Beau—ti—ful!

MRS. P.—Cal'line did that when she wan't no bigger than that one [*pointing to Hattie*]. She's worked a great many—giv' away I don't know how many. She used to make the finest shirts I ever seed—giv' 'em to her friends—'most spiled her eyes! Them pûtty black eyes! [*looking at Willie, who turns away bashfully.*]—What's his name?

MRS. J.—Willie.

MRS. P.—Willie? Such pûtty eyes! the dear child!

[*Door opens stealthily—Caroline enters, passes her hand over a scant, clinging dress, partially covered by a greasy old apron unaccountably patched—continues looking steadily at Mrs. J. as she advances, and bows.*]

CAROLINE.—I ought to apologize for keeping you waiting, but I was combing my hair [*combed very plainly down over her ears*], when I heard mother call, and I didn't stop to change my dress. [*Her lengthened face shortens in a semi-smile—gazes steadfastly—talks in slow monotone, without force, relieved by an occasional slow movement or gesture.*] I really ought to be ashamed of myself. I was quite busy in my room; and since it is vacation, I scarcely expected any visitor. We have very few

visitors. Only our minister sometimes, or some pious person. I belong to the Proud Street Church. In fact, I have been a member almost from childhood. We live quite alone here—only mother and I—since father died.

MRS. J. [*who has bowed, and said "Yes" many times during the foregoing.*—I heard you recommended, Miss Palaver, as a person to take children to teach and, perhaps, board.

CAROLINE.—Yes, I have taught some since father died. I—

MRS. P. [*interrupting.*—The way she was raised—so delicate—never has touched a finger to work—since the death of him—since the death of him—such pretty little white hands—but now—[*lost in reverie*].

CAROLINE.—I have not found this place as good for a school as Broad street, where we used to live; but since we have lived here in Gouge street, I have been prevailed upon to take a few day-scholars. We have never taken children to board. We have sometimes taken a grown person or two, just for company. Miss Skowhegan—she boarded with us three years—couldn't bear to leave. I know very little about this neighborhood. I never meddle with the affairs of others, and let them say what they please. We generally think we can judge for ourselves. I believe the only thing I ever did hear that was said against me was that I was proud, because I didn't visit my neighbors. Did you wish to secure board for yourself?

MRS. J.—Oh, no! My husband is gone right smart. He is on board of a vessel, and can get home only now and then. I board with my brother's family; but I find their children in the way. I want to go into company considerable myself, and my brother has company often; and when I heard of you I thought I would see if you would not board them. I am only twenty-eight, and find it too stupid sitting down to tend children. I never did care much for anybody's children; and I know I don't think much of my own. I want them well cared for, and I will pay you what you charge, if it is not unreasonable. I want you to teach them and keep them away from other children.

CAROLINE.—Well, I think, since we live in a plain, quiet



way, and would like a little care and company, that we will take them. I am very fond of little children myself. They seem so innocent! I will take them to Sunday-school—shall I? [*Mrs. J. nods assent.*] And then their washing shall be done, and they shall be taught, and have good, plain, nourishing food, and every comfort of a home. I think, since every thing is so high, I must charge you — [*hesitating*] six dollars a week. That will cover the cost of tuition and every thing. And I will see that they want for nothing.

MRS. J.—Well, I can't have them with me, and I suppose I can't suit myself any better, nor provide for them any better—so I will pay you what you ask. My name is Jinks—I board at No. 37 Crooked street. You can ask Mr. Stokes, the lumber-merchant at the corner, whether I am responsible for the pay.

CAROLINE.—Oh, I'm sure you are, or we shouldn't take them! When do you wish to have them begin?

MRS. J.—I would like to go away to-day, and if you have no objection would leave them with you now.

CAROLINE.—Very well—any time you please.

MRS. J. [*to children.*].—Come here, dears! Let me kiss you! Be good children and do as Miss Caroline says, and perhaps next week I'll come and take you out to Aunt Fanny's with me. [*Kisses them and rises to go.*] There, dears! I'll send their clothes down this afternoon, Miss Palaver. Good-day, ma'am! [*To Mrs. P.*] Good-day! Good-bye, children! [*Exit.*]

MRS. P.—Wa'n't that a quare woman? What did she git married for! Sich an onhuman way of doin' business! If I had 'tended you in that way, where would you have ben, I'd like to know, you mean, puling, whinin' wretch! Curse the day you were ever born! You needn't look at me so with them snaky eyes of your'n! Stop—I say! Stop! [*Stamping violently.*]

CAROLINE.—Mother—mother! You are talking loud!

MRS. P. [*talking loudly.*].—Who are you, to correct your own mother that way?

CAROLINE.—I didn't mean any thing. I thought in my own house I might just speak. I only mean to suggest—I think I am old enough to judge for myself.

MRS. P.—Hush! with all your impudence! Stop look-

ing at me so with your hypocritical airs! Don't I hate you! Just like that parson uncle of yours—that Methodist sneak who cheated me out of my inheritance! Me, his own sister—me, that's seen better days than this—me, that never touched my lily hands to work—and look at 'em now—ugh! Me, that had the handsomest foot and the trimmest figger for miles 'round—me, that used to dance and sing for father's guests—father, the handsomest man that ever was! Oh, that villain—that scoundrel! Little good did it do him—died sitting in his chair at his own table! [*While she gesticulates and talks loudly Caroline tries to divert the wondering children by calling them to her, asking their names, taking off their hats, etc.*]

MRS. P. [*dusting and soliloquizing.*—And now she's brought this dirty baggage into the house—and who's to work for them? Not me—not me! Me, who am e'enamost gone! She a-fixin' herself up with the money she gets and goin' to Proud street meetins and leavin' me here to work! [*Exit.*]

CAROLINE [*to children*].—You mustn't notice what she says. She's an old lady. She's had a good bit of trouble, or thinks she has—and you mustn't provoke her. You must always clean your feet and step quietly and not talk loudly and ask me for what you want. I'll show you where I want you to sit and study and talk—and then after sundown, if it's pleasant, you may go and sit on the front door-steps and see the people go by.

HATTIE.—Can't we play any, or speak loud, Miss Car'line?

CAROLINE.—Yes—when you're good. Willie, do you know your letters?

WILLIE [*lisp*ing].—No, ma'am—I geth I don't know nothin'.

CAROLINE.—Well, come with me, children!

MRS. P. [*shouting as they pass through the door.*—Shut that door! Don't you come out here trackin' ove. the floor!

SCENE II.—*Caroline sewing patchwork in a room almost empty—Children on a hard bench trying to keep quiet.*

HATTIE.—Miss Caroline, what makes you make me

wear a thick veil over my face when I go to Sunday-school? I haven't been out of doors hardly at all since I came here. I wish I didn't have to wear it.

CAROLINE.—Why, child, I wear one myself. I want you to keep your skin fair and to walk like a lady.

HATTIE.—It makes me so hot I can hardly breathe. I don't think it's a bit nice.

CAROLINE.—You shouldn't be giving your opinion about things till you are asked. You ought to be very thankful that any one takes such an interest in you. [*To Willie, wriggling in discomfort.*] Sit up there straight, Willie—like a gentleman!

WILLIE.—I don't like my papa muth! He bringth me thingth sometimeth—but Mithter Button at the sthore uthed to give me a pieth of candy every day. Can't I have thomething to eat, Mith Car'line?

CAROLINE.—You are not hungry—are you?

WILLIE.—Yith I am—I am jitht ath hungry ath a bear!

HATTIE.—Can't we have just a piece?

CAROLINE.—Go and tell Mrs. Palaver that Miss Caroline says you may have something to eat. Be very still! [*They go out, and soon return crying, each with a bit of bread. Mrs. P. follows.*]

CAROLINE [*rising*].—What is the matter? [*Children cry.*] Tell me!

HATTIE.—Oh, Miss Car'line [*boo-hoo*]! She got angry [*boo-hoo*], and beat me over the back! [*boo-hoo-hoo.*]

MRS. P.—Don't you come down agin a-botherin' me, and a-botherin' me, and beggin' for somethin' to eat—comin' down just after I cleaned the floor, and whinin' round, "somethin' to eat! somethin' to eat!"—jest as if you didn't have a slice of liver apiece this mornin' and hoe-cake enough—and every mornin' too! And didn't you roll up the mat a-scuffin' round? If you do it agin — [*raises hand menacingly*].

CAROLINE.—Don't beat the child, mother!

MRS. P.—Hush your impudence! Bringin' such rubbage into the house and a-makin' me do all the work and doin' not a thing yourself. [*Seizes a poker.*] Oh, you lyin', sneakin' thing! I'll pay you! [*tries to grasp Caroline's hair.*]

CAROLINE.—Don't, mother—don't, mother! [*half crying*] don't pull my hair!

[*Knock heard at outside door. Mrs. P. desists, and goes away muttering. Caroline re-arranges things and opens door.*]

MR. LIGHTFOOT [*entering*].—Good-morning, Miss Palaver! It's the day for my call, I believe.

CAROLINE.—Yes, sir. I am ready with the twelve dollars; but, indeed, I think it's too much for poor women like us, with no one to provide for us.

LIGHTFOOT.—Mr. Lease is very lenient, I think, Miss. He has been offered fifteen a month several times.

CAROLINE [*handing money*].—I shouldn't think a rich man like him could think of asking more of me, because I'm an orphan with no father, or brother, or sister, and no protector.

LIGHTFOOT.—All right, Miss. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

MRS. P. [*re-entering*].—Cal'line, who was that?

CAROLINE.—Mr. Lightfoot—for the rent.

MRS. P.—Is he a-goin' to raise the rent this time?

CAROLINE.—He says Mr. Lease has been offered fifteen dollars.

MRS. P.—Mortal soul! What does the old skinflint think? Fifteen dollars for this old shell! There I stand, day after day, in that nasty, smoky box of a kitchen, nearly choked to death; and won't have the chimney fixed—no more mercy on the widder and the orphan! I wish I had him hung up in that chimney! There he'd hang till doomsday—see how *he'd* like smoke! What's the matter, Cal'line? [*who is holding her hand to her breast.*] Speak—can ye?

CAROLINE.—I have such a misery in my breast.

MRS. P.—Misery! Here I might be half dead with my shoulder, and crippled up as I am—who cares? Not you a-leavin' every thin' for me to do—and I don't complain a bit—I never complain.

CAROLINE.—I didn't mean to complain, mother; I only meant to answer your question.

MRS. P.—Go on—go on! You never know when to stop—old as you are and so aggravatin'!

CAROLINE.—I thought you asked me what was the

matter. I am sure I try to be unfeignedly thankful that I am so well as I am—I try to do——

MRS. P.—Hear that! Hear that—will ye? Do stop that tongue of yours!

[*Caroline takes children and exit. Mrs. P follows.*]

### SCENE III.

CAROLINE [*sitting at table—brow knit—resting head upon hand*].—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? What shall I do? [*closing her eyes devoutly.*] This is a day of trouble—an orphan—no companion—nobody—nothing—only my little in the savings bank—all earned by my own labor and management since father died—and everybody bent on cheating me out of that! To be treated so in my own house, when I provide every thing, pay all the bills, and hold in from talking all I can so as not to cross her path. When father was here he could get away from it by leaving the house. And yet, peculiar as she is—strangely as she has always acted towards me—I should feel lonely without her in this cold, cruel world! Yes, heartless—as I have found it to-day. In the first place, I thought that market man ought to exchange that five cent note, which I find is counterfeit. I took it of him when I bought the liver. I never get any other meat when I can help it—it is so nourishing—and I always get of him. When I asked him if a piece of meat that laid there was lamb, he was very short and crusty; and when I asked him the difference between lamb and mutton, he laughed outright and said, “Why do they call the same girl at sixteen ‘a tidy lass,’ and at forty ‘an old maid?’” I don’t think that was any answer at all; and when I told him I thought he ought not to defraud me of five cents just because I had no father, nor brother, nor sister, nor companion, nor protector, and was an orphan, he only grinned the more, and said he guessed I was a nice old orphan, [*rising and walking a moment or two—re-seats herself*]. I shall not let those children go to the Proud St. excursion. Here they were sick last night because they ate too much, and I shall not trust them where I never have been myself—on cars or steamboat. I am always afraid of explosions.

Mother is angry yet because I was up with them. I can make it pay, or I wouldn't have them, of course. What would she say if she knew that that minister whom she hated so, not only did not pay his board, but borrowed forty dollars and tried to get my watch? I am confident of it. Sing and pray as he did, too! Well, if he can get to heaven with it, I am sure I can without it. I wonder why our last boarders left so suddenly. I proposed to include washing and lights for only twice what I was getting. His partner didn't object—she only looked. They grumbled a bit, to be sure, when I couldn't make mother get breakfast till ten, or supper till late at night. I wish I could let that front room. Oh, dear! Let me see if the paper has any advertisements I can answer [*rising and looking for paper*].

MRS. P. [*entering, muttering.*].—A pretty lie! A pretty lie! Who ever heard of such a thing? The meddling huckster's busy-body of a wife! [*discovering Caroline, softens tone.*] Is it Cal'line? I thought you were upstairs. [*Caroline passes quietly out, remaining just outside.* Mrs. P., *arranging mantelpiece, continues.*] She to dare to say I'm a neighborhood talk, and unless I stop scolding these children, there will be interference! I did give them water to wash their hands. Who brings it all? I should like to know what business it is of hers? [*loud rap at door—Caroline reappears—door suddenly opened.*]

MRS. J. [*entering.*].—Where are my children?

CAROLINE [*coolly and calmly.*].—How do you do, Mrs. Jinks? How providential your calling is! I was just thinking I would so much like to have you come and see the children—they were so sick last night and have had to be quiet to-day. They will be so glad to see you.

MRS. J.—And well they may. I wonder they are alive. Where are my children? I ask you again [*goes to outside door and calls the neighbor next door*]. Mrs. Pleasant! Mrs. Pleasant! Come in here a minute, will you?

CAROLINE [*calls at inner door*].—Hattie! Willie! [*latter enter at same time with Mrs. Pleasant.*]

BOTH CHILDREN [*rushing to mother and clinging to her*].—Oh, ma—ma! Do take us away from here! Do—do—do!

HATTIE.—You don't know what an awful woman she

[*pointing to Mrs. Palaver*] is! She beats me and Willie, and scolds us, and swears dreadfully!

WILLIE.—We don't get any thing to eat, ma!

CAROLINE.—Why Hattie! Why Willie! What makes you talk so? Don't you love your grandma? Don't you love Miss Caroline?

BOTH [*clinging to mother*].—No—no—we don't—we don't! Take us away, ma! Do—do—do!

MRS. J.—I don't care about having any words with either of you; but you must know that I have learned from those who have seen and heard what kind of treatment my children have received at the hands of both of you!

CAROLINE.—At *my* hands, Mrs. Jinks? Why I couldn't have done more for them if they had been my own children! Such care as I have taken of them—such a great responsibility! You have surely been misinformed. Will you give me the name of the person who has told you?

MRS. PLEASANT.—I will save Mrs. Jinks the trouble. I have been so worried by the treatment these poor children have had that I could endure it no longer, and I took means to inform their mother.

MRS. P.—So you're one of them gadding, dirty, mean, snivelling tell-tales, are you? Goin' round from house to house with your pack of lies—you talkin' about your betters who have rid in their own carriage—can't attend to your own brats, the nuisances, but must be meddlin' with other folkses! [*Looking around for something.*] You dirty, sassy critter—I'll teach you manners! Git out of my house, you trollop—git out! [*going towards her.*]

CAROLINE [*interposing*].—Mother, mother! Don't take on so! It is our duty to bear this persecution. It is for some good end, if we can't see it.

MRS. P.—Oh, you cantin' sniveller! You're in with 'em too—are you! I'll fix you! I'll fix you! Mind my words—I'll fix you! [*Exit in a rage, heard muttering in adjoining room.*]

MRS. J.—I said I wanted no words with you, and I will have none. Bring the children's hats—oh, here they are! [*putting them on.*] Here is your money [*throwing it to*

*her*—I'll send for their things within a half-hour. [*Rising with Mrs. P.*] Come, my dears! I may not be all that a mother should be, but I am mother enough to take you out of this hole, even if you do enjoy *all the comforts of a home!* [*Exeunt.*]

[*Caroline heard sobbing loud—curtain falls.*]





## THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

## CHARACTERS.

PROF. FAIRMAN.

DR. THOMAS.

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*Room in private house.*

DR. T.—Were you serious, Professor, in that hurried chat we had the other day, when you stated that our American experiment of a republic must, as the case now stood, be regarded as a failure?

PROF. F.—Never more serious in my life, believe me, Doctor.

DR. T.—I have turned the matter over in my mind since, and examined it in every light in which I could place it, and I must confess that I cannot see sufficient reasons for agreeing with you. We are both at leisure for a while this evening. What say you to a talk on the subject? I am open to conviction.

PROF.—Your proposal is accepted; since, fortunately, we chance to belong to that rare class of disputants, who, if they cannot agree upon all points—and what thinkers can?—can at least agree to disagree as gentlemen. So much my modesty allows me to say—nor will yours prevent your endorsing it. Your last remark brings to my mind a character, who shall be nameless here, who declared that he was perfectly willing to be convinced—perfectly willing—but nobody could convince him! [*laughing.*] Nothing personal, Doctor, I assure you. But to the topic in hand. Are you prepared to maintain that the Government of the United States, as at present constituted, is a republic? Is it in reality, and more than in name?

DR.—Do you mean to ask whether I consider our government to all intents and purposes republican?

PROF.—I mean, is our government a government of the people by the people? That is my definition of a republic.

DR.—Perhaps not in every detail—but, certainly, for all practical purposes. That is to say, with a few amend-

ments, it approaches probably as near such a form of government as is possible this side of Millenium—that good time coming.

PROF.—Ah! then you admit that some things are necessary? Of what nature, pray?

DR.—The most important involves the question of suffrage.

PROF.—Well——

DR.—I consider that we have made the elective franchise altogether too cheap an affair. To my view, we should, if it be possible, restrict the right of suffrage instead of extending it.

PROF.—And how?

DR.—I would have suffrage based upon property and brains—that is to say, I think no one should be allowed to vote who has neither an interest in the government based upon the property which he owns and which is, to a great extent, dependent for its value upon the nature of that government, nor intelligence sufficient to appreciate the various questions which will of necessity arise connected with the administration of that government.

PROF.—As to your first proposition—the property qualification—you would require a certain amount in fee, I suppose, of your voter?

DR.—Yes; not so large as to make an aristocracy of our voters, nor so trifling as to make the qualification merely nominal, like the payment of a poll-tax, for example, as is required in some States—which is so often paid by the party that wishes the particular individual's vote. The true mean between these extremes could be hit, I apprehend, if not at the outset, at least after repeated experiments.

PROF.—Granting that, how would you fix your standard of intelligence?

DR.—Why, in a country of free schools—where every one who will, can acquire, for almost nothing, a good English education—I should insist upon an ability to read and write—to read understandingly such works as would enable the citizen to comprehend the outlines, I will say, of our Constitution—and write a hand which should be as legible as that of ordinary men.

PROF.—Any other changes?

DR.—I think the period of probation required of foreigners before admission to the rights of citizenship should be extended.

PROF.—Take care, Doctor! You are treading on dangerous ground now! Well for you that these walls have no ears! You haven't forgotten the recent experiment in that line? "Up like a rocket—down like a stick!"

DR.—I understand you; but I am none the less strenuous upon this point. Because bunglers initiate a good movement and fail—as they deserve—it is no ground for objection to renewing the same under better guidance.

PROF.—Would you lengthen the term of probation?

DR.—No—I should prefer the educational test—admit no man as a citizen who cannot meet the requirement I last indicated—to which should be added an ability to carry on ordinary conversation in our tongue. The latter, however, must, in a large majority of cases, be an incidental of the former.

PROF.—You would apply this test even if the would-be voter came up to your standard, so far as property is concerned?

DR.—Certainly.

PROF.—Well—any others?

DR.—None of importance, I believe. There are alterations involving minor considerations which might be advantageously made, but the two which I have named would, in my judgment, tend directly to introduce the others.

PROF.—Supposing these attained, your republic would be well afloat?

DR.—Yes; we should have a government in which every man, if he chose, could participate. If he could not secure the right to vote, either upon the property basis or the educational, the fault would assuredly be his own. So far as the latter is concerned, I should favor compulsory legislation—somewhat on the Prussian system—requiring the attendance of all children, between certain ages, at school for a definite time.

PROF.—And this you would still call republican?

DR.—Not in essence, probably, but in substantial results. If we take the property of the childless rich man to provide facilities for the education of the children of

the quiverful poor man, it seems to me that the very least which the State can do is to see to it that those facilities are made use of by those for whom they are furnished—especially as we take this property upon the ground that intelligence is necessary to the existence of a republican form of government.

PROF.—Perhaps we should not disagree as to that under any form of government; but the question leads us somewhat outside of the record. When you said, a moment ago, that *every man* could, if he chose, participate in such a government, did you intend to make no discrimination regarding color?

DR.—None whatever.

PROF.—Then you have no horror touching the negroes voting?

DR.—Not if my tests are met.

PROF.—But, is that treating these “wards of the nation”—as the blacks have been so happily termed—is that treating them with the justice that they have a right to expect from us?

DR.—And why not?

PROF.—They fought for us when most we needed them. In consideration of such assistance, and as a means to an end we all desired to attain, we emancipated them. Now, the war over, they are left—the large majority of them—among former masters. There they must remain—there they undoubtedly prefer to remain. Under your plan very few of the adults can secure a vote. They will be compelled to wait until their children reach the age of manhood before they can even indirectly be assisted by the ballot. It seems to me, that by so dealing with them, the government would act with the grossest injustice. While claiming from them allegiance, taxes, and military service as citizens of the United States—a title which we have bestowed upon them in the most formal and solemn manner by express enactment—with their services for the cause of good government, as we termed it, fresh in our memory—we do yet, by adopting your plan, deny to the active, efficient, working men among them, the very ones, in hundreds of instances, whose good right arms helped us hew our way out of difficulty—that security for person and property which every government

in Christendom is bound to assure to its meanest citizen, or forever relinquish all pretensions to the designation of a government.

DR.—I believe that every thing which the ballot would do for the blacks in the way of comfort and security, if they could have it at once, would be as effectually done by the certainty that they are to have it whenever they choose. I think this very course would act as an incentive to efforts which would never be made were the franchise to be given at once, unconditionally, into their immediate possession. From my familiarity with the negroes, I am confident that a greater proportion of the adults among them would make themselves able to stand the educational test—and in a shorter time—than of the adults of any other race among us—certainly than the Irish, the most dangerous element, taken as a mass, with which we have to deal.

PROF.—Possibly your views may be correct; but I still think that justice demands that we give all the blacks the ballot at once. They will, beyond question, at times misuse it. Who of us whites does not? And how many of us all the time? Yet, if they have the right to vote and vote against their own interests, they would soon see that themselves alone were blameable and the evil would, before long, correct itself.

DR.—That might be. Did the question stand alone I should be disposed to make trial, perhaps, of the franchise among them at once; but I believe the time has come—and for the first time in our history as a nation—when we can make voting depend upon ability to vote intelligently. So believing, I am anxious to introduce the test; and that, although I know that many excrescences and anomalies will thereby become apparent, and that injustice will in some instances be done. We cannot, of course, deprive the ignorant, uneducated, landless mass of voters, who are entitled to vote under existing laws of that right—and this will prove, for many years, a grievous trouble; yet a beginning must be made somewhere, and the lines of demarcation drawn distinctly. Time will rectify every thing. And I fear if we allow the present opportunity to slip through our fingers, so good a one may never again be offered us.

PROF.—I reserve what might be said on that point for another stage of our discussion. Just now for something crucial. When you say *every man*, do you include woman under that general term?

DR.—Only so far as she is represented by man.

PROF.—As I supposed. Then you would not give the right of franchise to her?

DR.—By no means. I am aware of the drift of your questioning. But I am ready to meet the issue now fairly.

PROF.—No doubt of that, Doctor; I am all attention. Why would you exclude woman from all share in the government of your revised republic?

DR.—In the first place, I deny the premise universally, I believe, laid down by the advocates of female suffrage, who start with the proposition that the right of suffrage is a natural right, like that of life, of liberty, of property and the like.

PROF.—One moment, if you please. Do you class the right of government—that is, of forming political associations to govern and to be governed—as among natural rights?

DR.—Certainly. But not the right of voting for a representative under any form of government; since this very representative government does not spring directly from the nature of man. The right of suffrage I assert to be, solely and exclusively, a political right, to which Providence has led man in the progressive course of history.

PROF.—I may be very obtuse, Doctor; but it is clear to my mind, that if the right of government is a natural right, it follows, as an inevitable corollary, that the right of each individual to have a voice in reference to that government—in other words, each individual's right to suffrage—is as fully and completely a natural, and not a political, right. Taking any other view, your natural right of government resolves itself—so far as the individual is concerned—into merely a right to be governed.

DR.—I fail to see that your corollary follows. To my mind, there is a very marked distinction between the two classes of rights. But I must object to being kept upon the offensive longer, as I have been thus far during our

discussion. "Turn about is fair play." Open, if you please, Professor, with your arguments in favor of female suffrage.

PROF.—Shall we consider the natural rights question settled?

DR.—Yes—for the present.

PROF.—And as I put it?

DR.—No—no—by no means! But let me hear from you why woman should be allowed to vote.

PROF.—One reason, of weight with me, is, that the withholding of suffrage from her is a degradation of the sex which we are wont to laud most highly.

DR.—No more than women are degraded in those monarchies in which no princess can ascend the throne. In England, even; since she can there ascend the throne only when no brothers, even younger than herself, are left to wear the crown.

PROF.—Well—that does not meet my position. Because the degradation is no more marked in the case I put, than in the case put by yourself, I fail to see that my allegation is disproved.

DR.—But a political law regulates the succession, and no degradation follows.

PROF.—Why not under a political law, as well as under a natural law? Pardon me—but isn't a good friend of mine just now busying himself in an occupation which we used to call at school "begging the question?"

DR.—Go on with your arguments. A truce to badinage!

PROF.—If she cannot vote, she is not represented.

DR.—Indeed, she is—by her husband, her father, or her brother.

PROF.—But the votes of none of these may be deposited in consonance with her wishes.

DR.—Still she is represented. You overlook woman's true place in society, which is that of a member of a family. As such member, the head of that family represents her.

PROF.—Would you be content to have this species of representation carried as far as analogy would show? Should, for instance, the father of a family represent by his vote his wife and all of his children, even after the sons have reached adult years?

DR.—I can see no necessity for that.

PROF.—But this theory of representation, when pushed to logical results, inevitably leads to it. Waiving this—giving the right of voting to woman would highly improve and refine our elections, and not unwoman her.

DR.—There I disagree with you wholly. The division of labor—the very foundation of our whole economy—begins with the division of the sexes, and expands as a physiological distribution of employment, pursuits, and social relations.

PROF.—Well! If women are in fact represented at present, they are, as a class, represented by men as a class. Now, no class can ever really be represented by another; and the distinction between the sexes forms a distinction of class which no family ties can do away with.

DR.—According to this distribution, the political occupation ought not to be assumed by women, by parity of reasoning.

PROF.—Ah! Then the Indian is justified in reaching the conclusion that, inasmuch as men are physically fitted for adventurous occupation, hunting and war, all other work—all that is tiresome, degrading, uninteresting—falls naturally to women. Your argument is simply this: in the division of labor, beginning with the division of the sexes, is included a right on the part of men to draw the division where *they* please and to declare that their line is the line which Providence has drawn.

DR.—Woman, to my mind, exercises and ought to exercise much of this beneficial influence by her delicacy and modesty; and her legitimate influence in the proper sphere would be lost, were she to enter the arena of politics.

PROF.—I am of the opinion that the only way to give full play to the natural distinction between the sexes, is to place men and women on a footing of absolute social equality, which is impossible without political equality.

DR.—Would you have a woman vote by mere impulse and feeling, or is she to visit public meetings? What respectable man would wish his wife, his daughter, his mother, or his sister to do this?

PROF.—Prejudice has nothing to do with this question, which is one of justice and expediency alone. As the



experiment has never yet been sufficiently tried, it is, taking the most cautious view, just possible that woman's influence in politics might be as great as the influence of politics on woman.

DR.—Probably at present her vote would be cast—that is, that of the majority—aright; but we must look to the future, when this public action, this understood departure from woman's true sphere, shall be carried out into all its inevitable results.

PROF.—I have no such outlook, not being a believer in progress backwards.

DR.—But women do have an influence at present—a great influence, in many cases, upon the votes of the other sex. Why not encourage her to develop that influence to the fullest extent?

PROF.—This influence, as now existing, is power without the sense of responsibility. Admitting, as you do, the influence of woman over the mind of man, I appeal to you, Doctor, whether it is not better that woman should be taught by the privilege of the ballot that they, no less than men, are responsible for the rational use of whatever power Providence has placed in their hands.

DR.—Your manner of stating this question is, certainly, somewhat new to me, and, I grant you, deserving of serious consideration. And yet, granting the force of your arguments, I doubt much whether I can rid myself of the mountain of prejudice which, I will admit, rests upon me in connection with the subject. I do not deny that this ought not so to be—but that such is the fact, I frankly avow.

PROF.—I do not doubt that the same avowal would be made by the large majority of those who at present decry female suffrage, if they were as frank as yourself. One of the strongest indications of increasing civilization, as I regard it, is the growing disposition shown of late to examine this subject dispassionately. Few sensible men now attempt to sniff or sneer the question down.

DR.—But, Professor, how would you like to have a female President, and what would it lead to?

PROF.—Don't press me too closely there, else I may be forced into saying some things which might be construed into speaking evil of some of the dignitaries of our own

sex whom we have had in that position—which may pure patriotism forefend!

DR.—Then you favor universal suffrage?

PROF.—Yes, if we are to continue to call our government a republic.

DR.—It is solely because I see the disastrous results of our present approximation to universal suffrage that I favor the restriction of it, for which I have been contending with you.

PROF.—But the experiment of a republic can never be fairly made without it. For myself, I entertain grave doubts as to the success of the experiment; but from the teachings of such a trial we shall, even if we fail, be better able to construct a system of government adapted to our needs and capacities. Theoretically speaking, universal suffrage should have a stimulating effect upon the popular mind. No part of the people should be left in an unhealthy state of indifference to political contests in which they can take no practical part. The activity of mind produced by an exciting election is an educating power of immense value. It is idle to suppose that any classes, if intrusted with the exclusive power of government, will care so well for the excluded classes as to compensate for the natural stagnation of mind among the latter. But my time is up [*looking at watch*].

DR.—I will think a while, Professor, and call this up again when we are disengaged. I must understand that you do not fall in with my views of a republic?

PROF.—You sketch me no republic—neither, on the one hand, the republic in which Hamilton and his adherents believed, nor, on the other, that which Jefferson and his school hold up to view. The truth is, all of us in theorizing systems of governments so color them with our preconceived notions, that, when they are finished and ready for operation, they might as well be labelled by one name as another. Your republic of to-day, now, Doctor, is, in effect, an oligarchy, an aristocracy, or a plutocracy—or, perhaps better, a compound of all. At all events, it bears no more resemblance to the ideal republic of theorists than the horse which Baron Munchausen started with did to the horse which he drove back.

DR.—How was that?

PROF.—The baron was attacked by a wolf. Fortunately he succeeded in creating a diversion from himself to his horse. The wolf began eating the unfortunate animal at the tail, and ate with such voracity that the Baron, taking advantage of the right moment, was able to drive home with the wolf harnessed inside the skin of his horse!

[*Curtain falls.*]

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## JACK AT ALL TRADES.

CHARACTERS.

SAMUEL STEADY.

THOMAS FLYAWAY.

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*Room in a private house.*

STEADY.—Let me see, Tom—how long is it since I've seen you? [*Meditating.*] Twenty years, as I'm living! Who would have thought it? I remember the last shake of the hand you gave me on the wharf. I was going to Montevideo, you know, for Leatherman & Co. Do you mind your parting advice to me? I told you I was going into the leather and tallow business. "Good-bye, Sam, old chum," said you, "life's a big game; but the game for you in life is the game of *hide and seek*!"

FLYAWAY.—Well, Sam, from all that I can see and hear you followed my advice very faithfully. Here you are comfortably located—name down among the big taxpayers of the city—President of one Life Insurance Company and director of I don't know how many Fire dittos, saying nothing of the like relation to a dozen or less heavy banking institutions—house in town, brown stone, swell front and trimmings—country seat with all the modern improvements, and luckily money enough to make it impossible for the fancy poultry and the blooded stock of the gardener and the manager to eat out your

core! Egad, your nest is comfortably feathered, old chum! You played the game well, I grant you. I didn't dream for an instant, though, that you'd take my advice so literally. Now, candidly, Sam, what man in college would have bet on your head against mine for success in the world? Not one; and you know it. Don't imagine though, that I regret the hit you've made. I'm glad of it, my boy. You deserve it all, and more. You've always been a hard-working, persevering, stick-and-hang fellow; and I must say that Dame Fortune would have been a sorry jade not to look at you with a kindly eye. Over and beyond that, Sam, you have about you what most of those fellows of your crowd lack—a good heart, sound to the core. But, really, chum, isn't it strange how college calculations miscarry?

STEADY.—Partly so, and partly not. You mustn't forget, Tom, that we are, the most of us, somewhat callow at that era in our lives; and, at the time these calculations of which you speak are made, we live in a very small world—a world, too, which is by no means the real world in miniature—not capable of playing the part of microcosm to our macrocosm, as Waldo Bonner would have said in those days.

FLYAWAY.—Waldo Bonner! I declare I'd nearly forgotten him—the valedictorian of our class, too! What's become of him, besides the fact that he is D. D., and has written a score of treatises to establish the willingness of the human will or the divinity of deity?

STEADY.—Nothing of the kind, Tom. The last I heard of Wal, he was cashier in a hoop-skirt store.

FLYAWAY [*laughing*].—That poses me! But it's only one illustration out of a hundred which might be selected of the grand mistakes which smart college youths make when they attempt to locate each other according to their ideas of the eternal fitness of things. You remember Bumpus, of course—class ahead of ours—the clumsiest clown in the whole college—Terrapin we used to call him? Now what do you suppose he betook himself to?

STEADY.—Teaching dancing?

FLYAWAY.—He might as well as to figure as Principal of a Young Ladies' Boarding School. It seems, however, that that was his forte, for he has made money at it.

Think of Terrapin as Professor of Accomplishments and Graces! [*Both laugh.*]

STEADY.—Little Bartleby—Tom-tit, you know—after having had some half dozen duels—he was editor-in-chief and fighting editor of some tearing journal in the Southwest—died a year before the war from a bullet received in a street encounter. The meekest, quietest, most inoffensive little chick in the whole college!

FLYAWAY.—Scrubb, too, who would appropriate every thing to which he could lay his hands—"convey the wise it call"—who was disgraced by his society for passing off some Scotch Dominie's production as his own—he is a leading and influential D. D. in one of the western metropolises, and is really doing a deal of good.

STEADY.—Here is Everman—class below—if ever man seemed predestinated for a foreign missionary it was he. What is he now? Here in town, one of the most ingenious and technical of criminal lawyers—very few Acts of the Legislature bearing upon crimes and their punishment that he can't drive his double team through. It's a queer world, Tom, this of ours! Circumstances seem to do so much and ourselves so little. The contradictions we meet in life cannot occur by chance—there must be some law governing them; but for me, I confess I know nothing of it, can shape nothing in imagination which will account for it, though I've bothered myself times without number with the attempt.

FLYAWAY.—A mercantile moralizer, Sam! Will that pass on 'change?

STEADY.—One can't help thinking, you know; and I see no reason why one shouldn't wander at times outside his own particular calling. "Once a huckster always a huckster," is one of those maxims which have more of sound than substance—truth sacrificed to a jingle. There is no more necessity for one who is engaged in mercantile life being so devoted to his business that he can think of nothing else than, as Sam Johnson puts it, for the driver of fat oxen to be himself fat. Now, to come home, chum—take your own case; I've heard of you from time to time, here and there, roaming up and down this land and other lands, a very Wandering Jew; and I have questioned for many an hour how it could be so. We

used to talk the future over, you know, so often in No. 21 Middle Hall. I've stuck to my text, while you—

FLYAWAY.———am nearly through with my sermon!

STEADY.—You've been tossed in such a sea of unrest that I wouldn't have believed it possible for you to sit and chat with me as long as we've been together now. It wouldn't have surprised me in the least, when I met you on the street yesterday, if you'd just shaken hand and said "Good-bye, Sam—excuse me this morning—I've an engagement in Sitka!"

FLYAWAY.—I'm settling down now, Sam.

STEADY.—We'll see—then I'll believe. But didn't I see your name in the newspapers, an administration or two ago, in connection with a good foreign appointment?

FLYAWAY.—I reckon. I saw it myself—received congratulatory letters with requests to give friends a lift—read a very complimentary notice in a paper to which I had contributed.

STEADY.—And there was nothing in it after all?

FLYAWAY.—Not for me—some better man got it. You see there was a little mistake made by the agent of the Associated Press. The lucky dog's name was Scud, of whom nobody had ever heard; and as it so much resembled mine, of whom some little had reached the ears of political *quid nuncs*, I received the appointment—in the newspapers.

STEADY.—Now, Tom, you know all the salient points in my career, while I am pretty much in the dark as to your own. Enlighten me. Why haven't you succeeded?

FLYAWAY.—But I have.

STEADY.—In what, pray?

FLYAWAY.—In accomplishing nothing. But you want the points. You shall have them. I didn't take the valedictory at graduation, you know, although it was definitely settled in the class two weeks after I entered freshman that I was to have it in due course of time.

STEADY.—And so you might, if you had held to your work.

FLYAWAY.—There's your mistake, Sam. I did hold to my work, but couldn't hold to theirs. Preferred miscellaneous reading to the differential and integral calculus,

and so obtained a dissertation, or disquisition, or something of the kind—do you remember the name, Sam? It is the only commencement that I ever assisted at. At all events, it wasn't the valedictory. Well, I was to read law. As my luck would have it, a slight obstacle intervened—*pater familias* wouldn't furnish the funds.

STEADY.—Why so? I thought you were the apple of his eye.

FLYAWAY.—And so I was—but, mark you, of *his* eye. My visual organs were allowed but small play. Fact is, he had selected an entirely different calling for me. Other people can judge so much better than you can yourself as to what you're adapted for. That is why I was to learn manufacturing and become a cotton millionaire.

STEADY.—I never should have attempted to manufacture a business man out of you.

FLYAWAY.—That shows your ignorance, Sam. Hadn't father succeeded as a manufacturer? Didn't I look just like him? Then why shouldn't I succeed in the same business? The reasoning, you will perceive, is unanswerable.

STEADY.—But, surely, you didn't start in that business, Tom? A turtle would make as good a metaphysician.

FLYAWAY.—Rather faulty that simile, Sam. The turtle, you'll observe, keeps his head to himself for the most part—never thrusts it into the world, unless some advantage is to be gained by it. Why not a good metaphysician, then? No, I didn't go into manufacturing—except sundry and divers reasons, why that business wouldn't suit me. They amounted to nothing, of course; but the result was that the family copartnership was dissolved, and I took up Blackstone, trusting to chances. As soon as possible I was admitted to the bar—hung out my shingle—and attempted to practice for a year or two.

STEADY.—No longer? Didn't you succeed?

FLYAWAY.—To be sure I did. What a question! Wasn't I declared by nearly all my seniors to be the most promising young man at the bar? So, in fact, I was—and it was precisely that which troubled me.

STEADY.—How so?

FLYAWAY.—I promised altogether too much for my

comfort. It was the old story—debts and duns. Annoyed past longer endurance, I cast about me for some employment in which I might turn those talents, which everybody declared I possessed in such abundance, to some account. Naturally enough, I took to teaching.

STEADY.—You ! A pedagogue !

FLYAWAY.—Precisely ; and I may say, without undue vanity, that I acquired some little reputation in that delightful calling.

STEADY.—Delightful ! If there be a dog's life led by any human being on earth, it is the life of a school-teacher.

FLYAWAY.—Your ignorance again, Sam. There is no occupation in which you can cover over so large a surface with so small an amount of brains—in the South, especially. Why I was a professor of ancient languages in a leading university in that section ! No—you may abuse teaching as much as you like ; but I assure you that few situations are more comfortable than that of the master of a popular school, with a good salary attached, provided you manage your cards right. There's Roper, now, of the class below——

STEADY.—That time-server ! He never had an unselfish emotion in his life !

FLYAWAY.—All the better for his business, Sam ! He has been for some time at the head of one of the most flourishing institutions in the country—receives, I think, the biggest salary paid to any public-school teacher. He had no trouble in making headway after he once got into the right track. At first, what were supposed to be his religious views prevented advancement ; but, as soon as he comprehended the necessities of his position, he bravely rid himself of that incumbrance—and presto ! the thing was done. Roper is now editor-in-chief of a leading educational journal—President of a State Teachers' Association—an acceptable lecturer at all education gatherings—has revised several German and Sanscrit works on educational topics——

STEADY.—What does he know about those tongues ?

FLYAWAY.—Pooh, man ! What difference does that make ? More than all, he is editor of a very popular series of classical school-books, which brings him in a handsome sum. He has one of the best libraries in the States—all



secured by writing puffs for publishers; married one of his pupils, an heiress; in short, is, every way considered, an ornament to society and a comfort to himself. With this before you, disparage teaching, will you?

STEADY.—How happened it, then, that you didn't tarry in such a pleasant tabernacle, Tom?

FLYAWAY.—That is a question which I have not even yet settled to my entire satisfaction. I either knew too little or too much—can't say which. The truth is, I never could assume a virtue which I didn't possess. I'll anticipate you, Sam; you needn't say that is because I never was familiar enough with virtue to make a successful counterfeiter. However that may be, such is the fact. This embarrassed me sadly at times. There are one or two branches which I feel myself somewhat competent to teach—no more. There are others in which I could act the smatterer's part; and still others in which I am a very ignoramus, and for which I haven't predilection sufficient to sustain myself while booking up in them. Now, as principal of a modern school, you are supposed able to instruct in all branches, no matter what your salary, "all the virtues"—as Cobbett said of the British soldier—"are expected for a shilling a day." I suppose I was too frank in such matters. Had I been a better man, I should have remained silent as to my abilities and inabilities, and not one in ten thousand would have been any wiser. Being, as you'll understand, somewhat knavishly inclined, I blurted out the truth. Besides, I think, I was rather independent—a failing which, fortunately, few teachers have. From some cause or other, enough to say that teaching and I disagreed, and that firm was broken up.

STEADY.—And then?

FLYAWAY.—And then I betook myself to politics. It was Dr. Johnson—wasn't it—who said that patriotism was the last refuge of the scoundrel? Edited a daily newspaper, and "stumped it" during a bitter campaign. We won, and I was offered an office commensurate with my services in behalf of the cause.

STEADY.—What! an attorney-generalship?

FLYAWAY.—Not so bad as that, Sam—an under-clerk-

ship in the Secretary of State's office! Eight hundred or eight hundred and fifty—I forget which.

STEADY.—You took it?

FLYAWAY.—Yes, in high dudgeon—threw up my position, and eked out a tolerable livelihood by writing for magazines and literary journals. Meanwhile I attended medical lectures.

STEADY.—For what purpose?

FLYAWAY.—To fit myself for a physician, to be sure. I had often thought of that well-known test of respectability—keeping a gig—and hoped sooner or later to achieve it.

STEADY.—But, seriously, did you turn medic.?

FLYAWAY.—Yes, in the far West—in Minnesota. And the joke was that during a two years stay in that State I never heard of but one sick person in the whole region round about; and he had been stranded there just dead with a pulmonary complaint.

STEADY.—How did you manage to live?

FLYAWAY.—By politics. I was sent to the Legislature, and believe I should have made a permanent investment in that stock, if, unfortunately, our party hadn't sunk into a minority so small that I feared I should die waiting for its resurrection. Then, having saved a few dollars—how I managed it, I can't, for the life of me, tell, but manage it I did—I went abroad, figuring as "Our Special Correspondent" for a brace of metropolitan journals.

STEADY.—Your signature?

FLYAWAY.—"Nameless here for evermore!" No—you can't catch me in that trap. I won't trust even you. The journals for which I wrote are at opposite poles in political sympathies, foreign and domestic; and you can understand my reasons for silence. Well, the war broke out—I returned—went into the army as a private—remained till the end—came out a colonel. Made a fair record for myself, I believe.

STEADY.—Yes, that you did, Tom—I heard of you, my boy, occasionally, and regretted, hundreds of times, the entangling domestic alliances which detained me here.

FLYAWAY.—I have never been embarrassed by such entanglements.

STEADY.—Why not? Too much of a vagabond—of a Bohemian? No chances?

FLYAWAY.—Oh, for that matter, I believe I've had offers enough—rather I should say have had opportunities enough to offer myself; but I have never yet decided that I am able to take care of myself.

STEADY.—Why not get one to take care of you?

FLYAWAY.—Excuse me, Sam—as Artemus Ward says, “not on purpose!” I prefer, while I live, attending to that department of business myself.

STEADY.—You said a bit ago that you are settled now. Do you mean here with us? What are you going into next? Railway engineering, or the drug business?

FLYAWAY.—Oh, I earn a comfortable livelihood by my pen. Have a book in press from which I hope something. And, if the worst comes to worst, shall fall back on politics. Our boys are at the top now in this latitude.

STEADY.—Well, old fellow, you know where to find me, and I needn't tell you that I shall always be glad to have you around.

FLYAWAY.—But madam——

STEADY.——— is simply madam. I select my own friends, Tom, spite of your bachelor heresies on that matter.

FLYAWAY.—Sensible child! But, isn't selection one thing and obtaining allowance to enjoy quite another? Come, old fellow, own up!

STEADY.—Not in my establishment, Didymus. I paddle my own end of the canoe.

FLYAWAY.—Sensible to the last! I'll drop in on you often.

STEADY.—Do so—do so! Tom, do you ever think of that saying, “A Jack at all trades, and——”

FLYAWAY [*motioning as if to box his ears*].—You needn't finish it, Sam!

[*Curtain falls.*]

## HELEN MACTREVER.

DRAMATIZED FROM J. LOFLAND'S

"SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE."

## CHARACTERS.

COL. MACTREVER, an American colonel.

HELEN, his daughter.

DONALD, his son.

MAJOR SANFORD, a British captain.

MIKE, a watchman.

JUDGE ADVOCATE, OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

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SCENE I.—*A room in Col. MacTrever's house—MacTrever reading—Enter Helen.*

HELEN.—Dear father, I am almost afraid to venture my noble charger to-day.

COL. [*laying down his spectacles.*].—Why so, my child?

HELEN.—I had an ugly dream last night, and imagined I was lost in a woodland, whence I was carried off by a stranger.

COL.—Poh! poh! child, do you believe in foolish dreams? Do you not know that the Scripture declares that fools build upon dreams?

HELEN.—But, father, Milton also tells us that millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep, and may they not be commissioned to tell us of our danger? May they not whisper to us of good or evil during our dreams?

COL.—Why, really, you are becoming superstitious. I thought you had too much sense to entertain such nonsense.

HELEN.—Ah, father, it is not only the ignorant who are superstitious—if you are pleased to call it so. Many of the wisest men that ever dignified and adorned the pages

of history entertained such nonsense, and believed in supernatural revelations.

COL. [*laughing.*—Well, well, go take your ride, and if none of the red coats carry you off I will be satisfied.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in Col. MacT's house—Enter Major Sanford and Helen, in riding costume.*

MAJ.—Now, my good lady, you seem to have entirely recovered from your fall, and are safe in your father's house, and, although I would gladly tarry, I must not forget that I am in the house of my professed enemy. For your sake as well as my own I will haste away. But I will soon meet you again [*bowing out, and Helen following.*]

[*Enter Col. MacTrever. Looks around—paces the room angrily.*]

[*Enter Helen.*]

HELEN.—Oh, father, it was as I feared—my charger frightened—

COL. [*angrily.*—Can it be possible that Helen MacTrever will stoop to the society of an enemy of her country? Can you countenance a foe to freedom who this very day may imbrue his hands in the blood of his brave brother who is now battling for liberty in the ranks of the great and good George Washington? For shame! Let me never again see you bestow a smile upon an enemy who would not hesitate to make midnight glitter with your burning home.

HELEN.—But, father—

COL. [*agitated.*—No buts, if you please; that red coat shall never again darken my door if I can prevent it.

HELEN [*raising herself to her full height and assuming an air of dignified importance.*—Let me inform you, sir, without intending any disrespect, that the cause of American freedom is as dear to my heart as to yours, or to that of any other patriot; but, at the same time, I hope I shall never forget that respect which is due to a flag of truce and to the politeness of a well-bred gentleman, be that gentleman a friend or foe to my country. Though

nationally at enmity, it is no reason that we should be individually so.

COL.—Very pretty logic, 'pon my word. Well, well, if you prefer the society of your country's bitter enemy, encourage him, and when his hands are reeking with the gore of your slaughtered brother and countryman, marry him, and go to England, and starve. You cannot remain with me, or expect a penny from one who bears the name MacTrever!

HELEN [*bursting into tears*].—Dearest father, he is nothing to me more than a friend, and, as he has always acted the part of a gentleman, I cannot but respect him as such.

COL.—I see how strong your friendship is, and it is with you as I have found it to be the case with every woman I ever knew: when she once fixes her mind upon a man, and she generally chooses the man that all the world beside would have rejected, not all the angels in heaven can persuade her to relinquish him. But be it so, you can repent at your leisure.

HELEN.—But, my dear father, what if we could win him over to the cause of American freedom? That would be a glorious achievement.

COL. [*his countenance relaxing*].—Aye! if you could do that it would be glorious, and willingly would I give him your hand; but these red coats are true to old George, their master, and I'll have nothing to do with them.

HELEN.—But, father, you'll allow me to treat him civilly while endeavoring to win him over to our cause.

COL.—Convert him! Folly, child, folly. I say I'll allow you to have nothing at all to do with him or any other cursed red coat. [*Exit Helen.*] [*Soliloquizing.*] I see! I see! "Frailty thy name is woman." [*Calls*] Mike! Mike!

MIKE [*outside*].—Ho, yer honor! [*Enter Mike, with spade in hand.*] Did yer honor call me?

COL.—Mike, put away your spade and take this gun [*hands him a rifle*]; and, mark you, if any man comes on the premises at dead of night fire on him.

MIKE.—Yis, an' be dad, sir, I'm the boy can do it, sir.

COL.—Now mind, Mike, watch well; keep your eyes open all night.

MIKE.—Sure an' yer honor, it isn't Mike Maloney that would be spalpen on guard.

COL.—Well, well, go —

MIKE.—Yis, Colonel.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*In a grove near Col. MacT's house—Mike seated by a bush with rifle, sleeping and nodding—Helen enters, disguised by throwing her brother's cloak on—Major Sanford approaches—Mike hears her step and wakens, levels his gun at Helen.*

HELEN.—Ha! he comes. I see his graceful form amid the tall trees of the park. [*Major S. rushes towards her as if to embrace her. Helen raises her hand to bid him stop.*] Nay, nay, Major, we meet not here for a love-dalliance to-night, but on business dear to my heart and to my country.

[*Mike lowers his gun and listens.*]

MAJ. S.—What are the terms you speak of?

HELEN.—I can never consent to your proposition until you forsake the unjust cause you have espoused and join the glorious little band now struggling for freedom. In other words, I will never consent to give you my hand till you swear to betray General —

MIKE.—[*in undertone*].—Treason, by the dads!

MAJ. S. [*starting*].—Hark! did you not hear a voice?

HELEN.—No; it was but the wind sighing in the trees.

MAJ. S.—Could you love a traitor?

HELEN.—Aye, when the traitor betrays a tyrant, and succors the oppressed. Indeed he is no traitor who betrays the vicious desires of a despot; and who, in espousing the cause of the injured, avenges their wrongs. No, Major Sanford, he can never merit the appellation traitor, who flies from vice to virtue—who forsakes a cause that is positively wrong.

MAJ. S.—You are well skilled in moral philosophy, I see; but shall I turn against the land of my birth and the home of my fathers?

HELEN.—Are we not all of the same country? And were one part of your household to oppress the other, would you not espouse the cause of the oppressed?

MAJ. S.—I certainly would—but the oath of allegiance! Ay—the oath I should have taken to—

HELEN.—An unrighteous oath is not binding. No, sir, an oath, extorted by a tyrant, to oppress the weak and enslave your fellow-man, is not binding—I say it is not binding in the sight of Heaven. God will never sanction an oath unholy in its object and in its end. [*Mike has fallen asleep.*] It is far nobler, and far less heinous in the sight of God, to break an unrighteous oath to a tyrant, than to fulfil that oath by crushing the oppressed, and carrying death and devastation to the homes of helpless wives and children. Your heart, Major, was never designed by Heaven to glut its vengeance on those who are struggling only for their rights, and have done no wrong.

MAJ. S.—Almost thou persuadest me to be a patriot—a rebel! But if I break my oath of allegiance, how could you place confidence in my oath to liberty?

HELEN.—I could place confidence in you, because you would act honestly to your conscience, and justly to the oppressed, by breaking an unholy oath to a tyrant. He who acts justly and honestly can never betray.

MAJ. S. [*Taking her hand and gazing at her.*].—In what then can I serve you?

HELEN.—You can serve me, or rather my country and the sacred cause of humanity, justice, and the rights of man, by assisting a handful of men to recover their birth-right.

MAJ. S.—But in what manner?

HELEN.—By betraying General Howe, the jackall of the lion, George III., into the hands of the brave Washington, or those of any of his generals. This will be the first step. You have solicited my hand in marriage—but never until—

MAJ. S.—But should I fail—death, ignominious death, would be my portion.

HELEN [*solemnly*].—Should you triumph in the attempt, my hand and heart, and all that I possess of this world, shall joyously be given to you. But should you fail, and your life be the forfeit, then I swear to die with you.



MAJ. S.—Then, by heavens! for such a prize it shall be done, or I will perish in the attempt! But, Helen, this is a heavy undertaking—how shall it be accomplished.

HELEN.—Easily. I have laid the snare. The plan is this: Here are two letters [*handing them to him singly*]. This one is addressed to General Washington, asking him to appoint two or three officers, who shall meet the writer in the grove by the old Quaker meeting-house, on a certain night—at which time and place, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, General Howe, shall be betrayed into their hands. This other is addressed, as you may see, to General Howe, stating that if he will meet the writer in person, at the same time and place, General Washington shall be betrayed into his hands.

MAJ. S.—Capital! capital! I will send them.

HELEN [*seizing his hand*].—Good-night, Major, good-night. May heaven bless you and our undertaking!

MAJ. S.—Amen, say I. Good-night. [*They turn and separate; the Major attempts to put the letters in his pocket, but accidentally drops the one to General Howe, leaving it unnoted behind; Mike sees it and steals out and quietly picks it up.*]

MIKE [*looking at the address*].—I always thought that girl had a sneaking notion to the tory side.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*In Col. MacT's house—The Colonel has just arisen from bed, is yawning, and drawing on his boots—Enter Mike.*

COL.—Well, Mike, what luck with the red coats?

MIKE.—Yer honor may well ask that, you may. While I was sittin', and sittin', and sittin' last night, watchin' for a red coat, who should come along with a coat and a hat on but a man, and he wasn't a man nither.

COL.—Well, what in the name of Banquo's ghost was it?

MIKE.—Why, yer honor, jist as I was a goin' to shoot, I diskivered that it was Miss Helen that I tuck to be a *man*, so I didn't shoot, but I sot and sot and sot and

listened to her and some feller layin' a plot to betray General Washington into the inimy's hands and upstod freedom and ivery thing. And here is a letter [*handing it to the Colonel*] that the feller took from Miss Helen, and he thought he put it in his pocket, but instid of that he drapt it fernenst the summer-house, so I thought I'd pick it up and bring it to ye.

COL.—Right, Mike, right [*takes the letter and reads it excitedly*]. By heavens! that scoundrel has bewitched my daughter, and he shall be arrested.

MIKE.—Aha! yer honor, that's right; he's nothin' nohow but a fortin hunter that wants to turn matrimony into a matter o' money. They'll betray our General this very night.

COL.—Well, Mike, let not another word fall from your lips on the subject, and the villian shall be caught in his own trap and swing on the first tree.

MIKE.—Not another word, yer honor; no, no, no, not another word; niver fear me, I'll be thrue to ye.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*In the grove—Enter two officers, sent by Gen. Washington, and Maj. Sanford, from one side of the stage, and Col. MacTrever, face muffled, with Mike and two or three other stout men from the other—A pause.*

MAJ. S. [*stepping firmly forward and laying his hand on Col. MacT's shoulder.*—General, you are my prisoner!

COL. [*throwing off his disguise and laying his hand on Sanford's shoulder.*—No, by heavens! General Washington is not your prisoner, but, sir, I know you are mine! [*whistles, and several stout men rush forth from their ambush.*] Seize the villanous traitor! [*they seize him.*]

DONALD [*being one of the officers sent by Washington.*].—What means this?

MAJ. S.—Let me explain this matter and you will not call me a traitor or a villain.

COL.—Away with him, men! I have an explanation of the whole matter in my pocket in a handwriting I

know as well as my own. Away with him ! I'll hear no more ! [*they pinion him and carry him to Col. MacT's wine-cellar for safe keeping.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—*In the wine-cellar—Major S. sitting on a wine cask.*

MAJ. S. [*soliloquizing.*—Oh, woman, you are at the bottom of every thing. How many wars have you not incited ? How many empires have flourished but to fall by your intrigues ? The proud palaces of Priam and the lofty towers of Troy by your charms were laid level with the dust. Yea, by your fascinating influence in the garden of Eden, mankind fell. But you have atoned—you have redeemed your character. By you was brought into the world that glorious character who hung the rainbow of redemption round the dying world. By you Christopher Columbus was enabled to discover a new continent. By you Rome was saved, and by you I shall yet be liberated from my perilous situation.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VII.—*In Colonel MacT's bedroom. The Colonel sleeping, and the key that unlocks the wine-cellar hanging on the wall above him. Helen enters stealthily, and creeps along to her father's bed—tries to reach the key, and finds it too high : then turns and gets a chair from another part of the room, but does not observe that one leg of the chair is broken ; places it close by the bed, quietly steps on it, when it tilts, and she falls heavily on the floor. She lies perfectly still, fearing to move a muscle. Her father is partially waked, moves a little, and falls again into sound sleep. A second effort is successful, when she carries the key off in triumph.*

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VIII.—*In the cellar. Major S. in chains, sleeping, his head resting on a box or barrel. The sound of a turning lock is heard at the door.*

[*Enter Helen.*]

HELEN [*laying her hand gently on his shoulder*].—Major, Major, awake! I am here to save you.

MAJ. S.—Why, Helen, have you ventured here? You will incur your father's vengeance, if discovered.

HELEN.—Fear not for me. Woman will dare any thing for the man she loves. Yea, when all the world forsakes, she will follow him to the dungeon, and, though covered with crime, will clasp the victim in his chains. But there is no time to be lost in the waste of words—you must fly this instant. I have come to save you, or perish in the attempt!

MAJ. S.—But by what means can I escape? There are watchful eyes about the building; and to elude their vigilance is impossible. I saw a guard, but a minute ago, pass the grated window, and he would recognize and stop me.

HELEN [*pauses in deep study*].—I have it! I have it! Major, be of good cheer—I will save you!

[*Exit in haste.*]

[*Re-enter Helen, with one of her dresses, a long cloak and bonnet.*]

Haste! haste! Put on this dress over your own, and you may pass out and be mistaken for me. Nay, not another word! I will meet you to-morrow night at the old Quaker meeting-house. Away! quick, quick!

MAJ. S. [*Imprinting a kiss on Helen's hand.*].—Angel! angel!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IX.—*In the street, outside the cellar. Major passes in disguise.*

GUARD [*passing to and fro with gun*].—Hold! [*approaching Major S., and looking into his face. In guttural tones*].—You may pass, madam.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE X.—*In a small, badly-furnished room. Major S. suffering from a wounded arm.*

*[Enter Helen Sanford.]*

HELEN *[with joy on her face]*.—Oh, my dear husband ! here is a letter from my dear father—and hope whispers that it contains relief, or, at least, the promise of it. Something seemed to whisper that, in all our distress, a better fortune awaited us.

MAJ. S.—Read it, Helen.

*[Helen opens it, and reads]*: “My once-beloved daughter—You have fled from my roof with a mean British spy, and have therefore forfeited my protection. You must bring stronger proof than you have yet brought to induce me to believe that a British spy was wounded in the cause of freedom. But, if you will leave your paramour *[pauses and weeps]*, and return to me, I will, in mercy, guarantee to you a sufficiency to keep you from want ; but otherwise, not a penny of mine shall ever bless a red-coat *[with excitement and grief she almost faints, and falls upon the floor]*.”

HELEN *[recovering]*.—Oh, God ! Oh, God ! What is to become of us ? Universal distress pervades the country, and poverty stalks abroad. Cruel, cruel father, thus to reflect upon the character of a daughter, by calling her husband a paramour ! I could have borne any thing else, but this is too severe.

MAJ. S. *[sighing]*.—Well, it is useless to repine. We have one consolation—we are as low in the scale of poverty as we can sink ; and if a change takes place, it must be for the better.

*[A loud knock at the door.]*

HELEN *[opening the door, three stout men enter]*.—Oh ! on what errand have you come to this house of suffering ? Our sorrows are great enough already, without the addition of any more.

FIRST OFFICER.—We come, madam, to arrest a vile spy, who basely attempted at Chadd's Ford to betray the guardian spirit of America. Seize him instantly—he shall not escape again !

[*Second and Third Officers seize him and drag him to the door.*]

HELEN [*holding to her husband*].—Oh, for heaven's sake, have mercy on my poor husband!—he is innocent—he is not guilty of the charge!

FIRST OFFICER.—Away with the villain—and let not a woman's tears or a woman's prayers unman you!

[*They drag him out the door—Helen swoons and falls.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE XI.—*Court-martial. Enter Judge Advocate, Major Sanford, Helen, jailor, and witnesses.*

JUDGE AD. [*seating himself and looking around.*].—We are now ready to proceed with the examination of witnesses who are here to testify concerning the conduct of the prisoner, who has been arrested under the charge of being a British spy. First witness, Michael Maloney.

MIKE [*stepping up hastily*].—Here am I, sir.

JUDGE AD.—Do you know the prisoner?

MIKE.—I do, sir, know him well.

JUDGE AD.—Where did you ever meet him?

MIKE.—Well, sir, to tell the truth, I never met him at all, at all.

JUDGE AD.—Did you ever see him?

MIKE.—Yis, faith, I did, sir, when he didn't see me.

JUDGE AD.—Well, Michael, how was that? Explain yourself.

MIKE.—Well, sir, that I wull. The Colonel, ye see, called me to him; and says he—Mike, says he—I want you to guard this house, says he, at night, says he, an' if any red-coat comes onto the premises, says he, shoot him, says he. Says I, I will Colonel, says I. So you see, I jist sot down behind a tree fernenst the summer-house. I hadn't sot there long, when sure enough here come the very feller, ye see, I was lookin' fur, and Miss Helen—that's the Colonel's daughter—met him there; and I didn't shoot, fur I was afeard of hitten her.

JUDGE AD.—Did you hear what he said to Miss Mac-Trever?

MIKE.—Hear him, is 't? That I did, yer honor—I

heard ivery word that come of his mouth as plain as I hear yer honor now.

JUDGE AD.—And what did you hear him say?

MIKE.—What did he say, sir? Why, yer honor, he said that if Miss Helen would help him, he would betray General Washington into the hands of the inemy. That I heard, sir—and what more could ye ask agin him?

JUDGE AD.—Was that all you heard?

MIKE.—No, sir. They had a deal of talk; and when they parted, the chap dropped a letter unknown to himself, which I picked up and gave the Colonel; and if you could see that, ye wouldn't want any more.

JUDGE AD.—That will do, Michael. John Stone.

STONE.—Here.

JUDGE AD.—What have you to testify against the prisoner? Did you ever see him?

STONE.—I have, sir, often.

JUDGE AD.—Where?

STONE.—I saw him once in Colonel MacTrever's cellar.

JUDGE AD.—Were you in the cellar?

STONE.—I was not, sir; but I was guarding the house, and saw him through the grated window.

JUDGE AD.—How did he come to escape?

STONE.—Well, sir, he was disguised as a lady, and I took him to be the Colonel's daughter.

JUDGE AD.—And you are sure that this is the man?

STONE.—I am, sir.

JUDGE.—That will do. [*A pause.*] Although two important witnesses, Colonel MacTrever and his son Donald, have not arrived, I think it unnecessary to delay the sentence, as the evidence heretofore brought to my notice, as well as that now given, is of such a character as leaves no room for doubt. And, sir [*turning to the prisoner*], I pronounce you *guilty* of the charges brought against you.

HELEN.—He is innocent! he is innocent! Heaven is witness he is innocent! [*Swoons and falls.*]

JUDGE AD.—Conduct the prisoner away.

[*Enter Donald and Colonel MacTrever.*]

DONALD.—Nay, one moment! [*Looks steadily into the face of Sanford.*] It is he indeed! It is the man who, at the risk of his own, saved my life at the battle of Brandywine, when a powerful Hession had cloven me to the earth.

There must be some mysterious mistake about this matter, for I saw this man fighting like a tiger in the cause of freedom during the whole battle.

MAJ. S. [*handing Colonel Mac Trever a letter.*—There, sir, if I may not yet dare to call you father, read that, and you will find in it an explanation of all this mystery, which has given us all so much trouble. [*A pause while the Colonel reads.*]

COL.—Judge, you must liberate the prisoner. He is entirely innocent, and deserves our highest commendation. We have all been cruelly deceived. A wicked haste in judgment has done this man great wrong, which all our apologies cannot right. [*Stepping forward and taking Sanford by the hand.*] My dear sir—*my son*—I am deeply grieved that I have thus wronged you and Helen. But I shall right this wrong by deed as well as word. Come to your home, my daughter, and bring your noble husband with you, and you shall share with us the comforts and honors we are able to enjoy.

JUDGE.—I release the prisoner to your custody, Colonel. Do with him as you will, and I fear not that the ends of justice will be answered.

[*Curtain falls.*]





TRUSTING TOO FAR;  
or,  
LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

## CHARACTERS.

MRS. ELTON, a woman easily deceived.

MR. ELTON, her husband.

MARY ELTON, their daughter.

MRS. BLACK, } Visitors.  
MISS DUNN, }

PATRICK MCGEE, a servant.

MR. GRAY.

CAPTAIN MCCARTNEY.

SCENE I.—*City dining-room. Mr. Elton and daughter taking seats at the breakfast-table.*

*Enter Mrs. Elton, in a flurry.*

MRS. E.—It is too bad; never was there a woman so tormented.

MR. E.—What is the trouble now, my dear?

MRS. E.—Bridget has gone.

MR. E.—Bridget gone?

MRS. E.—Yes, Bridget's gone!

MR. E.—When?

MRS. E.—Last night or early this morning.

MR. E.—Without her wages?

MRS. E.—No, indeed.

MR. E.—Then she gave notice of leaving?

MRS. E.—Not a word. She asked me yesterday for some money—said her mother was very sick, and if I would settle with her, she would go and take her some things. Her father was not well-doing, and she expected they were in need.

MR. E.—And you paid her?

MRS. E.—Yes, and gave her five dollars besides. Her wages seem such a trifle, if she wanted to get things for

her mother, and I told her we could deduct it from our next settlement. She seemed so grateful——

MR. E.—Where does her mother live?

MRS. E.—She told me in Twenty-third street.

MARY.—Why, mamma, she told me last week that she had no mother.

MR. E.—Ah! and she left last night, or this morning?

MRS. E.—Yes; and took all, if not more, than belonged to her.

MR. E.—Just as I expected. I warned you not to trust her.

MRS. E.—Oh, yes—you warned me.

MR. E.—Yes, I did; but where *experience* cannot teach, *advice* is of little benefit. Is this the fifth or sixth one who has played off the same game upon you? You will never learn.

MRS. E.—No, I will never learn. You, Mr. Elton, had better take the kitchen cares on your own shoulders. I am sure I do the best I can.

MR. E.—'Tis not what you do not do, Anna; 'tis what you do. Kind-hearted and unsuspecting yourself, the vile and dishonest are ever ready to take advantage of you.

MRS. E.—Well, it does seem so. There was Ellen who went off taking two of my best dresses. I took her in through charity; the poor creature had no home she said, and then to go off as she did,—but if they act ungratefully it is no fault of mine.

MR. E.—Yes, it is your fault; you place too much confidence in them from the first.

MRS. E.—Well, I cannot bear the poor things to feel that I suspect them of dishonesty.

MR. E.—And I think you do them more injury than good.

MRS. E.—Why so?

MR. E.—Well, it's seldom that a good girl seeks a situation, without a good recommendation. Those whom you have trusted came without, and you should have made them feel that they must prove themselves worthy before they won your trust.

MRS. E. [*laughing*].—Oh, yes, Mr. Elton, it is very easy for you to talk, but you know I haven't the heart to

practice your precepts. [*Rising.*] This will not do. I must assist Jane, or, to use her own words, she will be "kilt intirely wid the hard work."

MR. E.—Introduce Mary into the kitchen; it is high time she was learning something besides lounging in the parlor. Come, daughter, let me see you remove those breakfast things.

MARY.—Oh, papa, indeed I don't know how. It will soil my hands, and make them look so horrid when I practice my music lessons. [*Goes to work. Mrs. E. assists.*]

MR. E.—Take care. They may spoil your fortune if you brown them by toil. I wish my daughter would try to cultivate good common-sense with her other accomplishments. [*To Mrs. E.*] I think, Mrs. Elton, I will employ a serving man. We can find sufficient for him to do, can we not?

MRS. E.—If you do, I hope you will have better success than I have with serving maids.

MR. E. [*laughing.*].—Well, don't you spoil them. Mary, be a good girl and learn to work, and when your mamma feels disposed to come with you, you may come down to the store and get that new dress we were talking about. [*Looking at his watch.*] It is time I was off. [*Exit.*]

MARY.—Now I just think it is too bad in papa, wanting me to go to work; just see, I know it will spoil my hands; may I not leave Jane finish this, mamma?

MRS. E.—Your father told you to do it, and you will miss that new dress.

MARY.—What time will you go with me, by ten or half-past ten?

MRS. E.—That depends how well you work.

MARY.—Oh, I'll work ever so fast; now mind, I want a real nice dress.

[*Exit Mrs. E. and Mary with breakfast things.*]

SCENE II.—*Mrs. E. and Mary on the street, in full walking-dress—Mary drops her pocket-handkerchief—A man with a hod near by picks it up.*

IRISHMAN.—Hallo—hallo-o, madam, and this dainty belongs till yer, madam.

[*Ladies pausing. Man stepping forward, raises his hat, and presents the handkerchief.*]

MRS. E.—Honest man, you deserve better employment.

IRISHMAN.—Troth, ant it's no choice of me own, at all, at all ; it's becace it's mesilf that's a stranger in the land. Sure if I was waitin'-mon for a leddy the likes of ye, it would be heaven intirely, it would.

MRS. E.—What is your name?

IRISHMAN.—Patrick McGee, yer honor; ant as honest a name as iver crossed the water.

MRS. E.—Well, Patrick, take this [*hands him her card*], and call at that place at two o'clock to-day; my husband will be at home then, and, I think, probably will give you better employment than carrying the hod. [*Turning to go.*]

PAT.—Heaven bless ye and yers foriver and iver.

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE III.—*Dinner-table—Mr. and Mrs. E. and Mary.*

MR. E.—Bridget has not returned yet?

MRS. E.—Not she. Will you not advertize for another this afternoon?

MR. E.—Yes; and will advertize at the same time for a servant man. I would like a good-natured, trusty fellow, one who could turn his hand to any thing, and be generally useful.

MARY.—Ma, that man we met to-day was that kind, wasn't he?

MRS. E.—I cannot tell; he was intelligent-looking.

MR. E.—Who was he—some adventurer?

MRS. E.—He was an Irishman; honest, I think. We had evidence of that. Mary—

MARY.—Yes; I dropped my pocket-handkerchief, he found it, and instead of retaining it, he brought it and gave it to us.

MR. E.—Well, what became of him?

[*Enter maid. To Mr. E.*]

MAID.—A man wants to speak with you, sir.

MR. E.—Is he in the parlor?

MAID.—No, sir; he is in the basement.

MR. E.—Show him here.

[*Exit maid.*]

Mrs. E.—I think it is probable he has called, as I told him to do so.

[Enter Pat.]

Mr. E.—Well, what is your business?

PAT.—Yer good leddy, yer honor, may heaven bless her, tould me that if I would call, that mebbe yer honor would give me employment.

Mr. E.—How have you been getting your living?

PAT.—Carrying the hod, yer honor. Sure I don't like the business, honest though it be.

Mr. E.—How long have you been in this country?

PAT.—Six months, yer honor; and sorry was the day that I iver left me home in ould Ireland.

Mr. E.—What business did you follow there?

PAT.—What business bit me ain, yer honor; sure it is no honest callin' to be gaddin' 'round, 'tendin' to other people's.

Mr. E.—Well, but how did you live?

PAT.—Bless me soul, by eatin' and drinkin', yer honor.

Mr. E.—Yes! but didn't you work?

PAT.—Wark, be jabers and I did. Troth, but didn't I sarve wid as honest a mon as ever lived in Ireland, present company excepted?

Mr. E. [*laughing*].—I don't think any of the present company ever lived in Ireland [*looking around*].

PAT.—Sure, and isn't it meself I'm maining; I never vouch for the honesty of strangers.

Mr. E.—What kind of work can you do?

PAT.—What eny other mon can do, yer honor.

Mr. E.—Well, suppose you and I make a bargain. What do you want per month?

PAT.—I want money, yer honor.

Mr. E.—Of course, but how much?

PAT.—What will yer honor be plazed to give me?

Mr. E.—Well, I suppose if I find you honest and trust-worthy, I will give eighteen dollars per month.

PAT.—Ant couldn't yer honor make it twenty? that would just be the even tens, and they are so much asier counted.

Mr. E.—If you do your duty I don't think we 'll quarrel about that; now go back to the basement and get your dinner.

[Exit Pat.]

MRS. E.—Well, how do you like his appearance?

MR. E.—He is dumb enough to be honest

MRS. E.—Oh, I am sure he is honest!

MR. E. [*laughing.*—Remember your failing. [*Rising from the table.*]

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. E. in a parlor—Pat in a new suit of clothes, ushers in visitors—Enter Mrs. Black and Miss Dunn.*

MRS. E.—Good-afternoon, ladies. Will you walk into the dressing-room and lay aside your bonnets?

MRS. B.—No, thank you; we design only a short call.

MRS. E.—It has been so long since you were here, that I shall only excuse your negligence by detaining you the remainder of the afternoon; so walk up and lay off your bonnets.

MRS. B.—Oh, indeed, Mrs. Elton, it is impossible.

MRS. E. [*to Miss D.*—Do you not think she is jesting?

MISS D.—No; it is certainly impossible. Shall I tell you why?

MRS. E.—Undoubtedly; but first be seated. [*Nodding to Miss D.*] Proceed.

MISS D.—She did not tell her good man, and his disappointment would be too great if she wasn't at the door to meet him when he came home.

MRS. B.—I always make it a point never to absent myself from home during tea hour, without mentioning it to my husband before I go.

MISS D.—A very dutiful wife my little sister makes. Does she not, Mrs. Elton?

MRS. E.—I think so.

MRS. B.—Not more than I should be. Mr. Black's business calls him away so much that I should fear he would feel that I set but very little value on my home and his society, if I should carelessly absent myself in the few hours that business permits him to spend at home.

[*Pat shows a ragged-looking woman and child in.*]

PAT.—Sure, madam, it's a gentleman you made of me,

and won't ye do somethin' for this poor crature? Heaven bless ye.

MRS. E. [*annoyed.*].—Patrick, why didn't you take them to the basement? [*To the woman.*] I am engaged now. I have no time to attend to you. [*Taking her purse she hands her money.*] Patrick, show her out.

MRS. E.—New servants are often so annoying. We have lately employed Patrick, and I don't know whether we will be able to teach him any thing or not. He seems honest.

[*Bell rings. Pat ushers in Mr. Gray and Captain McCartney. Mr. G. shakes hands with the ladies and introduces the Captain. Mrs. E. invites them to be seated. Pat remains on the stage, taking a seat rather back of Mrs. E.*]

MRS. E.—Why, Mr. Gray, I understood you were absent from the city. When did you return?

MR. G.—Last week only. Oh, yes, I made quite a tour during the summer. I think every one should see something of their own land before they visit other countries. I expect to start on a tour through Europe next year.

MISS D.—Will you go to Rome? How I envy you!

CAP.—Then you are fond of travelling, Miss Dunn?

MISS D.—Indeed I am, but I have had little opportunity of gratifying it.

MRS. B.—Your tour did not extend very far through the Southern States, I suppose, Mr. Gray?

MR. G.—No, not very far. Had my health permitted I should have enjoyed following in the trail of Sherman, on his way to Atlanta.

MRS. E.—From appearance, Captain, you have seen something of the South or Southern people. I see you carry your arm in a sling.

CAP.—Yes, I was wounded in the shoulder about a year ago. I have not been able for duty since. I hope to return at an early day, probably next week.

MRS. B.—Have you been with the army since the first breaking out of the rebellion?

CAP.—No, ma'am; I was in Dublin then.

PAT [*speaking aloud*].—Thin it's the ould country yer from? Give us a sheek iv your hand for the sake of the swate ould place.

MRS. E. [*rising to her feet.*].—Patrick, you here?

PAT.—It's meself shure, and didn't I tell Mr. Elton that I could do what any other mon could, and isn't it meself what can entertain the ladies and gentlemen, when he is absent?

MRS. E. [*going to the door.*].—Patrick, I wish to speak to you.

[*Exit Pat and Mrs. Elton.*]

MR. G.—That man is tipsy.

MRS. B.—He certainly acts strangely.

[*Enter Mrs. Elton.*]

MR. G.—How long has that man been in your employ?

MRS. E.—Only to-day; came at noon.

MR. G.—He has been drinking.

MRS. E.—I fear he has; he appeared to be perfectly sober when my husband employed him, but he took him up and had him fitted out with a new suit of clothes, and I suppose he had to stop on his return and drink in honor of them.

CAP.—No doubt; that is a failing so many of my poor countrymen have.

[*Pat's voice heard at a distance, singing "Lanighan's Ball"—*"Me father he died and he made me a man agin." *Enter bearing a waiter with glasses and pitcher.*]

PAT.—And it's whiskey punch it is to warm ye when ye'r cauld, or make ye young whin ye'r auld. [*Staggering, catches his foot in the carpet and falls near Miss Dunn—gathering himself up.*] Och, me dear leddy, did it get over ye? The nasty baste, ant it was too heavy for me, and pulled me down, the dirty critter.

CAP. [*taking hold of him.*].—Come, my man, I think you would make a better soldier than a waiting-man.

PAT.—Soldier do you main? Niver while my name is Pat McGee. I'll never disgrace its beauty by fighting for the nagers.

CAP.—I have fought against oppression, and hope to do so again.

PAT.—That's where two Irishmen differ just as much as chalk and cheese. It is a family brawl, and an Irishman ought to have nothing to do with it. They don't belong to the family.

MR. G.—Then, I suppose, Irishmen do not vote.



PAT. [*excited.*]—Yis, they do vote!

MR. G.—Oh, then, they belong to the family.

[*Enter Mr. Elton.*]

MR. E.—Good-afternoon [*bowing*]. What is the matter here? What does all this noise mean?

PAT.—Main, jest! Whv, yer honor, it mains that just when I was showing these leddies and gentlemen how beautifully I could entertain them, and was jest bringing some of the crater to cheer their spirits whin the nasty baste got too heavy for me.

MR. E.—Take yourself off now. I want nobody in my employ who acts in this manner.

PET.—Faith, ant didn't I tell you I could do what any other mon could?

MR. E.—And I told you to do as I bid you. I didn't bid you get drunk. Be off!

PET.—Plase, sir, and you niver tould me not to.

MR. E.—Be off with you! I don't want you here!

PAT. [*crying*].—Must I put on thim ould clothes again? I thought it was a gintleman you made of me intirely.

MR. E.—Be off with you! clothes and all!

PAT.—Ant do ye main they are mine? [*brightening*.] God bless yer honor! Ant may the divil blow me the night and the day, if iver I forgit to bless yer honor! And it's niver a cint will I charge ye for this day's work, at all, at all. [*Staggering, he bows himself out, singing:*]

“Now I'm goin' back agin, as poor as I began,  
To make a happy girl of Moll, for sure I think I can.  
My pockets they are empty, but my heart is full of joy.  
Auld Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Maloy.”

[*Mr. Gray introduces Mr. E. and Captain McCartney.*]

MR. E.—I pity the poor fellow, but there is no dependence to be put in such a character.

CAP.—Not a bit, not a bit!

[*Ladies rising to go.*]

MRS. E.—Well, I am sorry you have been so annoyed. Pray call again soon. Don't be so formal.

MRS. B.—Thank you, I shall look for you to return mine. Do not let it be long.

MRS. D.—You, Miss Dunn, might often drop in. You have no household duties to look after.

MR. E.—Ladies, do not hurry off because I have come in.

MRS. B.—Certainly not; but it is fully time we were going.

MR. G.—Captain, if the ladies do not object, we will walk up the street with them, as our way leads in the same direction.

[*Exit all.*]

SCENE V.—*Supper-table—Mr. and Mrs. Elton and daughters.*

MRS. E.—Ha! ha! Sir Wisdom, and how do you like the experiment?

MR. E.—So well, I shall try it again.

MRS. E.—How much did the suit of clothes cost?

MR. E.—Not over ten dollars. Poor fellow! I pitied him.

MRS. E.—Oh! you did!

MR. E.—Now, Mrs. Elton, don't be sarcastic. You know it was all your fault.

MRS. E.—My fault?

MR. E.—Yes. You recommended him.

MRS. E.—True; but you knew my failing.

MARY.—Has Patrick gone?

MR. E.—Yes. Were you not at home this afternoon?

MARY.—No. I was out with Anna Stephens at her cousin's. I was telling them about Bridget. She used to live there, mamma, and went off in the same manner.

MRS. E.—Then I am not the only one she has humbugged.

MR. E.—And won't be the last. I think it will be well for us both to resolve now to employ no one without a good recommendation.

MRS. E.—I hardly think that is right. Every one must have a start somewhere. And although I have been cheated a number of times, I have not lost all faith yet; but will try to be more guarded in future.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## READING WORKS OF FICTION.

A DEBATE.

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PRESIDENT [*rapping upon desk*].—The Lyceum will please come to order. The first business this evening is reading the minutes of the last meeting.

A MEMBER.—I move, Mr. President, that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with.

[*Motion seconded, put, and declared carried.*]

PRESIDENT.—The next business in order is the report of the Committee on Debate, Mr. Fisher, chairman.

FISHER.—The Committee have agreed upon the following question for discussion this evening: **RESOLVED**, *That the reading of works of fiction should be discountenanced.* Disputants upon the affirmative, Messrs. Ames, Brown, Chase, Day, Eames, Fay, Good, Hope, Ivins and Jones; negative, Messrs. Airy, Booth, Cass, Dilks, Easy, Fisher, Green, Hale, Ingalls and James.

PRESIDENT.—The debate being next in order, it will be necessary to select a chairman of debate.

A MEMBER.—I move that Mr. Judgment acts as chairman.

[*Motion seconded, put, and carried.*]

CHAIRMAN [*taking chair*].—The Lyceum has heard the question selected by the Committee. Mr. Ames will open in behalf of the affirmative.

AMES.—Mr. Chairman—ladies and gentlemen: The question assigned for this evening's discussion resolves itself into the simple proposition, that the reading of works of fiction is productive of more injury than benefit. I am, to the best of my ability, to maintain the affirmative; and I do so, sir, upon this ground, among others, that the reading of such works unfits one for the actual, practical duties of life. Using the word "novels" as tantamount, for the purposes of this debate, to the phrase "works of fiction," I assert that the writers of novels deal with unreal characters, living, moving, and having *their* being in an unreal world. The characters sketched,

oftentimes with consummate ability, are at best but distortions or caricatures of the men and women of every-day life. They are placed in such positions as will best enlist the interests of the reader, regardless of the requirements of truth. As a general thing, they are pushed to extremes, such as in this work-day world of ours we never encounter. Either the good are perfect, or the bad have so many redeeming traits about them that one is at loss whether to style them bad or good. Every thing is wrested from its actual surroundings as we find them about us. Even in those novels which profess to have a moral bearing, virtue and vice are so confounded in the characters that the dividing line is very often undistinguishable, or virtue is portrayed with such drawbacks as to make vice appear lovely and desirable by contrast.

These works constitute the exclusive reading of numbers—of the rich and the idle, who, from their position of ease and leisure, have it in their power to influence others to an extent entirely disproportioned to their worth; they form the reading of most men in their hours of leisure—a principal part of the reading of women—and, most unfortunate of all, a large proportion of the reading of the young, of those whose judgment is immature, who are mere creatures of impulse and passion and swayed this way and that as the novelist may choose.

Now, Mr. Chairman, this life of ours is a serious affair. About it cluster the sternest realities; on its conduct depend the most momentous issues. Rightly to live demands the most careful painstaking. No effort can be spared to enable us to fulfil all the requirements which our position in this world of being lays upon us. The farther we move from the actual practical facts of life, the nearer we approach to wrong-doing, the more readily we yield ourselves an easy prey to the temptations to evil which beset us upon every side.

This hazard the novel-reader runs—fascinated with the charms of the work which he peruses—transported out of himself, for the time being, away from his own world, from the men and women whose destiny is his, into an idealized world, furnished with such inhabitants and furniture as suits the whim or caprice of genius. Taken

captive by what he reads, real life seems wanting in savor. The zest of healthy existence is gone; the duties devolving upon him become irksome; responsibility is shirked whenever it is possible; and he degenerates into a listless dreamer, caring nothing for the goal towards which he should ever press, utterly unfitted for the scene of action in which he has been placed.

Such, sir, I believe to be the effects of novel-reading; and for this reason, saying nothing now of others, which will doubtless be presented hereafter, I most earnestly advocate the affirmative.

CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Airy upon the negative.

AIRY.—Mr. Chairman: While I have no objection, speaking for myself only, to adopt the interpretation of the question given by the gentleman whom I follow, it must be distinctly understood that my colleagues are not to be bound by it, unless they choose. We understand the term "works of fiction" to include imaginative poems as well as novels, much of history so-called, no little of what passes current as biography—all writings, in short, which do not, throughout their entire extent, in general and in detail, adhere to the actual truth—which are not based, and always and everywhere based, upon facts.

So much for our construction of the question. As the gentleman, however, has chosen—and with excellent judgment, as I apprehend, considering the side which he is to maintain—to restrict it to novels, I meet him upon that limitation, and contend that so far from discountenancing novel-reading, we should encourage it and further it—encourage it, precisely as any judicious person should encourage any other kind of reading, with proper checks and cautions.

For, sir, let it be understood at the opening of this discussion that we are not to be forced to undertake the defence of novel-reading in those cases, if such there be, where it constitutes the sole reading of the individual. The confinement of oneself to the perusal of any class of human productions, I care not what, will perforce result in a one-sided, ill-balanced, unfinished person. Some variety is indispensable to culture, to that growth which should be the object of all reading.

When, therefore, the ground is taken that novel-read-

ing is to be discountenanced, the gentleman must mean, if any thing is meant, that no novel is ever to be read by any person. But, sir, I will not narrow the question to this extent. The position I assume is, that novels are to be read, regard being had to their class, as history is to be read, as biography is to be read, as poetry is to be read, as books of travel are to be read. In other words, as man's physical development is not to be secured by bread alone, so his mental development is to be sought by the perusal of a variety of intellectual productions of other minds, in which variety works of fiction, or novels, find their fitting place.

When the gentleman essayed to delineate the novel, he seemed to forget that it is as broad and as deep as life itself—that all shades of character, both of the individual and of the nation, are delineated by the novelist—that it has been made the vehicle of social improvement, of moral reformation, of religious instruction; that its pages have branded vice with marks as ineffaceable as any which the preacher or the professed moralist has used; that virtue, as recognized by the great and good of Christendom, has been held up to reverence and regard as embodied in heroes and heroines, who would be models in any age or land. His characterization I pronounce unjust and limited—as unjust as would be the selection of Sir John Mandeville as a fair representative of writers of travels, or of Hume or Gibbon as the type of a Christian historian.

Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that the novel exercises the influence that it does upon the age—an influence greater than that of any other work? Is it possible that the false, vapid thing which the gentleman outlined exerts that influence? No, sir; no shadowy, vague, illusive unreality could sway the mind thus; substance and strength are requisite. These the novel of worth possesses in an eminent degree. By means of it we are brought near to our fellow-men, through the medium of that faculty of our nature—the imagination—which the Creator intended should be appealed to for the conveyance of instruction. So far from mingling with unreal men and women, we are brought in the closest possible contact with our brothers and sisters, fellow-toilers with us, strugglers for the same great end, sharers of a common fate, whose joys are our

joys, whose sorrows ours. They breathe as we breathe, work as we fain would work, or, if haply succumbing to the wrong, we see, in what leads to their misdoing, pitfalls which we are to avoid.

Believing the true novel, sir, to rank among the most valuable instrumentalities for mental culture and moral development, I advocate the negative of this question.

CHAIRMAN.—The question having been opened upon both sides, gentlemen will follow in debate as assigned.

BROWN.—Mr. Chairman: The gentleman will pardon me, but he misapprehends the point we make: which is, in effect, that this reading of works of fiction cannot, from its very nature, be hedged in and confined as he would prescribe. Its fascination is such that the reader is held a willing captive; his chains he would not break if he could. Such I understand to be the view taken by my colleague, who opened the debate. Novel-reading grows by what it feeds upon. The more you give, so much the more is desired. The habit is readily confirmed; and when once you yield to the witchery of the spell your self-control is, as a general thing, forever gone.

Nor need it surprise any that such should be the fact. Consider the ease with which your average work of fiction is perused—how one's mind floats along with the current of its thoughts—that no concentration of faculties is required—that, in short, it is read without effort and remembered without trouble.

Such works—and of this staple are the most of our works of fiction made up—do certainly, Mr. Chairman, unfit us for the active conflict of life, and should, on that account alone, be carefully avoided by one who would make of himself all that the Creator has given him opportunity for becoming.

BOOTH.—Mr. Chairman: "Still harping on my daughter!" I do not see that the gentleman just seated makes the discrimination upon which we insist. All works of fiction are not alike, any more than all men, all histories, all biographies, all works upon natural science are alike. Of each there are all conceivable shades, from the very good to the utterly and deplorably worthless. As was insisted by my friend who preceded me upon the nega-

tive, we are not tied to the extreme; attention should, in fairness, be directed to the best specimens of the class under discussion. Show us that such works are objectionable, and the affirmative is maintained—otherwise not. Take the *Waverley Novels*, for instance. I contend that the student can obtain a more correct idea of the life of the times introduced therein by Scott than can be secured by the investigation of any and all historical documents bearing upon the same era. The reader is placed so completely in communication with the characters represented, and those characters are so faithful to the prototypes in actual life upon which they are built, that we cannot but identify ourselves with the course of action which they adopt and become ourselves part and parcel of that past which the genius of the author so vividly, so truthfully portrays. The foundation of historic truth upon which these works rest is incorporated into our stock of information—incorporated, it must be remembered, in a shape which we can readily manage—and we thereby, I assert, gain more solid results than would be possible for the average reader from any other source. Besides, the allusions and incidental remarks made in such works lead us, all unconsciously, into other fields of investigation, in which we become eager gleaners for facts which would have remained forever unsought, had it not been for the charms of the novelist's pages.

The very fact, sir, that—as the gentleman has stated—but little concentration of faculties is requisite for novel-reading, establishes the truth of our side of the question, when we take account of what material the great mass of readers must ever be composed—how ill-adapted for more labored, more solid (as some would call it) reading; for, surely, if works of fiction exist which are not objectionable upon any tenable grounds, better that they should be read than that nothing should be perused.

CHASE.—Mr. Chairman: I do not believe it true that the average man or woman is so hampered as to be obliged either to read works of fiction or to dispense with reading altogether. In these days when the press teems with works dealing in all conceivable subjects, treated in every possible manner, it is impossible that it should be so. He who runs even may now-a-days read—



and read understandingly too—works in almost any branch of intellectual effort. Think, sir, how science is popularized—its great truths stated and illustrated so that the weakest capacity can not only comprehend them, but will feel an interest excited which will not rest until questionings are pushed farther and farther, adding at each advance new and valuable information.

Now, sir, not the least objection to the reading of works of fiction is, that it deprives the mind of this needed aliment—that it substitutes the palatable for the nutritious. It is imperious, exacting, as has been well asserted—“bearing, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.” In this world it is easier to do wrong than to do right; and I count it among the most deplorable facts that there should be a class of works into the reading of which the young so readily glide, where they so gladly linger, when by doing so they shut themselves out of a range of interesting reading which is at the same time profitable—like Dr. Johnson’s tea, cheering but not inebriating.

Take the study of natural history, by way of illustration of my position. Who that has seen the intense eagerness with which a boy listens to the crude harangue of the showman at a menagerie—hanging upon his every word, reluctant to pass on although the same monotonous recitation he knows is all that will compensate him for remaining—who can doubt that, if in the hands of this boy a work on natural history adapted to his capacity were placed, he would readily follow its lead and acquire therefrom tastes and aptitudes which would shape his whole future course for the better? And the same may be said of any branch of natural science, the study of which can be made so interesting and profitable that I confess to having little, if any, patience with those who would allow the young to feed upon the dry husks of novel-reading.

CASS.—Mr. Chairman, I grant you, sir, that the greatest caution is requisite relative to the kind of reading which is placed in the hands of the young—caution bearing not only upon works of fiction, but as well upon works of every kind. Why, sir, there are professedly truthful works—works based upon undoubted facts—which no judicious parent would give to his children. But, sir,

children do not constitute the whole of this world's inhabitants, and because certain restrictions may be necessary in their case, it by no means follows that we children of a larger growth are to be hemmed in in like manner. The milk for babes is exchanged, when manhood's estate is attained, for strong meat.

To my mind, Mr. Chairman, the gentleman last upon the floor dwelt upon a small, and, comparatively speaking, insignificant department of the subject.

DAY.—Mr. Chairman: I cannot agree with the gentleman in his estimate of the importance of the views which my colleague advanced. I think no question so momentous as that involved in the start which shall be given to the young in the matter of reading. It is the old maxim of the twig and the tree, and we cannot well be too solicitous as to the bias which tender minds will receive from the books which they read.

To works of fiction they will take as naturally as the duckling to the water, and very often, sir, with the same untoward issue. Such works need no digestion, but are at once assimilated into the mind, unlike history, philosophy and political treatises, which are comparatively tough and solid food. I would have the young furnished with reading which should require thought, that the discipline which is the condition of growth may commence at an early period.

DILKS.—Mr. Chairman: The gentleman would not surely rob childhood of its chiefest joys—those inimitable fairy tales which all of us remember with such delight, which peopled our young world with visions of beauty by day and by night—with glories which never set, but remain with us through life. Going back to my early days, I can recall nothing which so powerfully influenced me—and for good, as I verily believe—as those nursery stories which I drank in from my mother's lips, which are associated with her at this moment in my mind, through the quiet splendor of which, toned down with years which have sped, her angel face even now looks lovingly upon me.

Believing, sir, as I do, that many a work of fiction is as valuable an instructor in morals, as ardent a persuasive to right as the world can furnish—and that more charac-

ters have been shaped by novels than by sermons—I could not remain silent while such works are—as they have been here this evening—calumniated and traduced.

EAMES.—Mr. Chairman: Are we not wandering somewhat from the subject? Life is too short to enable any of us to read every thing that has been written in by-gone days, that may yet be written while we are on the stage of action. A selection, then, must be made, and it is upon the nature of this selection that our question now hinges.

I concur fully with the gentlemen who contend for a variety in reading. I would have neither the young nor the mature bound down to one kind simply; and were there no other facilities for obtaining refreshment and recreation from the exhausting reading which in the main ought to claim our attention (since the elements of development are found in it to the highest degree) than what the work of fiction affords, I, sir, should most earnestly advocate an infusion of such reading.

This is not, sir, in my judgment, the case. Perhaps nothing more distinctly stamps the present age on its intellectual side than the versatility displayed in every department, by means of which all capacities are ministered to. Contrast, for example, the historical writings of a Niebuhr or an Arnold with those of a Rollin—of a Macaulay with those of a Robertson; and it will at once be seen what new life has been imparted to themes which, not many years ago, were wont to be deemed the dryest and most repelling. And the same holds good, to a greater or less extent, in every nook and corner of the domain of intellectual effort. The very novels of the day have been compelled to take their cue from this great change. The namby-pambyisms of scarcely more than a quarter of a century since have been forced to give place to a more vigorous and energetic species of writing, which professes—whatever the result may show—to have a definite purpose, and that a commendable one.

While, sir, I see such a wide range from which to select—a range which will recreate and refresh as well as interest—outside of the acknowledged works of fiction, I must claim, aware as I am of the deteriorating tenden-

cies of such reading, that it ought to be discountenanced in every way. Sure am I, sir, that were the novel entirely excluded, its place would be found to be better and more fully supplied.

EASY.—Mr. Chairman: I must do my friend whom I follow the justice to say that he alone, of all the disputants who have hitherto spoken upon the affirmative, meets the question at issue in a manly, straightforward manner. I shall endeavor so to present my views, in the few moments which I shall occupy, as to reciprocate the frankness which he has shown.

There are certain minds among adults, as well as among the young, which require to have their reading weighed out to them. From such I should certainly keep the novel, were it in my power, as also I should the profound treatise on political economy, or the highly-wrought imaginative poem. Such minds are abnormal, however; and our discussion does not concern them.

If the reading of works of fiction is to be tabooed, then do we say that the average reader will be harmed rather than profited thereby. And why, Mr. Chairman? Because appeal is made to the imagination alone, or for the most part. But has not instruction been imparted in all ages through such instrumentality? Have not the wise and good availed themselves of it? Did not the Great Teacher himself, when on earth, constantly speak to man as a being having imaginative faculty? Shall we blot out the parables? Take from the New Testament every appeal to this faculty of our nature, and what have you left? What novelist but has dealt in the imaginative that he might the more deeply set home the great truths he would enforce?

Can it be, sir, that a class of writings, which has been sanctioned by the best of all times, is to be thrown aside?

FAY.—Mr. Chairman: Our position appears, as the debate progresses, to be somewhat misunderstood. We do not maintain that no appeals to the imagination are to be made. We are well aware of the extreme difficulty in carrying on even the commonest conversation upon the tritest of topics without a resort to it. What we do assert is, that works which are confined exclusively to such appeals are objectionable, in that they make this faculty an

absorbent of all the others—that they disturb the equilibrium of the mind, and render us, to a certain extent—graduated by the intensity of our devotion to them—in-capable of exercising that deliberate, healthy judgment, which, as responsible moral beings, we should exercise.

Not that some works of this class may not be mainly free from such injurious tendencies—for that would be to claim what we cannot make good ; but that the prevailing drift, the general tendency is bad, for the reason given. To this we add the undeniable fact, that this species of literature, more than any other, makes abject slaves of those who should be independent free agents. I trust I have made myself understood ; and that our position, so stated, will be that against which the attacks of the negative are directed.

FISHER.—Mr. Chairman : I am glad to have the position of the affirmative so fully set before us ; because, during this debate, their ground has shifted so much that I was unable to determine with precision what must be said.

I differ with the gentleman in my estimate of the proportion of the healthful and the pernicious works of fiction. He admits that there are some whose tendency is beneficial. I claim that such is the tendency of the large majority, especially of the productions of modern writers. The Christianity of the age has not been without its influence upon these productions ; and I regard the writings of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Mrs. Craik, and many others, as entitled to be ranked among those which make their readers wiser and better men.

GOOD.—Mr. Chairman : The gentleman, when speaking in such high terms of modern writers of fiction, must surely have overlooked the fact that the majority of them are to be found among the immature and inexperienced. The greater part of new-fledged writers essay the novel. A few, indeed, dabble in poetry, mostly imitative ; but the novel is the port whence, as a general rule, they spread their sails to the breeze.

Very many novel-writers are women—young women. Now, I indulge in no tirade upon the sex when I assert that their experience of life is not such as to make them safe guides. They see but little of the actual movements of the world, and that little is very circumscribed. Even

when they deal, as they mostly do, with the great passion, love, they can only speak from their own limited experience, if any they have, or from the confidences of female friends, who can never impart those shades of feeling, those delicate traceries of thought, which are essential to a correct portrayal of this or any other passion of our nature. What is the result? Half-views of life, sentimentality in place of sentiment, false morality, and a train of other ills. Shall such writers be our Mentors, Mr. Chairman?

GREEN.—Mr. Chairman: I leave the gentleman to his fate at the hands of those whom he so mercilessly stigmatizes; nor need he expect from me the slightest sympathy, whatever may befall him.

Were there no other reason, Mr. Chairman, to be urged in behalf of works of fiction, the simple fact that they refresh us toilers along the world's hot and dusty thoroughfare, would of itself alone make me their advocate. When fatigued with the cares of business, wearied with the work of the day, what a delightful retreat they afford us! What a solace amid misfortune! How exhilarating to mingle in the world they disclose to our view—to chat with their men and their women—or, in the higher order of imaginative writings, to catch at times glimpses of what has never yet been seen save by the eye of faith—that bright side of the imagination—to bask in beauties that are bathed by

“The light which never yet was seen on sea or land—

The consecration and the poet's dream!”

Who, Mr. Chairman, would forego that immortal poem to which the sightless bard, fallen on evil days, dedicated the full maturity of his genius—the *Paradise Lost*—for all the “over true tales” that were ever written or the “Stories founded on Fact” with which our Sunday-school libraries abound?

HOPE.—Mr. Chairman: Have gentlemen never heard that “Truth is stranger than any fiction”? We move in the midst of events which, could their impelling causes be thoroughly comprehended, would hold us rapt in wonder. Were we masters of the hidden springs of even the most trivial actions, we should not need the aid of another's imagination to furnish us with food for thought and reflection. Indeed, did we address ourselves to the

business of life as we ought, the investigation of what passes for facts—naked, Gradgrind facts—would afford full play for every faculty of our nature, the imagination included.

When I see the slight attention which is paid by the most to any kind of investigation—the reluctance with which concentration of mind is secured—the aversion to tracing an effect back to its cause—the shallowness which passes for wisdom—the superficiality which, by its unblushing effrontery, looks out of sight thoroughness and method—all of which I do not hesitate to attribute to the morbid craving for such *pabulum* as works of fiction furnish—when I see all this, and contrast it with what should be our characteristics as rational creatures, I say most emphatically that I should greatly rejoice—and so would every well-wisher of his race—could every work of the kind under discussion be forever removed from sight and memory.

HALE.—Mr. Chairman: Is it indeed true that life is to be devoted to hard thinking? Must we work on, work ever—no relief, no holiday? Did even the Fall include all this, what of us were left which were worth the interest of any order of beings?

We need, sir, at times to avoid thought. The iron crown should not always pierce our temples. If we would preserve our sanity, there must be moments when we can yield ourselves to whatever surrounds us—when listlessness may brood over us with healing in its breath—when freedom from the pressure of the world of mind and of matter may be ours to enjoy as we will.

He who has no such moments is a visionary or a madman. Workers of fiction open the portals of such delights; and for myself, speaking of the great relief they have imparted to me, I say wide open, and yet wider, may they ever stand!

IVINS.—Mr. Chairman: Conceding the justice of the gentleman's claim, we need not resort to the pages of fiction for relief. Our thoughts, whether we will or not, are not to be avoided. It is our duty to see that they are supplied with the right materials for digestion.

I need not, at this stage of the discussion, elaborate what has been already so ably and so exhaustively ad-

vanced—namely, that works of fiction do not supply this ; but I will only ask your attention to the statement that our minds will never acquire strength, save as work is furnished them for their employment. What the writer of fiction presents is already digested and codified ; no effort is required of the reader ; his mind is, therefore, kept undisciplined, and remains dwarfed, stunted, infantile ever.

INGALLS.—Mr. Chairman: A distinction must be drawn between protracted, sustained thought upon topics demanding it, and that kind of thinking which imposes no such tax upon the mind, which, like the boy's whistle, thinks itself.

With the former kind, every growing man and woman must, if true to the demands of his nature, be for the most time busied ; but there come moments, as has been so well said, when, in order to continue such a course of thought, we must be placed, by some means or other, in the latter category.

This, we contend, the perusal of works of fiction secures for us as no other resort can.

CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Jones will close the debate in behalf of the affirmative—Mr. James in behalf of the negative.

JONES.—Mr. Chairman—Ladies and gentlemen: After the patient attention with which you have honored us it would be trespassing too much upon your kindness, were I to weary you with any extended remarks at the close of this debate. Upon this I shall not venture.

Bear with me but for a moment while I bring before you the grounds upon which we rest our advocacy of the affirmative.

We contend that the perusal of works of fiction incapacitates the mind for vigorous action—tends, rather, to dwarf and stunt it, and renders the reader alike unwilling and unable to fight the good fight ; that the fascination of such works keeps the reader constantly on the *qui vive* for further supplies of the same nature ; that ample ministrants for the development of our imaginative faculty, to which alone such works cater, are to be found in the truths of life, in those grand facts, whose laws and history it should be our earnest endeavor, as it is our highest employ, to investigate and comprehend ; that, in



fine, when we take into consideration our high destiny—  
when we reflect that

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day”—

we are forced to the conclusion, from which there can be no escape, that the serious things about us are ample enough to exercise our every faculty, and that any neglect of such exercise—which the reading of works of fiction almost always occasions—defeats the primal end of our being.

Entertaining these views, Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, we shall entreat your suffrages in behalf of the affirmative.

JAMES.—Mr. Chairman—Ladies and gentlemen: A word from me, and we will relieve you from what, I fear, has proved the tedium of this debate.

A varied reading, coupled with a careful observation, makes the fully-equipped man. To exclude works of fiction from such variety would, we maintain, be as absurd and unjust as to forbid the sense of smell to a man, because, forsooth, he could be said to enjoy existence without it. To deprive us of the advantages resulting from the reading of works of fiction would be to cut us off from avenues of pleasure and instruction which the great and good have opened before us. Giving all due weight to the realities of life, there are different ways of presenting them, one of which is to be found in works of the class whose perusal we advocate.

We cannot forget that the most gifted minds have thought it no unworthy employment to prepare such works for our perusal; that in the experience of each of us, intervals occur which can be filled so satisfactorily by no other means—when we are led willing captives, kissing the silken chains which sweetly constrain—when

“Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither—  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

Appealing to the consciousness of each of you for the truth of our assertion, we ask you to record yourselves upon the negative.

*[Chairman puts the question to the audience—decided majority in favor of the negative—adjournment moved and carried.]*



THE ARCADIAN CLUB;  
OR,  
THEORY vs. PRACTICE.

*Dramatised from Bayard Taylor's "Experiences of the A. C."*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. SHELLDRAKE.

ABEL MALLORY.

HOLLINS.

ENOS BILLINGS.

MRS. SHELLDRAKE.

FAITH LEVIS.

PAULINE RINGTOP.

EUNICE HAZLETON.

PERKINS BROWN, boy of all work.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Shelldrake's parlor.*

[*All present engaged in animated conversation.*]

ABEL.—Yes! I also am an Arcadian. This false dual existence which I have been leading will soon be merged into the unity of Nature. Our lives must conform to her sacred law. Why can't we strip off these hollow shams, and be our true selves,—pure, perfect, and divine!

MISS RINGTOP [*heaving a sigh, and speaking in a sickly sentimental tone*].

"Ah! when wrecked are my desires  
On the everlasting Never,  
And my heart, with all its fires,  
Out forever,  
In the cradle of creation  
Finds the soul resuscitation."

MR. S. [*turning to his wife.*].—Elviry! How many upstairs rooms is there in that house down on the sound?

MRS. S.—Four, besides three small ones under the roof. Why, what made you think of that, Jesse?

MR. S.—I've got an idee while Abel's been talking. We've taken a house for the summer, down the other side of Bridgeport, right on the water, where there's good

fishing, and a fine view of the sound. Now there's room enough for all of us,—at least all that can make it suit to go. Abel, you and Enos and Pauline and Eunice might fix matters so that we can all take the place in partnership and pass the summer together, living a true and beautiful life in the bosom of Nature. There we shall be perfectly free and untrammelled by the chains which still hang around us in Norridgeport. You know how often we have wanted to be set on some island in the Pacific Ocean, where we could build up a true society right from the start. Now, here's a chance to try the experiment for a few months anyhow.

EUNICE [*clapping her hands*].—Splendid! Arcadian! I'll give up my school for the summer.

FAITH L. [*knitting*].—It will hardly suit me to go. My home duties require my presence there.

MISS R.—“The rainbow hues of the ideal,

Condense to gems, and form the real.”

ABEL [*pushing both hands through his hair, and throwing his head back*].—Oh, Nature, you have found your lost children! We shall obey your neglected laws! We shall hearken to your divine whispers! We shall bring you back from your ignominious exile, and place you on your ancestral throne.

ALL.—Let us do it! By all means, let us do it!

HOLLINS.—I have an engagement to deliver lectures during the summer in Ohio, but this delightful prospect induces me to postpone them till Fall. I could not miss such a sojourn in Arcadia.

EUNICE.—What shall we call the place?

ABEL [*rolling his eyes*].—Arcadia!

HOLLINS.—Then let us constitute ourselves the Arcadian Club! I think this title exceedingly appropriate.

ENOS.—In order that we may avoid gossip in case our plan should become generally known, suppose we only use the initials—the A. C.

[*General assent.*]

ABEL.—Our preparations need not be extensive. But little change of clothing will be required. Gentlemen, two shirts will be enough. You can wash one of them any day and dry it in the sun.

MR. S.—There is a vegetable garden down there in

good condition. I should think that might be our principal dependence with a supply of flour, potatoes and sugar.

ENOS.—Besides the clams.

EUNICE.—Oh, yes! we can have chowder parties. That will be delightful!

ABEL [*groaning*].—Clams! Chowder! Oh, worse than flesh! Will you reverence nature by outraging her first laws?

ENOS.—Excuse me, I forgot.

EUNICE [*mischievously*].—Ditto.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE II.—*A pleasant cottage on the island—Perkins greets them at the door with a wild whoop, tossing his straw hat into the air—Enter Mr. and Mrs. Shell Drake, Abel, Hollins, Enos, Miss Ringtop and Eunice.*

MR. S.—Here we are! At Arcadia at last!

[*Joyful exclamations.*]

MISS R. [*looking out the window*].—

“Where the turf is softest, greenest,  
Doth an angel thrust me on—  
Where the landscape lies serenest,  
In the journey of the sun.”

EUNICE.—Don't, Pauline! I never like to hear poetry flourished in the face of nature. This landscape surpasses any poem in the world. Let us enjoy the best thing we have rather than the next best.

MISS R. [*sighing*].—Ah, yes! 'tis true:

“They sing to the ear, this sings to the eye.”

[*General unpacking*]

MRS. S.—Now, for our first meal in Arcadia!

[*Mrs. S. and Perkins retire to the kitchen. Eunice and Miss R. unpack dishes and set the table. Miss R. smiles as she says: “You see I also can perform the coarser tasks of life.” Mrs. S. sends in onions, lettuce and radishes, which, with bread, constitute supper. No salt is allowed: but Perkins fills a blacking-box lid with some for his own*

use. *They seat themselves at table—Enos by the side of Perkins.*

EUNICE [*eating lettuce*].—Oh, we must send for some oil and vinegar. This lettuce is very nice.

ABEL [*in astonishment*].—Oil and vinegar!

EUNICE [*innocently*].—Why, yes, they are both vegetable substances.

ABEL.—All vegetable substances are not proper for food. You would not taste the poison oak, or sit under the upas tree of Java.

EUNICE.—Well, Abel, how are we to distinguish what is best for us? How are we to know *what* vegetables to choose, or what animal and mineral substances to avoid?

ABEL [*with a lofty air, touching his temple where the last pimple was about healed*].—I will tell you. See here: My blood is at last pure. The struggle between the natural and unnatural is over, and I am beyond the depraved influences of my former taste. My instincts are now therefore entirely pure also. What is good for man to eat, that I shall have a natural desire to eat; what is bad, will be naturally repelled. How does the cow distinguish between the wholesome and the poisonous herbs of the meadow? And is man less than a cow, that he cannot cultivate his instincts to an equal point? Let me walk through the woods, and I can tell you every berry and root which God designed for food, though I know not its name and have never seen it before. I shall make use of my time, during our sojourn here, to test by my purified instincts every substance, animal, mineral and vegetable, upon which the human race subsists, and to create a catalogue of the *true food* of man.

[*Perkins dips his onion into the salt on his knee, and nudges Enos, who partakes slyly also. Accidentally the lid falls to the floor.*]

ABEL [*stretching his long neck across the table*].—What's that?

ENOS [*embarrassed*].—Oh, it's—it's only—only chloride of sodium—

ABEL.—Chloride of sodium! What do you do with it?

ENOS [*boldly*].—Eat it with onions. It's a chemical substance; but I believe it is found in some plants.

[*Eunice suppresses a laugh.*]

ABEL.—Let me taste of it. [*Stretching out an onion. Enos hands the box-lid; Abel dips the onion, bites off a piece and chews it gravely.*] Why [*turning to Enos*], it tastes very much like salt.

[*Perkins bursts into a spluttering yell, discharging the onion top between his teeth across the table. Enos and Eunice join in the laugh.*]

ABEL [*gravely*].—There's no objection to that. Let it appear upon our table.

[*They push back from the table, which Mrs. S. and Perkins clear off.*]

HOLLINS [*leaning back lazily*].—My friends, I think we are sufficiently advanced in progressive ideas to establish our little Arcadian community upon what I consider the true basis; not law, nor custom, but the uncorrupted impulses of our nature. What Abel said in regard to dietetic reform is true; but that alone will not regenerate the race. We must rise superior to those conventional ideas whereby life is warped and crippled. Life must not be a prison, where each one must come and go, work, eat, and sleep, as the jailor commands. Labor must not be a necessity, but a spontaneous joy. 'Tis true, but little labor is required of us here: let us, therefore, have no set tasks, no fixed rules; but each one work, rest, eat, sleep, talk or be silent, as his own nature prompts. [*Perkins chuckles.*]

MR. S.—That's just the notion I had when I first talked of our coming here. Here we're alone and unhindered, and if the plan shouldn't happen to work well (I don't see why it shouldn't though), no harm will be done. I've had a deal of hard work in my life, and I've been badgered and bullied so much by your straight-laced professors, that I'm glad to get away from the world for a spell and talk and do rationally without being laughed at.

HOLLINS.—Yes, and if we succeed, as I feel we shall, for I think I know the hearts of all of us here, this may be the commencement of a new epoch for the world. We may become the turning-point between two dispensations; behind us every thing false and unnatural—before us every thing true, beautiful and good.

MISS R. [*sighing*].—Ah, it reminds me of Gamaliel J. Gauthrop's beautiful lines:

"Unrobed man is lying hoary  
In the distance gray and dead,  
There no wreaths of godless glory,  
To his mist-like tresses wed;  
And the foot-fall of the ages  
Reigns supreme with noiseless tread."

ENOS.—I am willing to try the experiment; but don't you think we had better observe some kind of order, even in yielding every thing to impulse? Shouldn't there be, at least, a platform, as the politicians call it—an agreement by which we shall all be bound, and which we can afterwards exhibit as the basis of our success?

HOLLINS.—I think not. It resembles too much the thing we are trying to overthrow. Can you bind a man's belief by making him sign certain articles of faith? No, his thought will be free in spite of it. Let each one only be true to himself, be himself, act himself, or herself, with the uttermost candor. We can all agree upon that.

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE III.—*An obscure grocery with the sign Water Crackers—A woman at the counter—Enos and Abel, walking in front of it, enter—Abel goes sniffing round, pausing over some smoked herring.*

ABEL.—Enos, I think herring must feed on sea-weed. There is such a vegetable attraction about them. [*Next smells a Rhode Island cheese.*] Enos, this impresses me like flowers—like marigolds. It must be [*sniffs again and again*], really—yes, the vegetable element is predominant. My instinct towards it is so strong that I cannot be mistaken. May I taste it, ma'am? [*The woman slices off a thin corner and presents it to him on the knife. He tastes it.*] Delicious! I am right. This is the *True Food*. Give me two pounds of cheese and a pound of water crackers, ma'am.

[*Outside.*]

ABEL.—Let us sit down a little while, Enos. Will you have some of this cheese?

ENOS.—No, thank you [*sits down and takes a book from his pocket and reads*].



ABEL.—My natural instincts towards it are so strong that I cannot resist longer [*eats ravenously, cutting off slice after slice*]. Oh, Enos, it is glorious to possess such purified instincts; to know to a certainty exactly what is good for us to eat—[*suddenly leans back and groans—having eaten the two pounds, or appeared to—writhe in severe pain*].

ENOS [*looking up from his book*].—What is the matter, man? Are you sick?

ABEL.—Terribly sick! Oh! ooh! ooh! [*attempts to get up, but is not able.*]

ENOS [*chuckling to himself*].—Shall I go for a doctor?

ABEL.—Wait! I shall be better. Oh, dear! oh! oh! [*shows signs of nausea—Enos holds him up.*]

ENOS [*aside*].—His instincts are strong—stronger than his poor stomach!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*A sitting-room—The members of the A. C. assembled for reading—Hollins reading aloud from Bulwer.*

HOLLINS.—“Ah, behind the veil! We see the summer smile of the earth! Enamelled meadow and limpid stream; but what hides she in her sunless heart? Caverns of serpents or grottoes of priceless gems? Youth, whose soul sits on thy countenance, thyself wearing no mask, strive not to lift the mask of others! Be content with what thou seest, and wait till time and experience shall teach thee to find jealousy behind the sweet smile, and hatred under the honeyed word.”

MISS R. [*in a sing-song voice.*]

“I look beyond thy brow’s concealment,  
I see thy spirit’s dark revealment,  
Thy inner-self betrayed I see,  
Thy coward, craven, shivering Me!”

HOLLINS.—We think we know one another, but do we? We see the faults of others, their weaknesses, their disagreeable qualities, and we keep silent. How much we should gain, were candor as universal as concealment. Then each one, seeing himself as others see him, would

truly know himself. How much misunderstanding might be avoided, how much hidden shame be removed, hopeless, because unspoken, love made glad—in short, how much brighter and happier the world would become, if each one expressed everywhere and at all times his true and entire feeling. Why, even evil would lose half its power. Come [*turning to Enos*], why should not this candor be adopted in our Arcadia? Will any one—will you, Enos—commence at once by telling me, now, to my face, my principal faults?

ENOS [*thinking for a moment*].—You have a great deal of intellectual arrogance, and you are physically very indolent.

HOLLINS [*with surprise*].—Well put! though I do not say that you are entirely correct. Now what are my merits?

ENOS.—You are clear-sighted, an earnest seeker after truth, and courageous in the avowal of your thoughts.

ABEL [*looking shyly at Hollins*].—Do you know that I began to think beer must be a natural beverage? There was an auction in the village to-day, as I passed through, and I stopped at a cake-stand to get a glass of water, as it was very hot. There was no water—only beer; so I thought I would try a glass, simply as an experiment. Really, the flavor was very agreeable. And it occurred to me, on the way home, that all the elements contained in beer are vegetable. Besides, fermentation is a natural process. I think the question has never been properly tested before.

HOLLINS.—But the alcohol!

ABEL.—I could not distinguish any, either by taste or smell. I know that chemical analysis is said to show it; but may not the alcohol be created, somehow, during the analysis?

HOLLINS.—Abel, you will never be a reformer until you possess some of the commonest elements of knowledge.

ABEL [*sarcastically*].—*Commonest elements of knowledge!* Hollins, your mind is material and grovelling. But I disdain to say more. Perkins, bring up three bottles of that beer I put in the cellar. [*Perkins obeys, bringing the bottles and glasses. Abel drinks one bottle at a draught, and offers the beer around. All refuse, but Hollins and*

*Shell Drake, who divide a bottle.*] The effect of beer depends, I think, on the commixture of the nourishing principle of the grain with the cooling properties of the water. Perhaps, hereafter, a liquid food of the same character may be invented which shall save us from mastication and all the diseases of the teeth.

ABEL [*getting tipsy*].—Oh, sing, somebody! The night was made for song!

MISS R. [*in a screeching voice*].—

“When stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me, then, thy loving eyes,  
As stars bend on the sea.”

ABEL.—Candor’s the order of the day, isn’t it?

HOLLINS.—Yes! yes!

MISS R.—Certainly.

ABEL.—Well, then, candidly, Pauline, you’ve got the darn’dest squeaky voice——

[*Miss Ringtop gives a faint scream of horror.*]

ABEL.—Oh, never mind! We act according to impulse, don’t we? And I’ve the impulse to swear! and it’s right! Let Nature have her way! Listen! Darn it! darn it! darn it! darn it! I never knew it was so easy. Why, there’s a pleasure in it! Try it, Pauline! try it on me!

MISS R.—Oh! ooh! ooh!

HOLLINS.—Abel! Abel! the beer’s got into your head.

ABEL.—No, it isn’t beer—it’s candor! It’s your own proposal, Hollins. Suppose it’s evil to swear: isn’t it better I should express it, and be done with it, than keep it bottled up to ferment in my mind? Oh, you’re a precious consistent old humbug, you are! [*He jumps up, and goes off dancing, singing:*]

“’Tis home where’er the heart is.”

EUNICE [*in alarm*].—Oh, he may fall into the water!

SHELLDRAKE.—He’s not fool enough to do that. His head is a little light—that’s all. The air will cool him down presently.

[*Exit Scene.*]

SCENE V.—*A garden—Abel and Eunice present—Enos looking on unobserved.*

EUNICE.—Come, Abel, please do not go so near the water.

ABEL [*catching Eunice's arm and holding her*].—This is fate—destiny. Ah, Eunice, ask the night and the moon, ask the impulse which told you to follow me! Let us be candid, like the old Arcadians we imitate. [*Eunice starts and endeavors to leave.*] Eunice, we know that we love each other, why should we conceal it any longer? Let us confess to each other. The female heart should not be timid in this pure and beautiful atmosphere of love which we breathe. Come, Eunice, we are alone; let your heart speak to me.

EUNICE.—I will not hear such language. Let me go back to the house.

ABEL [*groaning*].—Oh, Eunice, don't you love me, indeed? [*unloosens his hold.*] I love you—from my heart I do. Yes, I love you. Tell me how you feel towards me.

EUNICE [*earnestly*].—I feel towards you only as a friend; and if you wish me to retain a friendly interest in you, you must never again talk in this manner. I do not love you, and I never shall. Let me go back to the house.

ABEL [*groaning*].—Oh, Eunice, you have broken my heart! [*sits down, covers his face with his hands and begins to cry.*]

EUNICE.—I am very sorry, Abel, but I cannot help it.

[*Exit Eunice and Abel.*]

[*Enos comes forward—sitting down and meditating—Miss Ringtop enters and takes a seat at his side, shakes back her long curls and sighs, looking at the moon.*]

MISS R. [*in a sentimental voice.*].—Oh, how delicious! How it seems to set the spirit free, and we wander off on the wings of fancy to other spheres.

ENOS.—Yes, it is very beautiful, but sad when one's alone.

MISS R.—How inadequate is language to express the emotions which such a scene calls up in the bosom.

Poetry alone is the voice of the spiritual world, and we, who are not poets, must borrow the language of the gifted sons of song. Oh, Enos, I *wish* you were a poet! But you *feel* poetry, I know you do. I have seen it in your eyes when I quoted the burning lines of Adeliza Kelly, or the soul breathings of Gamaliel J. Gauthrop. In *him* particularly I find the voice of my own nature. Do you know his "Night Whispers?" How it embodies the feeling of such a scene as this!

"Star drooping bowers, bending down the spaces,  
And moonlit glories sweep star-footed on."

Ah, this is an hour for the soul to unveil its most secret chambers! Do you not think, Enos, that love rises superior to all conventionalities? that those whose souls are in unison should be allowed to reveal themselves to each other regardless of the world's opinions?

ENOS.—Yes.

MISS R. [*in a tender voice.*].—Enos, do you understand me?

ENOS.—Yes.

MISS R.—Then our hearts are wholly in unison. I know you are true, Enos. I know your noble nature and I will never doubt you. This is indeed happiness.

"Life remits his tortures cruel,  
Love illumes his fairest fuel,  
When the hearts that once were dual,  
Meet as one in sweet renewal."

[*Lays her head on his shoulder.*]

ENOS [*starting away from her in alarm.*].—Miss Ringtop, you don't mean—that—

MISS R.—Yes, Enos, *dear* Enos, henceforth we belong to each other.

ENOS [*greatly agitated*].—You mistake—I did not mean *that*—I didn't understand you. Don't talk to me in that way! Don't look at me that way, Miss Ringtop! We were never meant for each other! I wasn't—you are so much older—I mean different. It can't be—no, it can never be! I never thought of such a thing! Let us go back to the house—the night is cold.

[*Exit Enos.*]

MISS R. [*singing disconsolately*:]

"The dream is past, the hope has fled,  
Love's fairest flowers lie crushed and dead."

[*Exit scene.*]

SCENE VI.—*A room at Shell-drake's—Mr. and Mrs. Shell-drake, Abel and Hollins engaged in loud conversation—Perkins Brown sitting on a low step.*

HOLLINS.—Now, are you sure you can bear the test?

SHELLDRAKE.—Bear it? Why, to be sure! If I couldn't bear it, or if you couldn't, your theory's done for. Try! I can stand it as long as you can.

[*Enos and Eunice enter, hand-in-hand, unobserved.*]

HOLLINS.—Well, then, I think you a very ordinary man. I derive no intellectual benefit from my intercourse with you; but your house is convenient to me. I'm under no obligations for your hospitality, however, because my company is an advantage to you. Indeed, if I were treated according to my deserts, you couldn't do enough for me.

MRS. S. [*wrathfully*].—Indeed! I think you get as good as you deserve, and more too.

HOLLINS [*with a condescending look*].—Elvira, I have no doubt you think so, for your mind belongs to the lowest and most material sphere. You have your place in nature, and you fill it; but it is not for you to judge of intelligences that move only on the upper planes.

SHELLDRAKE.—Hollins, Elvira's a good wife and a sensible woman, and I won't allow you to turn up your nose at her.

HOLLINS.—I am not surprised that you should fail to bear the test. I didn't expect it.

SHELLDRAKE.—Let me try it on you. You, now, have some intellect; I don't deny that; but not so much, by a long shot, as you think you have. Besides that, you're awfully selfish in your opinions. You won't admit that anybody can be right who differs from you. You've sponged on me for a long time; but I suppose I've learned something from you, so we'll call it even. I think, however, that what you call acting according to impulse is simply an excuse to cover your own laziness.

PERKINS [*jumping up*].—Gosh! that's it! Ho! ho! ho!

HOLLINS [*exasperated*].—Shelldrake, I pity you. I always knew your ignorance, but I thought you honest in your human character. I never suspected you of envy and malice. However, the true reformer must expect to be misunderstood and misrepresented by meaner minds. That love which I bear to all creatures teaches me to forgive you. Without such love, all plans of progress must fail. Is it not so, Abel?

SHELLDRAKE [*contemptuously*].—Pity! Forgive!

Mrs. S. [*rocking violently in her chair*].—Ts, ts, ts, ts, ts!

ABEL.—Love! There is no love in the world. Where will you find it? Tell me, and I'll go there. Love! I'd like to see it! If all human hearts were like mine, we might have an Arcadia; but most men have no hearts. The world is a miserable, hollow, deceitful shell of vanity and hypocrisy! No, let us give up. We were born before our time. This age is not worthy of us.

[*Hollins stares.*]

SHELLDRAKE.—Well, what next?

ENOS.—My friends, let the disgraceful scene we have just witnessed terminate our foolish experiment. Our Arcadia has proved a failure. Let us go back to the world from which we have so foolishly sought to divorce ourselves, satisfied that it is only in human intercourse with the *many*, and not the exclusive *few*, that we are to attain the greatest degree of happiness. For my part, I shall leave to-morrow, and Eunice has promised to go with me. Be assured that if the true Arcadia ever breaks upon our vision, we shall enter it through the gates of home comfort and domestic happiness.

[*Curtain falls.*]

## THE TOWN MEETING.

## CHARACTERS.

'SQUIRE FUNGUS, Moderator.

JOTHAM SCRIBBLE, Clerk.

DR. BORAX,  
DEACON WHIMPER,  
'SQUIRE GUMP,  
MR. TIMMS,  
MR. FUSSY,  
MR. LAWYER,  
MR. OLDTIME,  
MR. WILLING,

Citizens.

MR. DIGGER,  
MR. GROVEL,  
MR. SCRIPTURE,  
MR. CARPENTER,  
MR. FOREMAN,  
MR. TWADDLE,  
MR. TWITTER,  
MR. WATTS,

*A ball, with men and boys in great confusion. Groups in earnest conversation.*

CITIZEN [*taking off hat and mounting a bench speaks loudly to insure a hearing*].—Fellow-citizens! As it is the hour named for the meeting [*Cries of "No!"—"No!"—"Wants five minutes!"—"All right!"—"Go ahead!"*—the hour named for the meeting, I move that 'Squire Fungus act as Moderator. [*Cries of "No!"—"No!"—"Dr. Borax!"—"Deacon Whimper!"*]

ANOTHER.—I second the nomination.

FIRST CIT.—Those in favor of 'Squire Fungus acting as Moderator of this meeting will give their assent by saying "Aye." [*Shouts of "Aye!"—"Aye!"*] Contrary-minded will say "No!" [*Shouts, but fainter, of "No!"—"No!"*] The ayes have it, and 'Squire Fungus— [*Cries of "Doubted!"—"Doubted!"—"Count the vote!"*] The vote is doubted! All will please be seated! [*After some disorder the citizens take seats.*] Those in favor of 'Squire Fungus acting as Moderator will please rise and remain standing until they can be counted. [*Cries of "All up!"—"Sit down, Smith!"—"You've no vote!"—"Up! Up!"—"Down—down!"* Citizen points with finger and counts aloud.] Twenty-four ayes. Those opposed



will please to rise and remain standing till counted. [*Ayes sit. Noes rise in confusion. Citizen counts as before.*] Eleven noes. [*Noes sit.*] The ayes have it, and 'Squire Fungus is elected Moderator of this meeting. 'Squire, will you please take the chair?

MODERATOR.—I thank you, friends and fellow-citizens, for the honor which you have conferred upon me, and will try to discharge the duties of my position so as to meet your approbation. To complete the organization a Clerk will be necessary. Will some gentleman make a nomination?

THIRD CIT.—I nominate Jotham Scribble.

[*Seconded, put and carried. Clerk takes seat.*]

MODERATOR.—The Clerk will read the call for this meeting.

CLERK [*reads*].—The legal voters of the town of Epsom are hereby warned to meet in special town-meeting (a petition to that effect having been preferred to us in writing signed by Nathan Nute and thirteen others, legal voters of said town), at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 18—, at three o'clock P. M., to take into consideration the following question: *Shall the Board of Supervisors be directed to appropriate a sum of money for the purpose of building a new school-house in said town; if so, what sum shall be appropriated?*

(Signed)

WILLIAM WATTS,

ROBERT GOING,

*Majority of the Board of Supervisors*

Given under our hands this Sept. 20, 18—.

MODERATOR.—Gentlemen, you have heard the call for this meeting read. What action will you now take upon it? [*Several citizens spring to the floor, shouting "Mr. Moderator!"—"Mr. Moderator!" and endeavor to catch the Moderator's eye.*] Gentlemen [*rapping earnestly*], you must preserve order, or we cannot proceed with our deliberations! Let me urge upon you now the importance of conducting our proceedings with dignity and decorum. I recognized Mr. Timms first—Mr. Timms has the floor. [*Rest seat themselves.*]

TIMMS.—I move, Mr. Moderator, that this meeting do now adjourn. [*Cries of "Second the motion!"*]

FUSSY.—Mr. Moderator, I move that we proceed to business to once't. [*"Second that!"*]

MODERATOR.—A motion to adjourn is before the meeting, which takes precedence of every other.

FUSSY.—I want to be heerd a bit on that are motion.

MODERATOR [*rapping*].—A motion to adjourn is not debatable. I will put the motion.

[*Motion put and lost by a decisive vote.*]

FUSSY.—Mr. Moderator.

MODERATOR.—Mr. Fussy has the floor.

FUSSY.—I now put forward my motion agin that we go to work about the business that we're here for. I for one don't want to be foolin' away my time here the whole arternoon doin' nothin'. I say let's git to work and do what we're a-goin' to, and then git hum.

MODERATOR.—Will the gentleman be good enough to reduce his motion to writing, or at least put it in such a shape that the Chair can submit it to the meeting?

LAWYER.—Mr. Moderator!

MODERATOR.—Mr. Lawyer has the floor.

LAWYER.—I believe, Mr. Moderator, that the gentleman's motion did not obtain a second. Am I right, sir?

MODERATOR.—You are right—perfectly right—Mr. Lawyer.

LAWYER.—Then, sir, according to parliamentary law, there is no motion before the meeting.

MODERATOR.—None, sir, whatever.

LAWYER.—Then, sir, I beg leave to offer the following: [*reading*] RESOLVED, *That the Board of Supervisors be instructed to appropriate the sum of — dollars for the erection of a new school-house; said school-house to be erected as soon as possible, and that its location be left to the judgment of said Board.* I move you, sir, that this resolution be adopted. [*Lawyer hands motion to the Moderator.*]

CITIZEN.—I second the motion.

LAWYER [*recognized by Moderator*].—I offer this resolution, sir, for the purpose of testing the sense of this meeting. It will be observed that four distinct propositions are embraced in my resolution. 1st, Shall a new

school-house be built? 2d, If yea, at what cost? 3d, Shall it be built at once? and 4th, Shall the Supervisors settle the location of the building?

I am indifferent as to the shape which the discussion may assume; for I suppose I do not err when I speak of a discussion as likely to ensue—[“Certainly not!” “We’ll discuss it!” *Moderator raps and calls* “Order, gentlemen, order!”]—I thought my experience in this town was not so far at fault. Well, then, sir, as the matter will, I cannot doubt, be thoroughly ventilated by the able gentlemen whom I see all around me, I would propose, as a matter of convenience and for the sake of expediting business, that my resolution be divided, and I call for the reading of the first section.

MODERATOR.—The clerk will read the first section of the resolution before the meeting.

CLERK [*reads*].—RESOLVED, *That the Board of Supervisors be instructed to appropriate the sum of ——— dollars for the erection of a new school-house.*

LAWYER [*recognized*].—This presents the first point for our consideration: Shall we build a new school-house? If this meeting shall agree to this, we can then decide as to the sum which shall be inserted in the blank.

Upon this question, Mr. Moderator, I have simply to say here in open town-meeting what I have said upon so many occasions in private, that I am strongly in favor of the new building. The affair which now stands us instead of a school-house is a nuisance, an eye-sore, and a disgrace to any community.

OLDTIME [*recognized*].—Well, sir, Mr. Moderator, I go agin the new buildin’. Ain’t our taxes hefty enough now, I should like to know? My boys and gals were edecated in the school-house which we have, and ef it was good enough for them, I don’t know why it ain’t good enough for other folkses’ children. I should like to know where on airth the money’s to come from. People come into our town with scarcely a shirt to their backs and their heads crammed full of new-fangled notions, and think they’ve nothin’ to do but to vote away the money of us old residents. I declare to you, Mr. Moderator, ef this kind o’ carryins-on don’t stop pooty soon, I’m goin’ to move outer town. I can’t stand it much longer. Why

don't you fix up the school-house you have now? What are you a-goin' to do with it ef you build another? Use it for kindlin', I s'pose, for some of those new-comers who can't airn enough to keep their fingers warm, and so have to eenamost, if not quite, steal their fires. Where's your money comin' from? How many among them as 'll vote for the new buildin' will have to pay any taxes on it? I'd like to have them as favors it show their hands. Here's mine [*taking a tax-bill from his wallet, exhibiting it*]-and it's receipted—nineteen dollars and sixty-four cents. Let's hear how much you new-buildin' voters can say for yourselves as to payin' taxes. That's what we property-owners want.

WILLING [*recognized*].—If the money-question is to be so persistently thrust into our faces, I am ready to meet it here and everywhere. I say, sir, it is a burning shame that a town which has assessed taxable property amounting to nearly a million of dollars—nine hundred and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and fifty dollars' worth, to be exact—for a town of such wealth to stand higgling about putting up a decent, comely building in place of the shell we now have—which I wouldn't so insult my Suffolk pig as to offer to put him in—to hear the palaver and the howlings that have been made is enough to make some other people anxious to get out of town.

For three successive town-meetings, now, we've had this matter staved off, and on the most parsimonious grounds. I am disgusted with it, for my part; and I say now that we'll fight this matter through till we carry our point, if it has to come before every town-meeting that is held while one of us lives. I've no children to educate, as you all know; but when my children did go to school, I would never have suffered them to stay a day in such a rattle-trap as that concern some of you call a school-house, if I'd had to build one out of my own pocket.

All this talk about taxes is neither here nor there. The children of this town, whether of rich parents or of poor parents, must be educated; and we are in honor bound, as civilized Christian men, to furnish them with a comfortable building. I despise this whining in one breath and bragging in the next about the amount of taxes paid. If no one in favor of a new school-house paid a dollar of

taxes, I should still vote for it. Whether I pay any tax or not, you can any of you very easily ascertain.

DIGGER [*recognized*].—I don't see, Mr. Moderator, as there's any need of anybody's gittin' putchecky about this business. I b'lieve this is a free country, and a man can say what he thinks about this business, whether it agrees with the big bugs' notions or not. That's my kink, anyhow. Some folks [*looking at Willing*] can let on's much as they please 'bout havin' no children to edecate and the like o' that; but, then agin, some other folks have hearn of sich things in this world as some folks gittin' married agin—and then what about our new school-house?

I think, too, it's 'bout right not makin' a heap of difference as to whether you pay much tax or not. I don't pay any more than I can help—and that's little enough, you all oughter know—but I ain't a-goin' to encourage my children to put on stuck-up airs as they will, sartin sure, if they're a-goin' into a bran-new gimcrack of a school-house, when the one they go to now's better than I ever seed when I's a boy, though I didn't go to school much. I tell you, Mr. Moderator, I'm down on this stuck-up business, and naterally I'm down on the new school-house.

GROVEL [*recognized*].—Mr. Moderator: All I've got to say is, ef folks are so pesky anxious to git a better school-house and the heft of the town don't want it nohow, why don't they stop their braggin' 'bout what they'd do and what they wouldn't do and set about buildin' a buildin' to suit themselves and pay for it, like men, outer their own pockets? I've got a lot o' ground I'd sell 'em at a reasonable figger; and I guess some of my neighbors has, too, who don't want no buildin' neither.

SCRIPTURE.—Mr. Moderator: As clergyman of this parish and Chairman of your School Board, to which latter position you have elected me for so many years, I regret exceedingly the personal turn which this discussion is taking. Let us, Mr. Moderator, approach this matter in a calm, dispassionate manner. Crimination and recrimination can do no good. Do let us act as brethren in talking about a matter which so deeply concerns us all as children of a common Father. I need not give this meeting my views upon this question. You all know them,

since I have submitted them at length to you in my annual report for the past five years.

FOREMAN [*recognized*].—I've been turnin' this matter over in my mind consid'ble, Mr. Moderator, since we had the last town-meetin' on it, and I've about concluded that I've been wrong in opposin' the new building ["Shame! Shame!" *from the opposition*], and I shall vote for it to-day.

CARPENTER [*recognized*].—Me, too, Mr. Moderator, if they do cry "shame!" I own up I am ashamed of havin' been led by the nose so long by sich critters, and I'm in for the new school-house arter this, from Genesis to Revelation.

TWADDLE [*recognized*].—Mr. Moderator, bein' that I've no job to git by the new buildin' [*looking at Foreman and Carpenter*], I shall stick to my principles and vote "no" every pop.

[*Lull in the debate.*]

MODERATOR.—Has any gentleman any further remarks upon the question as divided? If not, the chair will put the question.

TWITTER [*recognized*].—Mr. Moderator, I jest want to give fair notice now, that ef we're voted down—which I don't cal'late on—we shall take out a conjunction to stop your proceedin's.

[*Cries of "Question! Question!"*]

MODERATOR.—The question is called for. ["Read it! read it!" "Let's know what we're votin' on!"] If gentlemen will preserve order [*rapping*], the Clerk will read the section of the question before the meeting.

CLERK [*reads*].—"RESOLVED, *That the Board of Supervisors be instructed to appropriate the sum of        dollars for the erection of a new school-house.*"

MODERATOR.—As many as are in favor of the question as read ["Standing vote—standing vote!"] will rise and remain until they are counted. [*Ayes rise, and Clerk counts.*] Be seated, gentlemen. Those opposed will rise. [*Noes rise, and Clerk counts.*] The question's carried—twenty ayes to fifteen noes.

LAWYER.—Mr. Moderator, I move that the blank in the section adopted be filled by the insertion of the words "five thousand."

["Oh—oh!" *from opposition.*]

WILLING.—I second the motion.

MODERATOR.—The question is before you, gentlemen. Any remarks upon it?

FUSSY [*recognized*].—Reelly, Mr. Moderator, I voted for the new buildin', but this looks like pooty tall figgering. I think we ought to git a good 'un for a power less money. I move we say a thousand dollars,

DIGGER.—I second that thousand.

OLDTIME.—Goodness gracious, Mr. Moderator, where are we drivin' to? Five thousan' dollars for a school-house! Why, my whole farm ain't worth mor'n four to-day. If we must have a buildin', let's not be onreasonin'-like 'bout it. I move we make it five hundred.

FUSSY.—I second that motion.

TWADDLE.—I move we make it three.

["*Question—question!*"]

MODERATOR.—Let us understand the question. Mr. Lawyer moves to fill the blank with the words "five thousand", so that the Board, if that carries, will be instructed to appropriate five thousand dollars for the erection of the building; Mr. Fussy moves to amend by inserting one thousand dollars; Mr. Oldtime moves to amend by inserting five hundred dollars; Mr. Twaddle moves for three, but his motion did not obtain a second:—Mr. Lawyer, do you accept either amendment—that of Mr. Fussy, or that of Mr. Oldtime?

LAWYER.—No, Mr. Moderator, I cannot. If we are to have a building, let us by all means have one which shall be an ornament to the town. We should build not merely for to-day, but, so far as we can anticipate, for the wants of the future inhabitants of our town. I have consulted with experienced builders about the matter, and I am satisfied that the sum I have named is the least for which, at present prices of materials and labor, we can procure such a building as we need. And allow me to express my surprise, Mr. Moderator, before resuming my seat, that any who earnestly favor the new building should name such paltry sums as have been mentioned in our hearing. That an opponent of the measure should advocate a mere pittance, I can understand; but why any friend should do it is to me inexplicable. It wears very

much an Ensign-Stebbins' garb. He, you may remember, Mr. Moderator, was in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, but opposed to its being put in force.

FUSSY.—If Mr. Lawyer means me, I don't know why I hain't as much right to my 'pinion as he has to his'n, ef he did make the motion.

MODERATOR.—The question will first be put upon the smallest sum—five hundred. [*Motion put and lost.*] Next upon one thousand dollars. [*Same result.*] Lastly upon the original sum, five thousand dollars. [*Same result, to the evident surprise of the Moderator and others.*]

'SQUIRE GUMP.—Mr. Mod-e-ra-tor!

MODERATOR.—'Squire Gump has the floor.

'SQUIRE—Mist-er Mod-e-ra-tor! When I was in the Le-gis-lá-ter, sir—hem [*clearing throat*—such things frequently happened, sir. Now, sir—hem—we've voted down each and every sum named. As a comprómise, Mr. Moderator, I propose that the blank be filled with the words "three thousand," sir—hem! That hits about 'twixt wind and water—hem—and in the Le-gis-lá-ter, sir, I never knew it to fail—hem!

LAWYER.—I second the motion.

MODERATOR.—Are you ready for the question? [*Put and carried.*]

LAWYER [*recognized*].—I now call for the reading of the second section of the resolution.

MODERATOR.—The Clerk will read the second section as divided.

CLERK [*reads*].—*Said school-house to be erected as soon as possible.*

LAWYER [*recognized*].—As, after the previous votes, there can be hardly any doubt as to this section carrying, I move its adoption without discussion.

WILLING.—I second the motion. "If when 'twere done 'twere well done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly." Don't Shakspeare say something like that?

OLDTIME [*from his seat*].—What's he got to do with the new school-house, I'd like to know?

MODERATOR.—Are you ready for the question? ["Question!"—"Question!" *Put and carried.*]

LAWYER [*recognized*].—And now, Mr. Moderator, I call for the reading of the third and last section.



CLERK [*at the direction of Moderator reads*].—*And that its location be left to the judgment of said Board.*

LAWYER.—I move its adoption, Mr. Moderator.

CARPENTER.—I second the motion.

MODERATOR.—The section as read is before you, gentlemen. Has any one any thing to say upon it before the question is put to the meeting?

DR. BORAX.—Mr. Moderator!

MODERATOR.—Dr. Borax has the floor.

BORAX.—I have remained silent, Mr. Moderator, during our deliberations up to this point; but I am compelled to declare my dissent from this section. There is no reason why we should not fix the location ourselves here in town-meeting assembled. Why leave it to the Board of Supervisors, each member of which has property which he would like to dispose of for this purpose?

WILLING [*interrupting*].—If the Doctor will allow me, are we not all in the same predicament? How can we hope to arrange it here, then?

BORAX.—Well, then, Mr. Moderator, why not vote to have the building located in the centre of the town? This will accommodate a greater number, certainly, than any other location can.

LAWYER.—Begging the Doctor's pardon, Mr. Moderator—but would he locate at the geographical centre or at the centre of population?

BORAX.—At the centre of population, certainly.

LAWYER.—Then—asking the Doctor's pardon again for my interruption—should we be providing for the necessities of the future, as wise men ought?

BORAX.—Why not, Mr. Moderator, leave the whole matter in the hands of a Committee? It does rest in my mind that the plan proposed is not the best one, though I do not wish to seem captious.

WHIMPER.—Mr. Moderator!

MODERATOR.—Deacon Whimper has the floor.

WHIMPER.—I think, Mr. Moderator, the location had best be put in hands of the School Board.

SCRIPTURE.—Mr. Moderator!

MODERATOR.—Rev. Mr. Scripture has the floor.

SCRIPTURE.—As Chairman of the School Board, Mr. Moderator, I must, in behalf of my colleague, decline in

advance any such responsibility as the worthy Deacon suggests. We are too well aware of the thankless nature of such a task to care to take such a burden upon ourselves. Fix upon the location here, leave it to the supervisors, or submit it to a special committee; but I entreat you, gentlemen, not to throw the responsibility upon the School Board. We have full enough of trouble already for our comfort, if I may be allowed the expression.

LAWYER [*recognized*].—I am well aware of the delicate nature of the task contemplated in the section of the resolution before the meeting. The location of any public building—especially of a school-house—is, as a general thing, the signal for the manifestation of no little dissatisfaction. It will be too near to some, and too distant from others. Yet the question of location must be met in some way; and I could think of no better plan than the one proposed—leaving the matter in the hands of those who, as fathers of the town (elected too, I believe, by almost a unanimous vote), may well be judged most competent to consult and provide, to the best of their ability, for the wants of all their children.

WATTS.—Mr. Moderator!

MODERATOR.—Mr. Watts has the floor.

WATTS.—Mr. Moderator: Although it chances to be correct—fortunately so, shall I say?—that the members of the present Board of Supervisors are each of them, more or less, interested in real estate in this town, yet I take it upon myself, as President of the Board, to say that no such consideration will influence in the slightest degree their action relative to the location of the proposed new school-house, should this meeting choose to submit it to us. Indeed, I may say here that all temptation is happily removed, inasmuch as no less than five eligible central lots have been offered to us, free of expense, should the building be voted by the town.

BORAX.—This, Mr. Moderator, removes every objection; and I am glad that I am citizen of a town which can claim so many citizens of such unwonted liberality.

LAWYER.—I call for the question.

MODERATOR.—The question is called for. Those in favor of its adoption will say "Aye." [*Nearly all shout* "Aye."] Those opposed, "No." [*Messrs. Oldtime, Grovel,*

*and Twitter, only, "Noes."]* The ayes have it, and the third and last section is adopted. Any further business, gentlemen?

WILLING.—I move we adjourn.

GUMP.—Mis-ter Mod-e-rat-or: Before that motion is put I would like to say a word.

WILLING.—I withdraw my motion.

MODERATOR.—'Squire Gump has the floor.

GUMP.—Mis-ter Mod-e-rat-or: We haven't finished our business yet—hem—in a par-lia-ment-a-ry manner—hem! Leastways, not as it used to be done here when I was a member of the Le-gis-la-ter. We've only adopted the re-so-lution by sections—hem. I now move you, Mis-ter Mod-e-rat-or, sir, that the whole resolution be adopted—hem!

LAWYER.—The 'Squire is right [*bowing deferentially to 'Squire*]. I second the motion.

[*Moderator puts the motion, and declares it carried—only three "noes" as before.*]

WILLING.—I now renew my motion, Mr. Moderator, that this meeting do now adjourn.

OLDTIME.—Before that are motion's put afore us, Mr. Moderator, I'd like to propound a question: Where on airth's your three thousan' dollars for a new school-house comin' from?

[*Outbursts of laughter—amidst which the motion to adjourn is put and carried.*]



Many Adams St.

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1871

1872 Adams St. 1873

1874 Adams St. 1875  
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1880 Adams St.

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W. J. Fergu

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